FORGET
ME NOT
1845

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AURORA'S FAN

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLV.

APPEALING, BY THE MAGIC OF ITS NAME,
TO GENTLE FEELINGS AND AFFECTIONS KEPT
WITHIN THE HEART LIKE GOLD.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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FORGET ME NOT.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

WITH A COPY OF ACKERMANN'S FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not!—forget me not!—
Though time and distance may combine
My memory from thy heart to blot,
Yet thou can'st never fade from mine.

Fond recollections o'er me press
Of long-fled days serenely bright;
Though transient were those hours of bliss,
Time cannot dim their holy light.

Thy smiles, by love and beauty wreathed;
Thy blushes, like the summer morn;
Thine accents, like spring violets breathed;
All to my inmost heart were borne.

And other eyes as clear, as bright,
And forms as beautiful and fair,
Pass even as shadows from my sight,
And leave no loved remembrance there.

And music too, most sad, most sweet,
Falls listless on my passive ear;
Nor bids my pulse less tranquil beat,
Nor wakes one slumbering, lurking tear.

But from my heart *thy* voice still comes
In music like the April bird;
Words spoken once spring from their homes,
As fragrance from the rose-vase stirr'd.

I would not quit one thought of thee,
Nor let my dream of joy take wing;
I would not from thy spells be free
For all the treasures earth can bring.

And yet, in sooth, it is not love;
But 'tis as holy, pure a flame;
Nor weak nor slight the chain may prove,
When linked by friendship's sacred name.

For souls there are that can be bound,
Without a pledge, or vow, or token,
Who through life's fitful storms are found
With heart unchanged and faith unbroken.

And thus to thee enchained I feel,
Albeit no token hath been given;
And though unvowed, unpledged, thy weal
Is next my dearest hope of Heaven!

So thou art happy, mine should be
No mean, confined, or selfish part—
Nay, I could brook and calmly see
Thy virtues crown another's heart.

But deeply—deeply would I mourn,
Were yon bright days remembered less;
Or that to them thou e'er shouldst turn
In sad and cold forgetfulness.

Ah, no! my bosom whispering tells
For them no Lethe draught can be;
Nor wilt thou chide because there dwells
Such feeling in my breast for thee.

And the remembrance that I bring,
A posy of the parting year—
I know thou wilt not spurn the thing,
All trifling though the gift appear.

The fragile flower* that friends should love
The season's wintry change denies,
But, the unvarying thought to prove,
Another mode as simple tries.

So this slight offering at thy feet
May yet recal scenes long forgot,
And from thee one lone wish intreat—
Forget me not!—forget me not!

G. H.

* The Forget Me Not.

THE FLOWERS.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

When God to man a being gave,
'Twas with a garden fair;
His first-drawn breath was from a wave
Of odour-wafting air.
As vision, at his spirit's birth,
The tender eyelids burst,
He saw, from out his kindred earth,
The flowers had risen first.

'Mid clustering vines and trees that woo'd
His new-created sight,
Were fruits for rich, salubrious food—
The flowers for his delight;
And these were fed from living springs,
Baptized with holy dew,
And softly fanned by angels' wings,
In beauty while they grew.

They shone, a glorious volume, spread
For his all-peaceful hours;
The first sweet book man ever read
Was of the leaves of flowers.
Pure thoughts of his Almighty Friend,
With radiance from above,
Were on its countless pages penned—
Its Author's name was LOVE.

A FUNERAL ON WINDERMERE.

BY MRS. ANNE ELIZA PONSONBY.

The sky was blue, the Lake was bright, the time was early Spring;
A bird that trilled a joyous song went by on glancing wing;
A boat, with sails as white and free, went dancing o'er the foam,
As a sheeted corpse passed slowly by, borne to its last, long home.

Upon the soft and balmy air a thousand murmurs float,
The gushing song of lake and stream, the thrush's mellow note!
But, above the voice of bird and stream, above the billow's swell,
The bell that tolls for parted souls sends forth its solemn knell.

Oh, Spring! so green upon the earth! thou bright and glorious Spring!
What radiant flowers! what gladsome sounds! what treasures thou dost bring!

Thou hast life and freshness for the earth, and sunshine for the skies,
And for *this* cold heart hast thou no life? no light for *these* closed eyes?

Thou comest in thy pomp and pride, a very Queen of bloom;
Hast thou no rose to deck the cheek, now pallid in the tomb?
Canst thou not burst these marble doors, and bid that form arise?
For *this* cold heart hast thou no life? no light for *these* closed eyes?

Thou hast a song for land and air, a song for wood and plain;
The ringdove's cooing note is there, the lark's rejoicing strain;
And canst thou not, with all thy power, hush this sad funeral moan?
Or bring to these white, icy lips one lost, departed tone?

Thou canst not—birds, and trees, and flowers, these have a vernal birth;
Man only dies and fades away while Spring is on the earth.
All things are loud in joyful song — man only bows the head
To the utter stillness of the grave, in the wail above the dead.

THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

> For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
> Than is her custom: it is still her use
> To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
> To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
> An age of poverty.
>
> MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It was shortly after the battle of the Nile (in which, young as I was, I had the honour of being one), the old Goliath, under the command of Captain T. Foley, was ordered from Aboukir Bay to look after a large felucca that had been cruising near St. Jean d'Acre, and, though under Turkish colours, made free with the vessels of all nations that fell in her way; in short, there was every reason to believe that she was a pirate, holding respect for nothing but superior force, which it had been the captain's good fortune to escape from or to avoid; and in either case he was greatly aided by a swift-sailing craft and his own peculiar skill in her management. The felucca had frequently been chased, and, sometimes trusting to the fleetness of her heels, had suffered the pursuers to approach within gunshot, and then, suddenly making sail, was soon lost sight of in the distance. As a matter of course, our destination and its object being

known to the ship's company, stories, either fabulously invented by sheer imagination or founded upon a pin's point of fact that rumour had spread abroad, were rife amongst them.

"Turk or no Turk," exclaimed a seaman to his shipmate on the forecastle, "I've haarde from them as ought to know somut of the jogmigraphy of the thing from having been close aboard of his starn gallery, that he coils away a precious long tail in the slack of his trowsers abaft, and, when he's angry, it runs out as stiff as the spanker-boom over the ship's taffrail; but, when he's pleased, it riggles about, and is as restless as the vane at the mast-head in a stark calm."

"And I've been told by one of his own men who once sailed with him," said another, "that when he onkivers his tuppenny loaf, there's a couple of bumkins—ay, regular bumkins, messmates—as sprouts out from his bows; and they run tapering away to the eend, for all the world like marlinspikes, and as sharp as a sailmaker's needle."

"Exactly so," uttered a strange and apparently unearthly voice, in a tone of solemnity that operated powerfully on the ears of the simple listeners, who looked eagerly around to discover whence the words had proceeded; but, with the exception of the three or four in their own immediate circle, there was nobody near to them. The fourth lieutenant, with his spyglass in his hand, was scanning the horizon before the sun disappeared below it, but he seemed to be too much engaged in his own necessary duty to heed or even to hear the conversation of the tars.

"Which of you was it as spoke?" inquired he who had been the first to address them. All denied having opened their lips. "Well, to my thinking, there's a sort of a strangeness about it, if so be as not none of you had nothing to say. But it's gammon you're pitching, for whosomever haarde such a thing as a voice without there being a mouth to it."

"Onless," said a third, looking suspiciously around, "the genelman as you were talking about and over-hauling his ugly"—a whizzing noise, like the flapping of wings, was heard over their heads; and the seaman, instantly changing his tone, continued—"I means, handsome fashion-pieces, has hauled his wind this here way, and has got alongside of us onseen."

"You're right, my man," uttered the solemn, mysterious voice again, seeming at this time to ascend from the very deck on which they were all seated, "quite right."

Once more the worthy tars looked at each other with wonder, but not a soul attempted to remove, although most probably desirous that an example should be set them for the purpose of avoiding the hateful proximity to a deadly enemy, yet no one stirred to take the lead. I was on my feet, leaning against the foremast; and, as I distinctly heard all that passed, I must own that a secret and undefined dread was creeping over my senses, even in defiance of my better judgment, which induced me to suppose that one of the party was practising a trick upon the rest, but in what manner it was accomplished I could not comprehend. The oldest of the tars turned an inquiring gaze on me, as if suspecting that I was the cause of their dilemma, but he muttered to himself—

"No, no, it warn't the young genelman, not by no manner o'means; his breath never came out in that onnatral way, like a blacksmith's bellows with a fit of assmer. I tell you what it is, shipmates—I'm blest if it isn't to that 'ere lubberly, pickarooning wagabone, Davy Jones!"

"Right again, Jack Wilson; I'm here, sure enough," uttered the voice once more, but now it was right in the midst of them, and much louder than before. The man who had been named, in the suddenness of hearing himself hailed, clapped one hand upon the deck, and was about to spring up; but, quietly resuming his former attitude, he clinched his fists, as if to clear for action should he be attacked, and exclaimed, "I defies you, Davy Jones, or no Davy Jones! — yes, I defies you out and out! What harm, you lubberly father of all mischief, did you ever know of Jack Wilson?"

"It wouldn't be proper or ship-shape for one friend to tell of another," returned the voice. "But ask Dick Welsh, as he sits beside you, who it was that prigged the captain's bottle of rum after the engagement in Aboukir Bay. Oh, Jack, Jack, you see I know you, and we shall be better acquainted by and by."

Notwithstanding the utter bewilderment in which the seamen had been thrown, a burst of noisy laughter followed this personal allusion, to the great annoyance of Jack Wilson, who, however, merely replied, "Ay, ay, every body as knows any thing knows as you're a false ould scamp, and won't stand for the disparagement of the cha-rackter of the honestest man as lives, and so it's of no manner o' use minding you."

"It's true enough though what he says," slowly remarked Dick Welsh, in an audible whisper, "and nobody knowed a word of it but you and I, Jack—that's certain."

"Silence here forud!" shouted the fourth lieutenant, aroused by the noisy contention; "you're kicking up such a bobbery amongst you that I cannot hold my glass steady. Less confusion and more vigilance, my lads! Keep your mouths shut and your eyes open, if you wish to catch the Turkish rover."

Old Jack rose, and, touching the rim of his tarpaulin hat, "I should be sorry, sir, to disobey orders or sail on a different tack to any of my officers; but I sadly misdoubts, sir, as we shall ever catch a craft that is commanded by Davy Jones himself, let her cruise under Turkish colours or whatsomever colours she may. Give me a real substancheon enemy of right arnest flesh and blood, and Jack Wilson is not the man to shrink from facing him; but it arn't in natur, sir, to run alongside an invisible foe, who can carry his craft right slap into a thunder cloud; and, to my thinking, sir, that's just the way this here buccaneering chap has escaped from captur."

"Precisely, Jack," said the voice, so close to the veteran's ear, that he actually put up his hard, horny hand for the purpose of driving his tormentor away; and an oath slipped out, as he anathematized him for a "shabby, sneaking ould blagguard."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" asked the lieutenant, angrily, under an impression that the language had been addressed to him. "This is insubordination to

your superior, sir; it is rank mutiny, and I shall instantly report it to the captain."

"Pitch it again, Jack," whispered the voice, within a few inches of the side of his head; "never mind, my hearty!"

"I *will* pitch it again, you ondeckorous, baboon-wisaged scamp!" roared Jack, in a rage, to the amazement of the collecting tars, who now crowded the forecastle, without knowing the cause of his irritation. They were all of them well acquainted with the general placid and obedient demeanour of the veteran, and imagined that he must have been seized with sudden madness to use such abusive epithets to an officer who was universally esteemed.

"This is horrible insolence," exclaimed the lieutenant, "and yet surely the man cannot be in his right senses—he never behaved so before."

"Lord love your honour's heart! it arn't you, sir, as I'm speaking to," said old Jack: "I only wish I could see him in front of me, but he is bam-badgering about out of sight."

"Go it, Jack Wilson!" whispered the voice, apparently in mischievous glee; "I'm skipper of the felucca and general agent for prize-money down below."

"I wish you was down below now," vociferated the enraged veteran. "But," touching his hat again to the lieutenant, "I hopes your honour don't never go for to think I was using such ambigerous language to you. It's in regard of the captain of the Turk—that is no Turk, after all—and yet we are in chase of him."

"Really this is inexplicable; I can make nothing of

it," said the lieutenant. "Poor fellow! his brain must be affected. Take him below to the sick bay, men; the doctor will most likely shave his head and clap a blister on."

"Hurrah, Jack!" whispered the voice; "shaved, blistered, and bled; gruel and sago, and not a drop of grog."

"Howld your infarnal confabbylation, do!" sung out the seaman, and then, continuing to the officer, he exclaimed, "Shaved and blistered, your honour! No, no; you carn't never go for to mean that: why, Lord love you, I'm as onsensibly in my right mind as any man fore and aft. But it's completely bothered I am with woices, and skippers, and feluccas, devil's craft, and all the rest; my brains—what few I've got—are jammed hard and fast, and my thoughts haven't never got no room to steer, stay, or wear. But I won't speak another word, except to observe, in the most obedient and obstropelous manner, as I'm blest if any doctor in creation shall shave my head!"

The lieutenant walked aft to the quarter-deck, and I was almost as much puzzled as Jack Wilson to account for what had passed. The story, however, very soon got spread over the ship, and, together with other marvellous yarns, occupied the hours of the night-watches, till a conviction began to prevail that there must be witchcraft in the matter, and all dreaded yet longed to fall in with the pirate. Nor were they disappointed; for, two days afterwards, we got sight of a vessel exactly answering her description, and every stitch of broadcloth was extended in pursuit. The

breeze, at first only light and variable, gradually freshened, and the swelling canvas bore us proudly along; but, though we got within a certain distance of the felucca, yet we could not shorten it between us, and, as evening came on, she walked away from us altogether, and we lost sight of her. During the chase, every part of the ship that commanded a view of the supposed pirate was crowded with eager spectators, and none kept a more rigid look-out than the gallant veteran, Jack Wilson; and, when the enemy disappeared in the gloom, he shrugged his shoulders, bit his quid, and, hitching up his trowsers with his wrists, exclaimed to his messmate: "There the beggar goes—just as I expected he would, Dick. Oh the blabbing, sheep-shanked, cow-hoofed, ugly ould monster, as takes the con when he wants men to sin; and, after carrying 'em right slap into the bight of trouble to suit his own purposes, overhauls a range of mischief to bring us up and betray us!—oh, he's a precious sinner!"

"I was afeard the leftenant would have heard about the captain's rum when the fellow split upon us," said Dick. "But how pat he had the story, shipmate!—one might have supposed that he had been in at the drinking of it."

"And so I was, Dick," plainly sounded in the ears of the seamen, who started, stared around them, and then quickly separated.

For several days we were occasionally tantalized with the sight of the felucca, but could not get near to her, and, as a matter of course, she did not come within hail of us.

"It is in vain, England, to chase this creature of the wind," said Captain Foley, as he sat on the poop, to his senior lieutenant, as brave and worthy a little fellow as ever wore the royal uniform: "she is all legs and wings —and yet I do not like to be laughed at."

"The best plan would be, sir," returned Mr. England, in his quiet way, "to pick up some vessel that would decoy her. We might put a crew of picked hands, a party of marines, and a long gun aboard of her; and, my life for it, they would soon render a fair account of the marauder."

"We'll try it, England — we'll try it," observed the captain. "Look over the watch-lists and select a crew. Let Mr. Jennings" (fourth lieutenant) "hold himself in readiness to take the command. The subordinates I leave to your decision. We shall not be long in finding a suitable craft: and whereabouts would be the best to trap him?"

"I have heard, sir, that he is accustomed to run for the island of Cyprus," answered Mr. England. "We must get out of the way, as if we had quitted the ground; and Jennings is shrewd, keen, and cautious, so that every trust may be safely reposed in him."

"It shall be done—the plan is a good one; and, unless he is indeed what the people fancy him to be, we shall soon have the fellow alongside."

Such was the response of the captain, and the first lieutenant lost no time in making arrangements according to the orders he had received. Mr. Jennings, with a master's-mate; two midshipmen and sixty blue-jackets; a lieutenant of marines, with fourteen of that class, and

an assistant surgeon, were to form the intended crew. The Goliath stretched away to sea, and, in a few days, we fell in with a smart little brig under English colours, bound to Tripoli on speculation. Captain Foley had the master on board, and, pointing out to him the certainty of his being captured and plundered if he pursued his course, offered to pay him handsomely if he would place the vessel for hire in the service. A bargain was soon struck, and Mr. Jennings, with his chosen men, was quickly transferred to the Peggy Bawn of Dundee. Arms, provisions, stores, ammunition, and a long twenty-four-pounder were supplied; and, with three cheers from the old Goliaths, we parted company.

From some cause or other, I had become a bit of a favourite with Mr. Jennings, and he selected me to accompany him as his aid-de-camp: Jack Wilson and Dick Welsh were also of the party, both having volunteered, in order, as Jack said, "to see the eend of it, for it never should be told that he feared such a cantankerous lubber as Davy Jones."

We stood, as preconcerted, for the island of Cyprus, and, during our progress, long Tom, (as they called the twenty-four pounder), was mounted. Though the brig was much crowded by our numbers, yet the prospect of taking the felucca made atonement for inconvenience, and, the weather being delightfully fine, the awnings were spread, and the men took their meals upon deck. We had a jovial time of it, for the battle of the Nile had cemented the bond of brotherhood, and the particular duty we were all engaged upon relaxed the strictness of discipline. Many a laugh was raised at the

expense of Jack Wilson, who persisted that "Davy Jones still attended upon him, and spun him a yarn that nobody could hear but hisself; but he scorned to flinch, and hoped to get hand to hand with the wagabone, so as he might teach him better manners."

Nearly a fortnight had elapsed, when, one lovely morning, we made the land, and sure enough there was the felucca, her white sails showing like polished silver against the dark background, as she lay about midway between the brig and the shore. Every man, except three or four, was ordered below, the long gun was carefully concealed by tarpaulins, and means were adopted to lead to a belief that our brig was nothing more than a trader. Still the pirate was wary; and Jack Wilson, who was at the helm of the Peggy Bawn, shook his head doubtfully as to the chance of catching the pirate.

"What makes you think he will escape us, Jack?" asked the lieutenant, who had divested himself of his uniform, and appeared in a blue jacket and duck trowsers: "we shall soon have him within reach of our shot."

"I am greatly misdubersome of that, sir," replied the seaman: "them no-man's-land sort of craft play all manners of imperent tricks, and it's just as easy for him to kick up a fog-bank and slip into it, as it ud be for me to drink a glass of grog, if so be as I could get one."

"Exactly so," uttered the well-remembered voice close to his ear; "recollect the captain's bottle of rum."

Jack shook his head, in much the same way as a horse would do with a sting-fly tickling his nose. "I wants to have no sort of confab with you," said he.

"Oh, very well!" exclaimed the lieutenant, as if he had been addressed; "but mind your helm, Wilson, or perhaps I shall have a little confab with you."

"I sees as it's of no use trying to argyfy the matter, sir," returned the seaman solemnly, "but he's close alongside of me now. Yet it's onpossible to grab hold of a consarn as is no more than a woice, and about as much substance as comes to nothing; and what he can want with me is more than all my larning can displain, but I'll sarve him out yet."

By the manœuvring of the felucca, it was evident that the commander was cautious not to commit himself; and therefore, without taking any further notice of her than a display of our colours, we continued our course towards the island, Jack declaring we "might just as well run after the moonshine as chase sich a devil's craft as that."

The day wore rapidly away; the wind was light; but, though the object we had in view hoisted Turkish colours and kept us company, yet it was at a respectful distance, which induced Mr. Jennings to believe that a night attack was intended, and for this he made every preparation. The men were in a state of the greatest excitement, for they had no notion of being stowed away in secresy and inaction in sight of a single vessel, especially after having so recently banged the French fleet, and many half-hints were given that "it warn't by no manner of means Nelson-fashion to be clapped under hatches in the presence of an enemy." But all was lost on the lieutenant, who steadily kept on, as if he had been sent there for any other purpose than ridding the seas of a dangerous buccaneer.

Night came, and we were within a league of the island, whose dark summits showed distinctly against the still bright sky, whilst a hazy mistiness spread itself over the surface of the waters. A vigilant look-out was ordered to be kept, the men lay down ready armed, and the officers took their stations abaft, to watch and wait for whatever might happen. It was nearly midnight, and all around us was perfectly calm, when we distinctly heard the wash of oars as they dipped in the water, and not a doubt was entertained that it was the felucca rowing towards us.

"Stand by, my lads; be cool and steady;" said the lieutenant; "every man of you knows your duty. Let there be no noise; listen attentively for the word, and, the moment it is given, dash on them, and we shall see what Davy Jones is made of."

"Jack, Jack Wilson!" muttered one of the men, "if your owld friend should come to visit you afore we gets fairly alongside, just hand us down the eend of his tail, and we'll pass it along, so as all hands may clap on and rouse aboard the main-tack with it."

But Jack Wilson said nothing, though he kept clutching his cutlass and handling his pistol, as if eager for the fray. His shipmates passed their jokes upon him, but he did not heed them, his thoughts being apparently wholly absorbed by the coming contest, and his mind confused by what he fully believed to be supernatural agency.

Mr. Jennings was the first to detect the felucca emerging from the gloom, as she swept rapidly towards us, and curled up the sparkling waters beneath her

bows; and, notwithstanding the accustomed coolness of British seamen when meeting the foe, it must be owned that great excitement prevailed: for there were many who had laughed at Jack Wilson that were strongly tinctured by similar feelings, though they would not acknowledge it. Still every thing was silent; not a sound was to be heard in the brig—all seemed to be tranquilly sleeping, and onward came the enemy, stealing along like the wily snake, to dart upon its prey.

And there lay the Peggy Bawn, uncontrolled by helm or canvas, for there was not the slightest breath of wind to aid the efforts of the mariner in keeping her head the right way. This was rather awkward for us, as the felucca would be enabled to take us on any point she pleased; but, trusting to the well-tried courage and devotion of his people, the lieutenant betrayed no apprehension, and the only sign of impatience was an occasional low whistle, to attract the breeze, which, however, refused "to obey the voice of the charmer, let him charm ever so wisely."

The twenty-four pounder was, as I have already said, covered over with tarpaulins, beneath which were also concealed a sufficient number of men to handle it, and between whom and Mr. Jennings snatches of conversation passed in low tones, as he apprised them of the situation of the felucca, that was nearing us fast; but, when about two cables' length off, she ceased rowing, and soon lay motionless on the surface of the still waters. The long gun well directed might at once have sent her to the bottom, but the lieutenant was desirous of carrying his trophy into port; besides, he

was not actually aware of her real character, and therefore refrained from firing.

The moon was just commencing her last quarter, and now rose to illumine both land and sea; and, though there was a haze below, yet all overhead was bright, and clear, and shining. A small boat from the felucca pulled towards us, and our lieutenant gave orders for the people to huddle together as close as possible, and not to utter a word. In a short time, the boat was within hail, and Mr. Jennings inquired what they wanted. The answer was, that the felucca was a free trader, or, in other words, a smuggler, and wished to purchase any contraband that the brig might have on board. The boat was permitted to come alongside, and out of it came a man tastefully attired in a costume partly Turkish and partly Italian: he had a scarlet turban on his head, and loose white trowsers below, drawn round the ankle; a blue fancy jacket, trimmed with gold lace, was on his body; and a crimson silk scarf was bound round his waist. His features were particularly handsome, and betokened either Italian birth or Italian origin, but the former seemed the most probable, as his voice corresponded with the supposition.

The lieutenant received him with the rough politeness of a seaman, and the other responded with ease approaching to elegance, and for about the space of half an hour they walked the quarter-deck, conversing with seeming freedom. It was no difficult matter, however, to see that the stranger was restless and frequently gave an earnest gaze at the covered gun, while Mr. Jennings watched his every action, more than ever convinced of

his real character. As for Jack Wilson, it was with great difficulty they could keep him quiet, as he swore it was none other than the foul fiend himself, and "in good right he ought to have a slap at him." His excitement was greatly increased when Mr. Jennings and the officer of the felucca parted, apparently the best friends in the world, and the boat rowed away from the brig.

"Well, to my thinking, your honour," said Wilson, as he ascended to the deck and addressed the lieutenant, "to my thinking, that ere was eather Davy Jones hisself, or one of his relations."

"You're right, Jack," uttered the well-remembered voice close to his ear; "and what a fool you was for letting me slip through your fingers. But, never mind; I will be alongside of you again presently."

"And so you really believe that was old Davy, eh, Wilson?" asked the lieutenant, good-humouredly.

"I am sartin of it, your honour, for he's just tould me so hisself, and the wagabone says, he'll be aboard again directly," responded Jack.

"In that I will be voucher for his intentions," said Mr. Jennings with sternness; and then, going to the hatchway, he spoke in an under-tone to the officers and men below, "A few minutes, my lads, will bring us into action; the captain of the felucca—("the devil!" mumbled Wilson)—has paid me a visit, and will shortly sweep down to us to *trade*. Be ready, my boys, and Jack, (turning to Wilson), you shall man-handle your old friend."

"That is, if you can catch him, Jack," said the voice, the moment the lieutenant had finished.

"I ownly wishes I could get my grapplin-irons on you," retorted the seaman; "but I'm thinking you're too wise to come within my grip."

It was rather more than half an hour when the felucca was again in motion; but it soon became evident that, instead of pulling towards us, her head was in a contrary direction, and that she was rapidly receding from us.

"I knew it, your honour," exclaimed Jack Wilson; "the fellow daren't face us, arter all."

"Uncover the gun, my lads," shouted Mr. Jennings; "look smart, but keep yourselves cool;" and he himself instantly took the lead in accomplishing his own orders. The twenty-four pounder was promptly in readiness; the lieutenant pointed it, the match was applied, and away flew the shot, but without our being able to perceive the effect produced. To load and fire as expeditiously as possible was now our only course, but there was no wind to blow away the smoke, that settled down upon the waters, so as at times entirely to obscure the felucca from our view. Nor was the enemy idle with her guns, as the shot rattled about us, but without doing any material injury.

The lieutenant was exceedingly mortified, as he feared that the pirate must escape him. The gun was well plied; a breeze sprang up, every stitch of canvass that would draw was packed upon the brig, and the Peggy Bawn, as if awaking from a refreshing rest, danced over the sea with renewed swiftness. But the spread of sail, aided by the oars, gave the felucca a decided advantage, and she was walking off two feet to our

one, when a shot brought down her mainsail, which fell among the rowers and prevented their exertions.

Daylight came upon us, one of those lovely mornings that are often witnessed in the Mediterranean, but never appear so beautiful in any other part of the world. By the help of the glasses, we could now plainly discover that our shot had caused considerable havoc on board the felucca; and, though the sweeps were still worked with energy, yet it was in seeming desperation that wasted its own strength. The Peggy Bawn was a good sailer, and the freshening wind carried her along faster than ever she had been known to travel before; but this Jack Wilson attributed to Davy Jones having "an onconcealed towline by which he was dragging 'em all to destruction."

The felucca was making for the leeside of the island of Cyprus, under the hope, as Mr. Jennings believed, of getting into some nook or hole, where she might lie concealed, or where the crew, by abandoning the vessel, might endeavour to find on shore safety from capture. Our long gun, however, was admirably served, and, as the water was smooth, scarcely a shot was thrown away; and thus we continued till the felucca's foresail came down, and, cutting away the wreck, they pulled in directly for the land. But even this did not last long: it was evident that she had been struck between wind and water, and the chances were that, in the confused and exhausted state of the crew, she would sink and every soul perish; whilst, to add to the peril of their condition, the men were deserting their oars. We could see the commander of the felucca ranging about the decks, and

by blows and entreaties trying to recal them to a sense of duty; but his efforts were employed in vain: terror seemed to have taken possession of their faculties; many were on their knees, others tearing their hair, and a few labouring in dogged stubbornness.

"Cease firing," exclaimed Mr. Jennings; "she must be ours if she will but float a little longer."

And true enough, we were soon alongside. The lieutenant, through his trumpet, ordered them to surrender; but their chief, with pistol in each hand, stationed himself at the ensign halliards, and none were found hardy enough to approach him for the purpose of striking the colours. We were on his weather-beam—not a moment was to be lost.

"Up helm!" commanded the lieutenant, and he was instantly obeyed. "Boarders, away!" and the gallant seamen stood all ready with their half-pikes and cutlasses. "Luff-to and lay him alongside," was the next order, which was cleverly performed; and, headed by Mr. Jennings in his uniform, a brave band poured upon the rover's deck. There was but little resistance, except from the daring and resolute chief, who seemed determined to defy us to the last; and Jack Wilson would most probably have settled his business, but Mr. Jennings sprang between and saved him. This noble act made a deeper impression on the pirate's mind than any dread of death could do: he dropped the point of his sword, (for he had already discharged his pistols and thrown them away) and instantly surrendered. Not another shot was fired, and no other blow was struck; the colours were hauled down; the felucca was

indeed our own; and, while one party secured the prisoners, another diligently strove to stop the leak, and pump out the water from the hold. These objects were speedily accomplished: a suitable crew was put on board the prize; we hauled to leeward of Cape Cormachitti, where we anchored, got jury-masts upon the felucca, and landed a portion of her crew. In two days more we were again under way for Aboukir Bay; but, falling in with the Goliath in our passage, the brig was dismissed, and Lieutenant Jennings received orders to accompany the seventy-four to Naples, to join the squadron under Lord Nelson.

From the moment that the piratical captain surrendered, no further animosity existed between the lieutenant and him—in fact, there was something so superior in the manners and address of the rover, that it was impossible not to come to the conclusion that he was no ordinary being; and one evening, when in confidential conversation with Mr. Jennings, he communicated the following particulars.

"Signor," said he, "you see me here by your side a prisoner, rendered so more by your generosity than by any love of life. I am by birth a Genoese, and was born to title and to fortune in the Strada Nuova, where the palazzo of my father stood, and where I was nursed and brought up in luxurious ease. But, as I grew older, though still a youth, a spirit of manhood, united with the love of chivalrous adventure, filled my breast. I could not endure an inactive existence; I longed, like my countrymen of yore, to discover and explore new regions; and, before I was eighteen, I had accomplished several

voyages, and amongst other parts of Europe had visited England, and learned to love your nation. I also traversed France, and was a witness to many of the horrors and atrocities of the revolution. Freedom was my idol, signor: in your country, I found it governed only by reason and wholesome laws; in France, under the name of Liberty, the people were slaves; they pretended to worship the image whilst they yielded to the fetters forged by their own wild and lawless passions; they offered human sacrifice to the goddess of freedom, and gorged her with the blood of their fellow-citizens. I loathed their very name.

"Continuing my career, I became an expert and skilful seaman. It was to me a source of delight to brave the tempest in its fury, and to mount the ocean billows in their rage. I had left my home, with all its soft indulgences, to encounter a life of hardship and privation, and I gloried in it. My visits to other shores had opened to me sources of practical information that I could never have obtained by remaining at the palazzo in indolence, and I had acquired a daring and hardihood that rendered me honoured and respected by my countrymen. It was a rare spectacle to witness one of their nobles voluntarily encountering all the perils of a sea-life, to gain knowledge and lay the foundation of future fame. I was projecting another voyage of longer duration and more distant than any I had yet taken, when intelligence reached us that the French army under General Buonaparte, having crossed the Alps, had invaded Italy, and were threatening our territory. This was enough

to delay my project. I took up arms on land instead of crossing the ocean, and, my active disposition pointing me out as suited to command, the small navy of the republic was placed at my disposal. I was not long in raising a band of sailors, but there was more to be done on shore than there was at sea; and so I took my brave fellows, and joined the Austrians under General de Vins, but was soon afterwards recalled, and served under your own intrepid Admiral, Nelson, in surveying and strengthening the western coast of the Gulf of Genoa, from the great city to Nice.

"Signor, I blush for the pusillanimity of my countrymen; they sold themselves to France, and became worse than midnight robbers. French privateers were allowed to harbour in Genoese ports, whence they sallied forth to perpetrate depredations on our only friends, and returned unmolested by the authorities, who received bribes to blind them to their duty. Often, in concert with the English boats, have I engaged these desperadoes, and more than once or twice was honoured by the commendations of your heroic Admiral. But, signor, these affairs were not to continue long: the treacherous Austrians betrayed a cause in which they had never heartily engaged, and, like cowardly poltroons, took to their heels the moment they saw the French. In fact, signor, there were thousands that never met them at all; they were defeated by fear — rascally fear. Still I adhered to my country, and fought her battles till Genoa yielded to French rule, and, on account of my hostility to the measure, I was denounced, my possessions were declared for-

feited, a high reward was offered for my head, and I was driven into exile by those in whose cause I had so freely shed my blood.

"Thus situated, I secretly raised all the money I possibly could, and at the island of Capraja I purchased the felucca, manned her as well as I was able, procured arms and ammunition at every opportunity, and, without commission or warrant, I cruised close in shore upon the French coast, and now and then visited the Genoese ports, where I disposed of my prizes, paid my men handsomely, and provided myself with every requisite for either attack or defence. My successes procured me an excellent crew for the work I required, and, when Spain joined France, and declared war against England, I also declared war against Spain, and several of their richly-freighted vessels fell into my hands. Yet, notwithstanding this, my wealth did not greatly increase; for I took care to divide ample funds among my people, in order to encourage them to undertake any enterprise that I might plan, and truly they were not few.

"And now, signor," continued he, "if your patience is not exhausted, I must revert to a subject that brings to my heart the extremes of pain and pleasure. Ardent as I was in temperament, it can hardly be supposed that I was insensible to female beauty; and, in truth, signor, I did love with an eager warmth of feeling that was closely allied to my nature. The lady was young, amiable, and lovely, and related to the first families in Genoa. Her devotion to me was as strong as was mine to her, and we enjoyed each other's confidence in all things, so that, when I became a proscribed outcast, not a single doubt

of her fidelity ever crossed my mind. But I could not divest myself of fears for her safety; I knew the character of our conquerors too well not to dread the wreaking of their vengeance upon the helpless; and I resolved, at all hazards, to bring her away from the city to a more tranquil spot. By dint of perseverance and large payments, I was enabled to accomplish this: she forsook all to share my fortunes, and I obtained an asylum for her in the island of Cyprus. It was a lovely place, signor; and, but for my restless desire to recover my name, and rank, and property, I might have lived a life of calm, dispassionate pleasure: but, having provided for the object of my soul's regard, I once more launched upon the ocean, to pursue my hazardous achievements, which gained me an infernal notoriety, that galled my spirit, though it soothed my pride. I have been at war with every flag but that of England, and it is by the British ensign I am torn from all that is delightful, and am now a prisoner. It is true that I at first took you for a Portuguese, and I honestly confess I should have had no hesitation in helping myself to anything I might have wanted; but, on approaching nearer, doubts arose, which your colours, when you shewed them, greatly increased. It was to gain an accurate knowledge that I boarded you in my little boat; and, when I discovered that you were indeed English, and probably pretty well armed, I left you as rapidly as my vessel could go: but it was not till your shot came on board of us that I guessed, by the weight of the metal, that a trap had been laid for my capture. However, it is the fortune of predatory warfare, and I am here, though, if Nelson still bears me in remembrance,

and my tale of wrongs can move his sympathy, I have no fear for my life."

Thus he ended his narrative, which I well recollect operated powerfully on my boyish sensibility (for, being too young to be considered of consequence, I had remained close to the lieutenant during the recital), and more than once I felt the moisture gathering in my eyes.

"It must be owned," said Mr. Jennings, "that the reports of your exploits have raised you a not very enviable fame, and there are many of my men whom it would be almost impossible to persuade into the belief that you were not in reality Old Nick in disguise. It is true, for the sake of amusement, I have somewhat aided in the deception by a curious power of utterance which I possess, and which has so bothered one of my poor fellows, that he imagines himself bedevilled, and I observe he never looks at you without a malicious grin, that plainly indicates what he would do if he durst."

"Indeed!" returned the rover, "I should like to be friends with that man, as well as to learn the mode by which you have practised on his credulity."

We were seated near the taffrail during this conversation, and it happened that Jack Wilson was at the helm. In an instant, I heard the voice that had caused so much perplexity to the seamen exclaim, "Have a care, Jack, my eye is upon you."

"I know it, you wagabone," vociferated the tar; "don't think to gammon me as you've done my officer; and I'm thinking he'll make but a bad day's work on it in the long run."

"Mind your helm, Wilson," said the lieutenant; "keep

her full-and-by; you'll be bringing her aback if you hug the wind so close."

"I ax pardon, your honour, but it's onpossible to stand here like a mummy, whilst owld Davy—though he's but a young un as has brought up alongside of you—yet I'm saying it arn't in natur to stand quiet here whilst the enemy of sowls is practising his tricks upon me. Ownly say the word, and give me fair play, and I'm his match any day."

In fact, Mr. Jennings was a capital ventriloquist, and he called Jack to him, in order to explain the nature of his talent; but the seaman remained incredulous: superstition was stronger than any other influence; and, when we joined the Goliath, he preferred a request to return to his ship, as he declared "no good could come of sailing with Davy Jones for a consort." His wish was complied with; but, to the great chagrin of the worthy seaman, the very individual he had so vehemently defied was removed to the seventy-four with him, and poor Jack was almost at his wit's end.

Whoever has visited the Bay of Naples cannot fail to remember the beautiful panoramic spectacle that is every where presented to the sight, beneath a lovely sky, clear and resplendent, whose face is not concealed by the silver-hued, gauzy clouds, that resemble the pinions and drapery of unseen angels sportively playing in the balmy breeze. The scenery alone is quite sufficient to excite the most ardent admiration, earth, ocean, air, harmonizing with exquisite grace, and displaying the glories and wonders of creation, delicately toned by those rich tints of natural brilliancy which the painter loves to portray

whilst striving at the choicest cultivation of his art. But when, to the gratification derived from contemplating the picturesque in its most delightful garb of mingled simplicity and grandeur, is superadded a knowledge of ancient, historic lore connected with the locality, and vivid imagination conjures up bright visions of former magnificence and greatness—

> "When Rome, the mistress of the world,
> Of yore her eagle-wings unfurl'd,"

and spread them over the empire that bowed beneath her powerful sway—then, indeed, is the pleasure heightened to an elevation that produces sublime emotions, and the mind roams freely over the mountains and valleys of the romance of life associated with classic recollections.

There, too, stands the gorgeous city, reviving pleasant memorials of the Neapolitan poet of old, who sang of the early architect in strains as melodious as hers who chose the site and raised the structure.

> "Built by sweete Siren; said to be built by
> Sterne Phaleris: his Empire's happy glory.
> Call'd the rare hortyard of faire Cyprades;
> Call'd the new field of valiant Hercules;
> Call'd the fat soile of Ceres, crown'd with corne;
> Call'd the rich vineyard of the God unshorne.
> No marvell: for no city like to thine
> For sweetnesse, empire, beauty, strength, corne, wine."

After a quick passage, we entered this superb bay, where we found the Vanguard, the Alexander, and the Culloden, and, soon after anchoring, the rover was transferred to the flag-ship. The felucca was condemned, and we quitted her for the Goliath, which was ordered back to Alexandria.

I must now pass over an interval of several years during which Mr. Jennings was made a commander, and I obtained my commission as lieutenant. The turmoils of war were at an end. Napoleon had resigned the imperial crown, to take upon himself the sovereignty of Elba, and a squadron of English frigates was stationed in his neighbourhood to watch his proceedings. I was then second lieutenant of a fine eight-and-thirty, cruising on the western shores of Italy, enjoying all the delights of the climate and the gaiety of the different places we visited, among which was Naples; and here we remained some time, for it was the season of the Carnival.

From my early years, I had been partial to reading old books of voyages and travels, so as to gain information of former events and collect the views and opinions of ancient writers. In accordance with the locality, I had been perusing the work of George Sandys, published in 1621, and was highly amused with his descriptions of the Holy Land and Italy, particularly of the neighbourhood in which we then were; and I resolved to solicit permission to take one of the cutters and examine the Grot of Pausilype, with other wonders adjacent to it. My request was complied with; and, with eight stout hands and well provisioned, we started. The wind was light but favourable, and a few hours brought us to our destination, which we (for I took one of the midshipmen with me) explored in every direction. Thence we proceeded to Puteoli, and, in rounding the point that forms the eastern extreme of the bay, I was much struck by seeing a beautifully-wrought marble figure, which, with body inclined and extended arm, was pointing towards

the projecting land of Pausilippo. On a rock, lying at a short distance from the base of the eminence on which the statue was placed, the rough trunk of a tree was fixed, from the extremity of which a basket was suspended.

Here then was food for the romantic mind to feed upon; and, laying the cutter's head to the land, I and my young companion were soon on shore; and, after inspecting the figure, we entered an ancient ruin that was close by, and discovered a venerable man clothed in a white garment, with a beard and scattered hair singularly blanched.

"What seek you with THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK?" asked he, in a voice that I fancied I had heard before.

"We can only apologise for intruding," answered I; "but I must assure you that I had no idea any human being inhabited the place."

"You are English," added he, "and they are always welcome. I have loved your countrymen, though they have done me injury. But it is not for a worm like me to complain."

"You have chosen a lonely dwelling," remarked I; "may I presume upon your favour to make me acquainted with its history?"

"What it was in ancient days I am unable to inform you," answered he, "but, as it respects myself, it has connection with a mournful tale, evidencing the fallibility of human happiness. Would you wish to hear it?"

Such a question was readily replied to, and he commenced his narrative with the words—

"I am by birth a Genoese, and was born to title and fortune in the Strada Nuova, where the palazzo of my father stood, and where I was nursed and brought up in luxurious ease....."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed I, as memory exerted all her powers; "why, those are the very words uttered by the commander of a felucca we captured when relating his history." I looked steadily and keenly at him, and, though his head was silvered and his beard descended to his chest, there was no mistaking the features. "You are—you must be—the very man of whom I'm speaking, that was captured by an English brig off the island of Cyprus."

He appeared to be greatly agitated for more than a minute, and then replied, "You are right, signor: that wretched man is now before you!"

I was not long in reminding him of my identity with the youngster who shared in that enterprise, and I requested him to inform me of what had occurred after our separation. He was by no means averse to communicate, and he continued: "When I landed at Naples, a prisoner, I sought and obtained an interview with Nelson, to whom I told the story of my wrongs, and vowed revenge upon the French. He listened attentively to all I had to say, and not only granted me my liberty, but, through the intercession of Lady Hamilton, I obtained a commission in the Neapolitan marine, with the command of a division of gun-boats, and once more I was employed against my enemies—the French. But my heart's best affections were at Cyprus; my capture must be well known there; and, oh! what agony would she suffer till apprised of

my fate! As day succeeded day, so did my anxiety and longing desire to be near her increase. Tormenting fears for her safety constantly assailed me; till, at length, I obtained leave of absence, and, having hired a vessel, I sailed for the island. There I found her, still faithful, and mourning my loss.

"The effects I had accumulated in that spot were of considerable value, and it occupied a day or two to get them embarked; and, this effected, I took my departure from Cyprus with her I loved, purposing to return to the Bay of Naples. Fortune seemed to be propitious: we had delightful weather and pleasant breezes till we made the island of Capri, when one of those sudden gales common to the Mediterranean came on, and our frail vessel could ill withstand its fury. We were driven at its mercy across the opening of the bay to Point Miseno, when the wind shifted, without abating its strength, and we dropped down upon Baiæ, where we tried to anchor, but the storm was too powerful for the anchors to hold. The sea came rolling in like moving mountains, and we were forced to cut and try to weather this point of Puteoli, against which the breakers were dashing higher than our mast-heads. The pilot assured me there were no hidden dangers, but that the shore was steep, and, could we once get to windward of it, we might find a port of refuge. Earnestly did I labour to attain this end; all my qualifications as a seaman were called into exercise, and, having close-reefed the sails, I myself took the helm.

"All my worldly property—even the treasure that was most dear to my soul—was with me in the same

craft, and it was with pride I found that the vessel behaved well under the pressure of difficulty: she sprang to the wind—the tide was in our favour—the point was opening broad upon our lee-bow—the breakers were roaring as if enraged to lose their prey, and my heart exulted in the prospect of safety. Alas, signor, the pilot had deceived me: a huge curling billow broke over us—the next instant we struck upon a sunken rock—our timbers were rent to pieces. I had only time to clasp Imogene in one arm, whilst with the other I clung to a spar, when the vessel went down in deep water, and we were dashed towards the shore. Hard did I struggle to gain a footing, but the recoil of the sea washed us away again, till we drifted round the point; then insensibility came over me, and I recollect no more till I recovered consciousness in this very building, with the dead Imogene lying by my side. We were alone, for the worthy people who had dragged us from the breakers and conveyed us hither, fancying that life had quitted both, left us to render aid to others and to gather portions of the wreck. Oh, signor, you may in some degree conjecture what I suffered, but can never know the full extent. All that I possessed, all that I valued in the world, was gone from me for ever—I was deserted, desolate, and despairing.

"I resolved that this ruinous building should henceforth be my home. Imogene lies buried in yonder corner, and above her grave I make my nightly bed. Intelligence reached me that the French had departed from Genoa, and my estates were again at my disposal. But my spirit was too much bowed down for earthly

grandeur to revive: besides, my resolution had been taken, and I determined to adhere to it. At great expense I purchased from the governor of Capri the figure which you saw upon the point; the outstretched arm directs to the spot where lies the concealed rock, and in the dark hours of the night a brilliant lamp burns beneath the figure, to warn the mariner of his danger. It is my voluntary task to trim this lamp, and render aid to vessels in distress. The fishermen and boatmen are not ungrateful; the basket suspended from the pole receives their offerings; and, as they pass my dwelling, upon their bended knees, they breathe a prayer and thanksgiving for THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK."

A GALE, OFF RAMSGATE.

BY EDWARD QUILLINAN.

One lady on the tall white cliff!
  One boat upon the sea!
That little solitary skiff
  Why watcheth Emma Lee?

The heavens with sulphurous clouds are black;
  As black the billowy plain;
And wildly flies the stormy rack
  Above the stormy main.

The winged ships their wings have spread
  For safety far from land;
The sea-birds from the sea have fled
  For shelter to the strand.

Then why, intent on yonder shell,
That scuds before the gale,
Why, like a lone coast-sentinel,
Stands there that lady pale?

Perhaps a brother's life to threat
Those mighty waters rise;
Perhaps some object dearer yet,
The treasure of her eyes?

And, as the waters heave and break,
Her breast keeps fearful time,
Her very heart-strings all awake
To that tremendous chime?

And on that cliff, so far above,
She stands in beauty pale,
To be the beacon-light of love
And guide his daring sail?—

No brother in yon lonely boat
Is menaced by the strife;
No cherished lover there afloat
Fights with the surge for life.

Her brow *is* pale with fear and hope,
With holy hope and fear,
Which high as Heaven direct their scope,
While humbly trembling here.

Yon Boat to her the type presents
Of Man's immortal Soul,
Struggling through turbid elements,
The Passions, to its goal.

The sun is hid behind the clouds,
But is not gone to sleep,
For now a ray has touched the shrouds,
A Rainbow spans the deep!

And now the salient canvass shines
All boldly out in white,
Beneath its glorious arch of lines
Of many-coloured light.

Thus from behind the curtain dark
Will flash a beam of grace,
When terrors shake the sinner's bark,
And tears are on his face.

And see! the Boat is safe within
The strong protecting Mole!
So, safely from the gulfs of sin,
To port may come the soul:

But only through the saving woe
Of HIM whose precious blood
Supplied the colours of the Bow
That spans the clouded flood.

Monday Evening, July ——.

WOMAN'S DESTINATION.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

The stream, which once a slender rill
Roll'd scarcely seen its humble way,
Now gushes freshly from the hill,
And flashes into day!

O Stream of Knowledge! when thy tide
Brings hope, and life, and power,
To every tree that decks thy side,
Forget not then the flower!

Forget not gentle Woman then,
Even for the sex, whose mighty mind
Gave Shakespeare's spells to Englishmen,
And Newton to mankind!
For theirs were souls of such a flame
As is the lightning's fire;
In darkness and from Heaven they came
To dazzle and expire!

A thousand wreaths crown Man's proud brow,
A thousand tongues his name record;
The marble almost living now,
Now the death-dealing sword:
His greatness lives in earth and sky,
And tracks the pathless flood:
But Woman's happier destiny
Is only to be good.

And, though no rays of genius dart,
Yet well to her the skill is given,
To write the Wife's, the Mother's, heart,
To read the way to Heaven.
Then, Stream of Knowledge! when thy tide
Brings hope, and life, and power,
To every tree that decks thy side,
Oh! bathe the lowly flower!

MIRANDA.

MIRANDA.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

She was not beautiful as many are:
And those that gazed upon her face
Saw nothing, save a gentle grace,
Beaming from eyes that seemed to look afar,
Beyond the passing of the present day,
Beyond the hopes and fears that cling to this poor clay.

No high-born maid was she,
But sang wild songs beneath the vault of heaven,
Where the vine-dressers dance at close of even,
Waking the echoes with their shouts of glee,
Gathering together at the set of sun,
When the long labour of the day is done,
Filling the valley's depths with native minstrelsy.

And there was one, who from the hills would come,
To join the happy throng;
For there was nothing in his mountain home,
So dear as that low song,
Trilled from Miranda's lips; and he would hang
Breathless upon her accents as she sang.
And he was fair as few upon this earth,
And so, between those two, a passionate love had birth.

And they were blessed in their proud day-dreams;
And blessed were the hours
Passed in their southern bowers,
By Arno's silver streams;
Where, beneath sunlight and the breath of song,
Mid summer's shining woods swift waters leap along.

But change came sadly on that happy time—
The boy's hot nature turned to evil ways;
And the dark shadows flung by crime
Fell on the beauty of his prime,
Blotting the glory of his youthful days—
Too soon Antonio bore a felon's name,
Too soon Miranda wept a lover's blighted fame.

Yet still from his wild mountain home
He to those woods would come;
And there, at set of sun,
When the long labour of the day was done,
His love would meet him; and her waning cheek
Told all the sad reproach those lips would never speak.

And those who on his guilty footsteps hung,
Tracked poor Miranda to their resting-place.
Alas! how vain her wild embrace!
How vainly those weak arms around his neck are flung!
Justice hath little heed for breaking hearts,—
And they must part, while yet so fond and young:
To doom and shameful death she knows her love
departs.

And so it was—and soon Antonio died;
And never did she see his face again,
But lingers yet, and pours a mournful strain,
By silver Arno's side,
Where, beneath sunlight and the breath of song,
'Mid summer's shining woods swift waters leap along.

THE GRAVE OF OSCEOLA,

A YOUNG INDIAN CHIEF,

WHO DIED IN CAPTIVITY OF A BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Red Eagle of the Western sky,
That dared the king of day,
Who struck thee from thine eyrie high
To grovel in the clay?
Strong heart and bold!—who laid thee low?
No blood thy pinions stain'd;
No arrow from the archer's bow
Thy fearless bosom pain'd.

What spell hath made thy spirit quail?
And dimm'd thy dauntless eye?
Thy pale-fac'd brother knows the tale,
But renders no reply.
Why breathes he not some dirge of woe,
Beside thy resting-place;

Some lay thy murmuring shade to soothe,
Thou noblest of thy race?

But, lo! a flowing requiem came,
In wild and thrilling tide,
For pitying Nature woke the strain
That haughty man denied;
A linnet, from the willow bough,
Pour'd forth a mournful lay,
And with sad melody detain'd
The parting ear of day.

While still the distant sea that roam'd
The pebbly beach along,
In low and fitful murmurs lent
A cadence to the song.
So, where by southern breezes sway'd
The dark palmettoes wave,
That lonely bird its wail prolong'd
O'er Osceola's grave.

And then, methought, a shadowy train,
The buried chiefs of old,
With stately form and plumed brow,
Came gliding o'er the wold,
And with a stern, upbraiding eye
Yon new-raised mound survey'd,
And, pointing toward the avenging sky,
Were lost in evening's shade.

Hartford, Connecticut, U S A.

AN UNCIVIL PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY MRS. GORE.

"What! *more* novels?" cried my old aunt, Barbara, examining through her spectacles the title of a new work I was rash or dutiful enough to lay before her; "will you never attempt something useful, something likely to last? All this frippery, the growth of a day, will never survive to a morrow.—Jonah's gourd, child, Jonah's gourd. Truth is the rock of ages, and a single fact is worth a thousand fictions. If you must needs scribble, why not history, which, if it did not amuse, might at least edify?"

I ventured, in a low voice, to suggest the retort of Sir Robert Walpole to his son Horace, who proposed reading some historical work for the diversion of his hours of sickness:—"Anything you please but history; for that *must* be lies."

"At all events," remonstrated the old lady, "if you choose to invent, invent so as to command credibility. You novelists of the day, who treat of other times and countries, costume your characters over head and ears, in order to afford what is called local colouring. The manner and not the matter is all you care for. Mere

poverty of invention! When you want to bring Charles II. or Henri IV. before your readers, it must be 'Odd's fish,' or '*Ventre Saint Gris*,' in every line; and the quantity of velvet and Venice point, ruffs, and trunk-hose, introduced to fill out your pages, might furnish the property-room of a theatre. Powder, hoops, rouge, patches, lapdogs, and Marechale, go three parts of the way to make out a tale of the time of Louis XV. Your grandchildren, I suppose, will have to record anecdotes of their ancestors, in which crinolines and Chesterfield-wrappers play the leading parts."

"But how, my dear madam," said I, "would you convey a graphic notion of the manners of the day without such accessories? We know that, in the days of James I., the nether garments of the Lords and Commons were expanded into such rotundity, by means of horsehair or bran padding, that the seats of the Houses of Parliament had to be enlarged for their accommodation; and posterity will be sure to adduce, among the causes of desertion of the public boxes of our theatres by ladies of fashion in 1843, the impossibility of introducing into them the superabundance of petticoats constituting the mode of the day: these traits, consequently, become historical."

"I grant you, but let them be kept subordinate. Why should they be supposed to give a colouring to the times we live in? The grave lies of history, to which Walpole adverted, are sure to be detected and pointed out by succeeding historians; but nobody is at the trouble of measuring the exaggerations of the novelist, and his colouring, however false, is accepted as true to

the hour. If Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters to her sister had never seen the light, pointing out the vulgarity of Richardson's sketches of high life (of which, as a contemporary, a duke's daughter, and a woman of discernment, she was a sufficient judge), we should have continued to ascribe to Lovelace the manners of a man of supreme fashion of his day, and to see in Lady G—— an exquisite woman of quality!"

Of what avail to point out to the old lady that these life-like inventions are something more and something better!

"Look here, child," continued she, opening an old tortoiseshell casket which she had fetched while speaking from one of her favourite hoards, and which, when opened, emitted a powerful scent of amber and musk; "here are the letters of the beautiful Marchioness of G——, afterwards Duchess of R——, to my sister, containing all the chitchat and scandal of her day, related in the simple style in which one woman of her condition is accustomed to write to another. Here is her note, inviting your poor dear aunt to accompany her to the first representation of the 'School for Scandal,' in company with two boon companions of the Prince of Wales, who have since become historical. After perusing this correspondence, you would recoil from the over-written descriptions in modern novels of those Pantheon and Ranelagh days."

I was in hopes my aunt Barbara was about to offer this interesting collection to my perusal, but she thought better of it.

"These," said she, "are sacred as family relics of the

dearest of sisters; but, trust me, there is scarcely a considerable family in the realm which does not possess trunks full of epistolary treasures. At the death of his wife, a man is apt to set aside her confidential papers, either from personal regard or for future examination; the leisure day for this never arrives; they are bequeathed from father to son, from son to grandson; the ink waxes pale, the paper mildewed; in the fourth generation they have grown too damp to burn, and decipherable only by the curious eye of the antiquarian or genealogist. I could myself point out to you dozens of families rich in similar treasures, who would be rather proud than reluctant to submit them to publication."

"Point them out then, my dear madam, in all charity," was of course the answer; "or, if possible, extend your kindness by procuring me access to such archives."

"I will do my best," replied the old lady; "but it is never safe to answer for other people. I could, however, *tell* you heaps of stories far more striking than I have seen of late in print, legendary either in our own family or those of my friends. I need not remind you, that, being orphans, I and my two sisters were educated by our excellent grandmother, who died during the riots of '80, in the full enjoyment of her faculties, though seven years older than the eighteenth century. Born in Queen Mary's time, and a shrewd observer of men and things, a world of anecdotes enriched her memory, which would probably remain in mine, but for the still more vivid reminiscences of my own more stirring times."

"Still," said I, eager to ascertain by a specimen the value of these family legends, "a few of them must sometimes surely recur to you as worthy of narration?"

"An anecdote glanced into my mind just now," said my aunt Barbara, "suggested by the faded miniature of my poor sister, which met my eye on opening yonder casket."

Proper curiosity having been avowed on my part, the old lady now proceeded to relate her story, tediously enough, for she could not refrain from interlarding her narrative with moral reflections, somewhat of the tritest, of which, my public having no legacy to expect from my aunt Barbara, I may spare it the repetition.

Towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second, then, there resided in an old manor-house, on the borders of Kent, a well-descended family of the name of Hillenfield, people not sufficiently near the foot of the throne, in virtue of their degree, to render it incumbent on them to take an active part in the civil war, or to revel in the joys of the licentious reign by which peace was succeeded. They lived upon their lands, finding sufficient pleasure in their cultivation and prosperity from the result; inclining towards the grave in matters of religion, and towards the sober in matters of conviviality; yet loved and respected among their neighbours, as charitable to the poor, and hospitable, after their own notions, to the rich.

Nevertheless, though the Hillenfields had refrained from court and even city, during those days of despotic prodigality which have reached our own under

such glaring colours, only because they had the witty Hamilton for their chronicler, and two or three bars sinister to bequeath to our peerage, through the progeny of royal concubines—the old manor-house of Hillenfield was beginning to assume a somewhat more worldly hue, in honour of an only daughter growing up into heiress-hood under its roof. Monica Hillenfield, independent of the fourteen hundred per annum to descend to her (a large fortune in those days), was a very lovely creature, as one of the finest pictures of Kneller, painted in her maturity, survives to attest; an accomplished maiden, moreover, as you may guess from the fine Italian hand in the early pages of your grandmother's recipe-book, while the famous verses of Prior, addressed to "Mistress Monica Hillenfield playing upon the lute," do extravagant honour to her musical talents.

Certain it is that, from the day Monica attained the age of sixteen, a lovely rose seemed to have blossomed among the old yew-trees of the Manor-gardens. Though the roads of the neighbourhood were none of the best, visiters now hastened from all quarters to pay their devoirs to the Hillenfields; and neither Knowle nor Penshurst, neither Hever nor Summerhill, with all their splendours and works of art, had half the attraction of that quaint old grange, with its parlours of carved wainscot and paved dining-hall.

Monica was a gay-hearted creature, considering the somewhat formal sobrieties of her parentage; the white teeth were constantly visible between her parted lips, and her blue eyes brought gladness with them, like the flowers among the corn. The grace of her deportment

was wholly of Nature's bestowing; every gesture of the fairy girl was untutored; but her smiles and tears, and, above all, her blushes, lay so near the surface, that those who looked upon her found no leisure to ascertain whether her courtesy might not be more dignified, or if she were qualified to hold her place among the accomplished beauties of Whitehall.

On that point, however, one of her father's neighbours was most decided. Sir Gervase de Bellyn (whose ancestral residence of Marks Castle stood within a few miles of the Manor,) had already signified to his only son that he could not do better than make their hands, hearts, and estates, one and indivisible, so soon as Monica should attain her eighteenth year and sufficient discretion to uphold the family honours at the court of the new king, of whom all the good was predicted, usually discerned as forthcoming at the commencement of every reign.

"You have a great part to play in the world," said Sir Gervase to his tall, grave, reserved son, "and will play it none the worse for an early and prosperous marriage. As soon as your age permits, you will be returned to Parliament for the Shire, which my infirm health no longer permits me to represent, when it will be a comfort to me, my dear son, to know you secured against the temptations of the great Babylon, by the safeguard of a lovely and loving partner for life."

In reply, Hugh de Bellyn bowed low and submissively; and in truth there was nothing in the prospect of a gratuitous seat in Parliament, and a wife rich in all the best endowments of this world, to provoke

opposition to the will of his father. Of what use, moreover, would it have been to apprise the stern old knight that his son had every reason to infer that his suit would be unsuccessful!

Sir Gervase was not to be put off; and he so persisted in pressing upon his son the advantage of commencing an early siege of the heiress, that, in self-defence, he was forced to declare there was somewhat more of giddiness in the temper and deportment of young Mistress Hillenfield than squared with his notions of female decorum.

"I grant you!—I grant you!" cried Sir Gervase, "were she other than a child; nor should I have felt altogether content at seeing you appear at the court of our late sovereign with a bride at once so attractive, and so little of an age or humour to possess her attractions in safety. But times are altered at Whitehall; the queen has other thoughts in her mind than to encourage the pranks, which, in Charles's time, exceeded all bounds of discretion."

"Nevertheless," persisted Hugh de Bellyn, "there is a waywardness about the daughter of Mr. Hillenfield, which leads me to infer that she will have no device but her own exercised in the matter of her marriage."

"And why should not her choice, pray, fall upon yourself?" cried his father, out of all patience. "Is she likely to chance upon a youth of fairer inches, of purer descent, of less encumbered estate? I'faith, I hold her a lucky wench to have within her reach a match so more than proportioned to her merits, which would fix her in an honourable position of life, without

going further in search of it than the paling of her father's paddock."

That he might not stand disputing with the parent he was bound to reverence, Hugh de Bellyn thought it advisable just then to remember that the keepers were waiting for him to repair to the decoy; for he did not care to admit that already the lovely Monica had been pointed in disrespect of his attentions, and that, whenever the backs of the Squire and Mrs. Hillenfield were turned, she took no care to disguise her good understanding with a handsome young standard-bearer of the King's guard, a cousin of the Penshurst family, who occasionally visited in the neighbourhood.

To have admitted his courtship before their faces had been utterly unavailing; for young Clifford was a cadet and a Catholic, with no patrimony but his sword; come of a race of Cavaliers, and born of spendthrift parents — the last man on earth to suit the sober views of the Hillenfields for their only child. So Monica and Arthur Clifford were forced to content themselves with hope—a far-off hope—that the King's favour and promotion might some day or other justify his aspiring to her hand.

But hearts of sixteen and twenty are easily kept in cheer by such visions; the buoyant atmosphere of youth bears nutriment in itself, and the young couple had already accustomed themselves to meet and part, and part and meet again, with tears in their eyes, through which their sunny smiles shone only the brighter. Each trusted wholly in the other; Monica had no fears of the rival influence of the lovely ladies of the Court,

nor Arthur of the authority of the old people in favour of some worthier pretendant to her affections. Absent or present, they belonged to each other—they had said it—they had sworn it—amid the junketing of more than one Christmas revel, amid the silence of more than one secret meeting in the woods of Hillenfield; nor was Hugh de Bellyn the only one of their neighbours who had taken note of their clandestine wooing.

At length, the two prescribed years having elapsed, Sir Gervase, without a word of further warning to his son, set forth one day in the coach and six, which had scarcely seen the light since the decease of the late Lady de Bellyn, to make formal proposals to the Hillenfields for the hand of their daughter; and, when he arrived at the Manor, Monica having accompanied her father in an afternoon ramble on her pacing nag, he found the Squire's lady dozing in her easy chair, while the old chaplain was drowsily reciting the evening service, usually found to have a sedative effect upon her nerves. The flattering overtures of her visiter, however, commanded her instant attention; and, before she had half expressed her satisfaction in the prospect of so happy an alliance, Mr. Hillenfield returned, and, Monica having been despatched to her own apartment, the proposition was renewed and as graciously received by the father as by the less authoritative parent.

Of the assent of the young people nothing was said. It was a matter of course in those days that children should obey their parents, and the Hillenfields as little doubted that Monica would thankfully accept any partner of their proposing, as that their neighbour of

Mark's Castle was acting with the full privity of his son.

So little indeed did they mistrust the passive obedience of a daughter, so lately a child, that it occurred to them, as a part of their parental duty, to afford her a somewhat more extended glimpse of the world, before they presented to her the man they had fixed upon as her husband. They had long projected a month's sojourn in the metropolis, from which their estate was distant only a morning's journey; and, though the misguidance of James already overclouded the prospects and pleasures of the Court, so that there was no longer delight for persons of grave persuasions like the Hillenfields, they had kinsfolk well settled in London, by whose aid they might obtain a glimpse of the pastimes of the town, without compromising themselves among the papists and foreign adventurers, now enjoying the full tide of favour at Whitehall.

This journey proved a sad vexation to old De Bellyn, who considered it an undue stretch of parental condescension; but he contented himself with wishing them a pleasant journey and a safe return, promising to abide, till then, their answer to his suit. Meanwhile, the joy of Monica at this sudden change in her monotonous existence knew no bounds; her arms were alternately round the neck of father and mother; one moment she was upon her knees before the old Squire, interrogating him concerning all he remembered of London in his days of Clement's Inn, (the London of the Commonwealth, not the London of the Stuarts); the next, she was urging to speed their dilatory old waiting-

woman, to whom a journey to London was as a journey to Ispahan. But of her real motive for joy, Monica of course said nothing. It was in the secresy of her own heart that she rejoiced at the prospect of startling her own dear Arthur, by suddenly pouncing upon him amid his pleasures.

It happened that Clifford's was the very first familiar face they beheld after entering London. As their cumbrous coach made its way along the narrow street leading from Westminster to Whitehall, they were loudly called upon to make way for the king's equipage, preceding which, with his sword and cuirass glistening in the sun, and his gallant shoulder-knot and gauntlets speckless as snow, rode Arthur Clifford, reining a highly-managed horse with practised grace and adroitness. In a moment all the blood in Monica's frame was concentered in her heart, leaving her cheeks of ashen paleness. But so naturally did the old people ascribe the emotions of their loyal child to the first aspect of her sovereign, that she was not even called upon for the pretext for her sudden faintness, most easy to be assigned, in the fatigues of her unwonted journey.

The young soldier to whom they had so often and cordially afforded country hospitality, thus apprized of their arrival in the capital, was soon at their house, with offers of his services, whenever released from attendance on his royal master; and he accordingly not only accompanied them from Hall to Abbey, from Abbey to the White Tower, and Guildhall, but procured them admittance into the Banqueting Hall, to witness one of the gala days of the Court. To the playhouse it accorded not with the strictness

of their ideas to resort; but, whenever they walked forth for air into the King's Park, nothing seemed more fitting than that the young guardsman should place himself by the side of their fair daughter, as guardian and protector; for, though masked and hooded, there was something in the sprightliness of her step and airiness of her figure only too likely to attract attention.

Amid a hundred novel pleasures, the appointed time of their sojourn wore rapidly away, while Mrs. Hillenfield was extending her purchases of woman's gear in all directions, with a view to the wedding that was likely soon to follow their return to the Manor. But, above all, without affording indication to Monica of the motive of the measure, her father chose that she should sit for her portrait to a rare Italian enameller, who had accompanied the queen from Modena; access to whose works was procured for them by Clifford's intermediation.

"It will be a choice gift for the old knight!" observed Mr. Hillenfield to his wife, while settling between them that Monica's dress should be a flowery tunic of white taffeta, with her hair falling in natural ringlets on either side of her face. To whomever destined, a lovely portrait it was; and Monica and Clifford admired it even more than the old people, for the slowness of its progress was the cause of delaying the return of the family into Kent.

Better, however, had they gone at the precise moment fixed: for the longer they stayed, the more was the old high-churchman disgusted at the aspect of public affairs; and many a rough argument occurred betwixt

him and Arthur respecting the legality of the king's proceedings, and the consequences to be apprehended from his barefaced disregard to the terms of settlement, under which his brother had been replaced on the throne. Arthur Clifford, of course, spoke as he felt, and felt as the king's faithful servant, soldier, and fellow-Catholic might be expected to feel. Nor could even the silent chidings of Monica's deep blue eyes altogether repress the ebullitions of his anger, when the old people declared that the rash monarch would certainly lose his crown, and deserved to lose his head. He began almost to wish them home again, that the blood might cease to boil in his veins. Though he pressed the hand of his own Monica more fondly than ever at parting, he could not help cursing his destiny and hers, which made her the child of parents so circumscribed in faith and policy.

On the other hand, as they journeyed back towards the Manor, the thought of the old people was solely of the joy they were about to create at Marks Castle. The only time they mentioned Arthur's name was to add (in acknowledging his good service as a cicerone) that it was no wonder he should be so astray in political and religious faith: his mother having died deranged, and his elder brother being occasionally afflicted with the same terrible malady.

But Monica listened regardless, convinced that her parents had discovered her predilection, and were seeking to disgust her with the object of her imprudent choice; and that it was only because he had neither houses nor lands they heaped on the shoulders of Arthur every defect they could imagine.

Meanwhile, the intelligence, hastily conveyed by the old Squire, produced all the anticipated results. Hugh de Bellyn was half out of his wits with surprise and joy, on learning that his courtship had been successfully effected without his knowledge.

"I had not indeed expected this," said the grave young man; "I fancied her heart otherwise disposed. Thanks be to Heaven, she is wiser than I wot of! — thanks be to Heaven, she has seen the folly of her early choice!"

On the morrow, he set forth to accompany his father to the Manor, in the joyous expectation of finding those sweet, blue eyes for the first time turned with favour upon himself.

"I, who had feared to find all her flightiness confirmed by the superaddition of courtly airs and London fashions," mused he, as he rode along; and never had the wild blossoms of the hedgerows appeared to him so fragrant, or the fields of purple clover so vivid, or the blue sky over all so cheering as now, that he was about to secure a gentle partner of daily life, to whose sympathy he might point out their attraction. But, alas! there met them by the way an express, wearing the livery of the Hillenfields, entreating them, for a time, to postpone their visit, the young lady of the Manor having fallen into sudden sickness. A fit of passion, on learning that her destinies had been surreptitiously disposed of, had betrayed all to her parents.

While Monica was weeping and wringing her hands, and the old people were raging and storming against each other's blindness, in having, for six weeks past, kept the

lovers, as it were, perpetually clasped in each other's arms, Sir Gervase and his son returned home disconsolately to the Castle; and, before they had time to marvel about the matter, or send forth their inquiries on the morrow, tidings of still deeper import were convulsing the country. The deposition of the king, and an invitation to his Protestant son-in-law, had already substantiated the predictions of old Hillenfield. The hearts of all loyal subjects, or faithful lovers of their country, were engaged on one side or other of the question; and Marks Castle and Hillenfield Manor not only felt strongly, but luckily felt in unison. Mary of Orange had often been toasted between the Squire and the Knight; and, when it became certain that the bloodless revolution was effected, and the Protestant succession secured to the realm, bonfires blazed on the summit of Hillenfield Chase, more than rivalling those which lighted up the evening sky, over the hills bounding the domains of the De Bellyns.

By this time, the slight indisposition of Monica was converted into earnest. The dear one of her love was gone forth into exile with the king his master; and her heart was almost broken with grief.

If any thing could have cheered her, however, it must have been the perusal of a letter which Arthur Clifford, by a prodigality of bribery better suited to the measure of his love than of his fortune, contrived to get conveyed to her hands.

"Be not cast down, sweetest life!" wrote he; "for, so surely as there is trust in God or faith in man, will I

be true to the mistress of my soul. To me, my own Monica, I ask thee not to be faithful in return; for, even were I prosperous and happy, faithful I know thou wouldst be—how much more to a miserable exile, pursuing his duty to the throne and the altar, at all hazards, and with the certainty of a cruel absence from the only earthly thing he loves as Heaven! Even as I fear GOD and honour the king, my plighted wife, do I confide in THEE! Thine, therefore, even as thou art mine, in this world and the next, "A. C."

Such was the amulet which, in her hour of sickness, lay folded upon the heart of poor Monica; affording patience under her sufferings, and a steady hope of better days to come.

Those better days, however, were slow of arrival. For the first time since the hour of her birth, ill feelings had sprung up between Monica and her parents; the old people pleading the cause of young De Bellyn with a degree of fervour arising only from heartfelt interest in her welfare, but attributed by the unhappy girl to over-solicitude for the things of this world. For, because persuaded that they could not say enough in favour of Hugh, she fancied they could not say too much to the discredit of Arthur; and harsh words were often exchanged between those whose existence should have been as that of the stream in its channel—compact, continuous, smooth—flowing onwards in one harmonious course. And thus poor Monica came to look with loathing upon the roof under which she was born. For, as no parents will believe, albeit most of them have

experienced it in their turn, there is a moment in every life when filial love becomes subsidiary to that, to enforce which the Almighty Giver of the tables of the Law knew that no commandment was needful. Fain would Monica have cleaved to her plighted lover as to her lawful husband; and those who spake of him despitefully during his absence on an errand so noble ceased to be parents in her sight.

What tears she shed, poor girl!—what sleepless nights she wore away!—what dreary days, still longer than the nights, in which she was at least alone with her sorrows! In summer, she loved to ramble in those calm, still woods wherein had been their happy meetings; though hard it seemed to find their verdure still so refreshing, and the wild flowers carpeting the paths so bright and fragrant, now that no arm was entwined with hers to wander among those green entanglements. Her heart ached again, even to breaking, when, after the close of a seemingly interminable winter, she saw the tardy leaflets of the oaks peep forth amid the lichens mossing their branches, and the white lilies start up in their green sheaths among the dead leaves of the preceding autumn, and knew that a year had come and gone since the departure of the king and the king's followers, and as yet no tidings of Arthur!

What need of tidings, however, to keep her affections changeless! At the age of Monica, the fervour of the imagination suffices to feed the vestal lamp of Love. Wherever he might be, she was with him in the spirit, satisfied that his whole soul was fixed upon herself; such being ever the visions of girlish love!

A fact far more certain, and scarcely less conducive to her happiness than the spiritual presence of Arthur, was the corporal absence of Hugh. Not alone because indignant at the haughty disdain with which he had been treated by the heiress of the Hillenfields, but because truly and faithfully devoted to the cause of William of Orange; instead of accepting the parliamentary career opened for him by his father, he had persuaded the old Knight that, the harassments of the late reign being at an end, he was himself fully equal to the exertions of another session; and, on the king's proceeding to Ireland, he joined the army as a volunteer. It might be (but this was a motive unavowed even to himself) that he hoped, while aiding to crush the rebellion of the Popish subjects of the Protestant king, to encounter the hated rival who had thwarted his happy prospects of alliance, disuniting for ever the estates of Marks Castle from Hillenfield Manor, and from his heart the affections of Monica.

If he could but have known, when his fancy conjured up, amidst his arduous duties of the camp, the peaked gables of the old mansion embosomed in towering chestnut-trees, after the fashion of old Kentish mansions, how earnest were the prayers which rose from thence to Heaven for the discomfiture of the troops of which he formed a part! The laughing face of Monica assumed a sternness almost worthy to have sat for a portrait of Judith; nay, a degree of cruelty befitting the daughter of Herodias, while she prayed to GOD that his bolts of vengeance might be dealt upon those who had driven

their legitimate monarch into exile; it availed not to add, who had parted her from her beloved Arthur!

Little did she imagine, unhappy child, that, while this change was disfiguring the beauty of her youth, her fair, sweet countenance of old was evermore smiling in the eyes of her betrothed! For the chief object of Clifford in recommending that cunning court-enameller to the Hillenfields had been the certainty of procuring, for a consideration, a copy of his work; and now, wherever he went, either as the gallant courtier of St. Germain or sturdy Captain of Derry, that portrait, concealed in his bosom, was as perpetual sunshine to his life. The face was so lovely, so full of youth, and hope, and happiness! Cold, hunger, and fatigue were easier to be borne, after cheering himself in the spring-like gleaming of those eyes of love.

It needs not to fight over again that wretched campaign. Civil war is a thing too hideous to be lightly treated. We know who conquered at the Boyne; no matter now whether with right or might on his side. Suffice it that the result of the victory was the offer of a peerage to Sir Gervase de Bellyn, and a dangerous wound to Captain Clifford — the former, in requital of the services of his son; the latter, of his own.

But of the wound and valour of Arthur, Monica heard not a syllable, while the gallant feats of young De Bellyn blazed in her eyes in the form of renewed bonfires and the acclamations of the country round; where, sooth to say, the grave young man was truly beloved. Not a mansion within twenty miles of Marks Castle,

saving only the Manor of the Hillenfields, in which thanksgivings were not offered up for his safe return to his native country.

Still, the heart of Monica, the recluse, was stedfast in its faith. She heard nothing of Arthur Clifford. The family, by connexion with which he had been naturalized in the country, was, like himself, in exile. She had no means of inquiring whether he were even alive or dead; nay, it had become treason in well-thinking circles so much as to advert to the court of the king over the water. At the end of the fourth year from the landing of King William at Brixham, Monica knew no more of the fate of Arthur Clifford than on the day of his accompanying the Queen and Prince of Wales in their precipitate flight.

Such was the state of affairs, when, one day, by some unaccountable chance, a copy of the *Mercure*, of European renown, found its way to the sombre parlour of the Manor. How it came thither none could guess, since birds of the air seldom constitute themselves newspaper carriers. Even Lord de Bellyn (the second of that name, Gervase, the first lord, being relieved from his gout and other worldly troubles) was absent in London on his parliamentary duties, and must be absolved from all suspicion of conspiracy. It was, however, a singular coincidence, that this identical copy should contain an account of a royal representation of one of Racine's plays at St. Cyr before the court of the exiled King of England, among whom were expressly enumerated, "*Monsieur le Capitaine Clifford et sa belle épouse.*"

Now, by whatever means that tell-tale newspaper was

conveyed to the Manor, the newspaper itself unquestionably proved the means of conveying, shortly afterwards, the whole Hillenfield family to town, where the diamonds, heirlooms of the De Bellyns, were already in progress of resetting, to be united in marriage with those formerly purchased with that view by the Esquire of the Manor. Yes, Monica had given her consent! and that of her parents and Hugh Lord de Bellyn had never been wanting.

It was a gorgeous wedding. The King and Queen seemed to take pride and pleasure in the occasion of doing honour to their faithful servant: and the nuptial ceremony was performed in the royal chapel at Whitehall, where William himself conferred the hand of the heiress of the Hillenfields on the long-expectant Lord of Mark's Castle.

After the ceremony, according to the custom of the times, the happy couple repaired to their mansion, Bellyn House, in Westminster, on the borders of Spring Gardens, to keep state and festivity during the honeymoon; and it appeared to Monica that, at the moment of stepping into her gilded coach, some sort of disturbance arose among the crowd. But this might be occasioned by the petulance of one of the four spirited Flanders mares, presented to her, with the equipage, as a marriage-gift, by the King.

For some following days, the attention of the bride was too much taken up by the courtly visits imposed upon her by her new estate, to have leisure for noting the unusual absence of her father. When she *did* inquire of Mrs. Hillenfield, why he alone of all her

kinsfolk refrained from visiting Bellyn House, it sufficed her to hear that he was slightly indisposed, and that, the physicians being apprehensive of contagion, the old gentleman was desirous of being excused from her visits.

For, why distress the feelings of the unsuspecting bride, by the afflicting disclosure that this sudden indisposition arose from a wound inflicted upon him by a travel-worn Cavalier, who had attempted to force his way into the chapel royal, at the moment her own attention was excited by momentary disturbance. The wound was fortunately not dangerous: a few weeks would suffice for his recovery: and already, the frantic man, by whom, in the exasperation of contention, it had been given, was in durance, under warrant of Chancery, not as a felon, but as a lunatic.

That stranger from foreign parts was no other than Arthur Clifford, who, on learning from some chance traveller from the court of St. James's, the approaching marriage of Monica, had, at all risks, and in defiance of the decree of outlawry long issued against him, hurried to England, for the purpose of claiming, even at the foot of the altar, his affianced bride;—a bride whose beauty and merit were every way qualified to eclipse those of the *belle épouse* of his brother Edward, the inopportune guest of Louis XIV. at St. Cyr.

But, alas! Arthur himself was only just arrived from a mission to Rome, entrusted to him by the King, with the view to his perfect restoration from the effects of wounds received in his Irish campaign: and the startling news of Monica's infidelity, received in all the ex-

haustion of an arduous and perilous expedition in the heat of the year, had such an influence on his mind, that, before he reached Whitehall, his agitation amounted to insanity.

His first measure in London had been to proceed to Bellyn House, in the hope of being in time to provoke his rival to a duel, and end by the sword the deadly enmity between them: but he was too late. The bridal train had already set off, and, long before he reached the chapel pointed out to him as the scene of solemnization, the nuptial anthem seemed to be sounding in his ears. He was frantic—absolutely frantic. The picture of Monica was still pressed to his heart, still worn in his bosom, when, from afar, he beheld her assisted into her gorgeous carriage by the hated hand of Lord de Bellyn.

It was for her faithless heart, therefore, the stroke was probably destined, which happily inflicted only a flesh-wound on the shoulder of her father, who, unperceived by the tearful eyes of Monica, rushed in between her and her assailant. In the travel-stained man, some idler of the crowd had contrived to recognise the banished Arthur Clifford: the motive of that deadly hatred was instantly supposed to be political. The partisan of King James was said to have attempted an assassination of the partisan of King William; and, during the outlawry of the heads of his family and the confiscation of their estates, it was considered an act of leniency on the part of the King that the offender was at once apprehended and confined for life as a lunatic, whom it would have required no great stretch of

the rigour of the law to condemn to death as an assassin.

A Treasury mandate accordingly provided for the future maintenance and security of the patient, and, as it was judged inadvisable to confine a man so nobly descended in a public hospital, he was consigned to a private lunatic asylum at Hammersmith, of which the celebrated Mead was visiting physician, and where his companions in misfortune belonged to his own condition of life.

When first incarcerated, his malady, augmented by fever, was of the most furious and alarming kind. But, the inflammation of the brain having been overcome, he relapsed into a gentle melancholy—a species of childish despair—which his medical attendants soon pronounced to be incurable. For hours and hours together, would he sit conversing with his beloved medallion, the portrait of Monica, of which, throughout all his misfortunes, he had never been deprived. It was his treasure—his companion—his friend—his love—his wife: and often was he heard conjuring that fair face to smile upon him, those lips to answer to his passionate appeals—as though the portrait were endowed with instinct and volition.

> "Anon as gentle as the female dove,
> Ere yet her golden couplets are disclosed,
> His silence would sit drooping."

Over such a state of mind, the lapse of years passeth as that of a day. All seasons and their change were alike to Arthur. Sleep, exercise, meals, inflicted upon him as in punishment, at the word of command, or

the sound of a bell, rendered days, months, and years, as one continuous void. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, brought no change to his benumbed faculties. All he saw beneath the sky was that one loved face.

Thus absorbed, even the gradual whitening of his hair; even the subsiding of his complexion to a faded yellow; even the wrinkles gradually plaiting his wasted cheeks, were undreamed of by the poor maniac: and, though William of Orange and his rival of the House of Stuart had sunk together into the grave; though the victories of Anne had filled the ears of Europe with wonder, and her heirless reign had been followed by the accession of the House of Hanover, not a single new perception had reached the mind of Clifford since the day on which he beheld his Monica led from the altar by her bridegroom.

Yet, since then, the cedar-tree in the high-walled garden of his miserable asylum had doubled its height. Since then, the noble-looking youth of five-and-twenty had dwindled into the decrepit man of sixty-five. Still young with perpetual childishness of spirit; still young with unchanging fervency of love—for *him* the court of St. Germain retained its pride, and Monica her beauty.

Is such a state of mind to be pitied?—Is a life passed in this puerile innocence of joy really deplorable?—It is for hereafter to decide. But, even in *this* world, the fond idolater of Lady de Bellyn was fated to a reverse of feeling.

It happened that, at the close of the disastrous Rising in the North, in the year 1715, a young Northumbrian,

of the name of Beaumont, who had shared in the misfortunes of Derwentwater, and narrowly escaped his fate, was, by the mercy of Government, placed in the same asylum so long assigned to Arthur Clifford. Between the two a sort of sympathy arose. The attention of the latter being excited towards the stranger, by pious and loyal mention of the name of Stuart, to young Beaumont he fondly exhibited the Madonna of his devotions; to young Beaumont he boasted of the beauty and fidelity of the Monica who was waiting his escape from durance to reward him with the rich treasure of her hand. The new-comer, on the other hand, confided in mysterious secresy to his grey-headed friend, that he was the Chevalier Bayard, consecrated by the patriarch of Constantinople to head the armies of James III., King of Great Britain, Ireland, and Nova Zembla, and maliciously imprisoned by the Elector of Hanover, in order to prevent his taking the field. To escape and make his way to the camp of his lawful sovereign was the absorbing idea of the young soldier; and, having prevailed upon his new friend to share his enterprise, so ardent was his desire for liberty, and so cunning the combination of his plans, that, one fine morning in May, ere the bell of the asylum rang for breakfast, the unfortunate Orestes and Pylades dropped from that lofty garden-wall into the fields below, and, before the alarm was raised, had reached the suburb of Pimlico.

Here, a diversity of opinion arose between them: the Chevalier Bayard was for getting into a stage coach, and proceeding at once to Berwick-upon-Tweed, to raise

the standard of revolt; while the sad-faced, tremulous old man, his companion, insisted that they should first proceed to Bellyn House, in Spring Gardens, that he might be armed by the fair hands of Monica for the fight. For restoration to the stir and tumult of the common earth, from which he had been nearly half-a-century divided, so far restored him to his senses, as to remind him of the visit he had paid on his last day of worldly freedom, and that the object of his passion was now the wife of another.

Cutting along the Birdcage Walk, therefore, they pursued their way across St. James's Park to the extremity of the Mall, and, by dint of inquiries, which appeared to be those of gentlemen strange to the town, succeeded in reaching the mansion of the De Bellyns, without exciting inordinate curiosity.

His heart and soul full of the pearly smiles and azure eyes of his lovely Monica, the old man was growing every moment more incoherent, when Beaumont (who, on every point but politics, was perfectly self-possessed,) summoned the servants of the house in the usual manner, and desired admittance to Lady de Bellyn.

Her ladyship was at home—"What names," the servants inquired, "should they have the honour to announce?" And, to the ears of the lacqueys, those of "Captain Clifford and the Chevalier Bayard" presented nothing extraordinary.

Having followed the servants up the grand staircase, and across two or three dreary, stately chambers, they were ushered into a small withdrawing room, the entrance to which was sheltered by a folding screen of Japan.

"Not here—not *her!*" cried Clifford, seizing the arm of one of the servants, as he was placing chairs opposite to a tall, skinny figure, attired in one of the black mantelets then in vogue, and having the hair drawn up and powdered over her pinched forehead.

"I told you I had business of importance with Lady de Bellyn....."

"*I* am Lady de Bellyn, sir," said the cracked treble of the dowager, as she placed her snuffbox on the table, and motioned the strangers to seats.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! *you* Lady de Bellyn!" exclaimed both visiters at once—the servants having, on an incautious signal from their lady, already withdrawn—"*You*—witch—hag—Hecate—howlet in a bush!" added Clifford with frantic indignation, "*you*, my own lovely Monica!"

And the two maniacs began to jibber, and point with their lean fingers at the terrified woman, who, after a long life of care, had taken refuge in her age in the practices of austere devotion.

Already she had risen, and was darting at the bell, when Clifford forestalled the movement by seizing her hand. "Look at these withered claws," cried he, pointing out their articulations to his companion; "and see what this beldam would persuade me to be the hands on which my lips have hung so oft—the white, white hands of my Monica!"

At this reiteration of a name so long unpronounced in her ears, the whole truth rushed into the mind of the terrified dowager. Long aware of Clifford's aberration of intellect and confinement, having never heard of his

decease, she only too truly conjectured that the lunatic of decrepit form and lack-lustre eye before her was no other than the impassioned lover of her youth. What was to become of her? He had doubtless escaped from confinement in order to inflict some long concocted project of revenge! But woman's wit, even on the verge of three-score years and ten, is fertile in expedients.

"Yes, I am indeed your own Monica," said she; "though so ruined in health by the machinations of the Hanoverian government as to be nearly unrecognisable. When the King shall enjoy his own again, I too am to be restored to the comeliness of youth. But his Majesty is now in the house. Suffer me to apprize him that his faithful servant is come to do him homage in his misfortunes. Let me summon the Duke of Perth. Let me ring for the Lord Chamberlain."

And in her agony of fear lest the imposture should be too gross for the impaired perceptions of her guests, and every moment expecting one or other of them to spring at her throat and strangle her on the spot, her voice faltered as she spoke, and her parchment cheek was visited, for the first time for twenty years, by a hectic flush.

To her unspeakable joy, however, two grotesque bows conveyed an affirmative; and, having pulled the bell-ribbon till it broke, in a minute the servants burst into the room, and the old lady had only time to exclaim, "Seize those madmen, and send for a troop from the Horse Guards to secure them!" ere she sank swooning into her chair.

Within a few hours, the maniacs were reconveyed to their place of confinement; and now, for the first time, durance became insupportable to the unfortunate Clifford. For the spell of his consolation was broken, the blossoms of his perpetual spring had faded, the sunshine of his eternal summer disappeared; his dream—his dream of love and joy—the dream which had brightened half a century of cheerless existence—was vanished for ever. The sight of his beloved picture had become hateful to him. Sometimes, a glimpse of it would melt him to tears; sometimes, provoke him into blasphemies fearful to think of.

But the struggle was not of long continuance. In the course of the following winter, he expired, pronouncing, in his last moments, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, the fondly-remembered name of—MONICA.*

THE DEPARTED.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Tell me, O my father, mother,
For I pine to know,
Tell me, O my sister, brother,
Seen no more below,
Quickly following one another,
Whither did ye go—

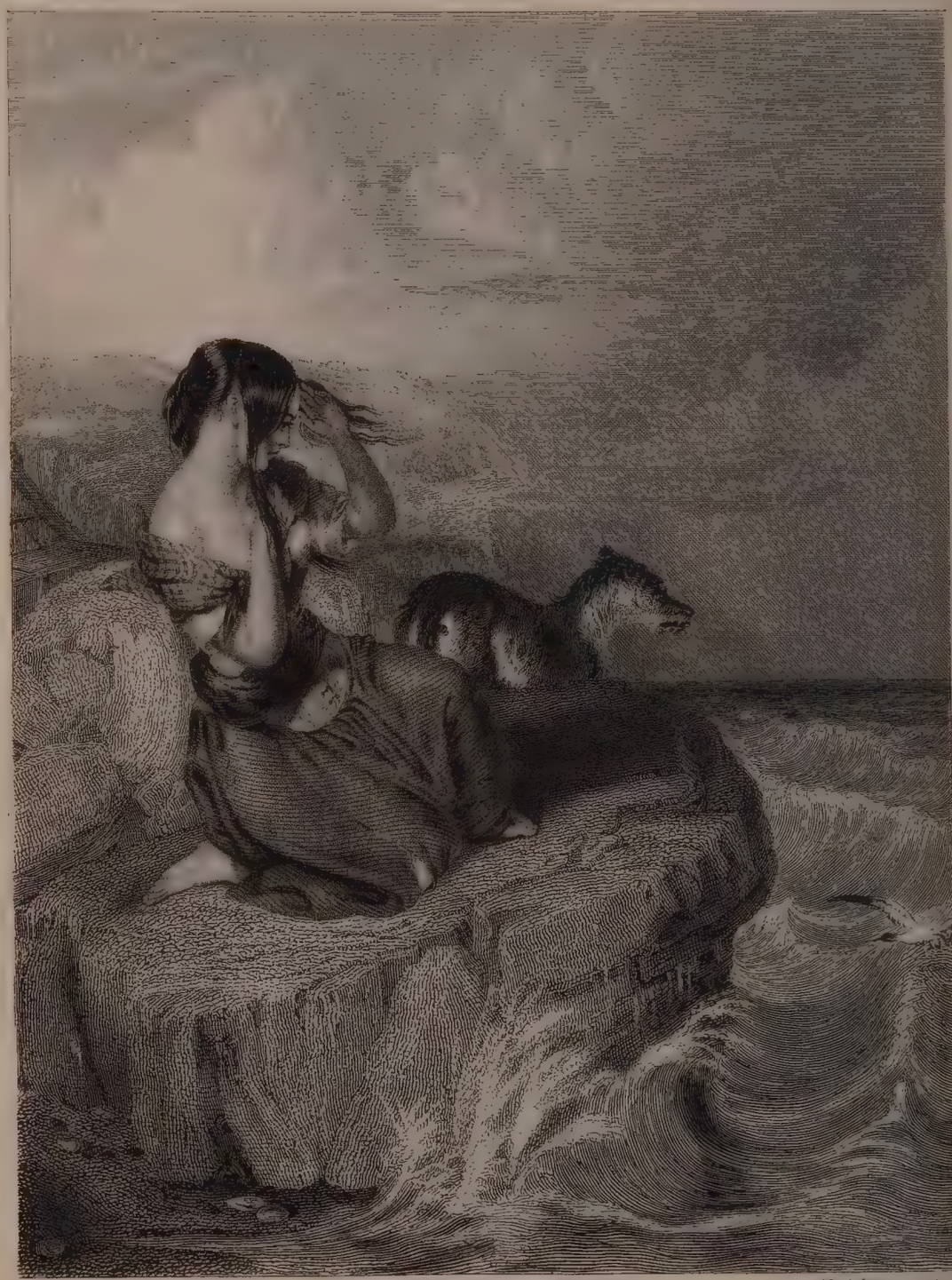
* An incident nearly similar is related of a noble family in France, and has been recounted in various memoirs of the time.

Thou, in youth's full morning-glory,
Like a flower of May;
Thou, in life's not half-told story,
Ere its noontide ray;
Ye, in trembling age, and hoary—
How ye passed away?

Oft, when stars with vigil-beaming
From yon azure deep,
Keep their holy lustre streaming
O'er a world asleep,
And in midnight slumber dreaming,
Do I wake to weep.
Heavy, though the notes of sorrow
Through the night-hours drawn,
Sadder hue is grief to borrow
From the coming dawn.

Then your silent, empty places
Mock my aching sight,
Where your beaming, kindred faces
Were the life, the light;
While ye've left no spirit-traces
In your viewless flight!
If to golden harps ye're singing
Songs of home, above,
One sweet branch, a token, bringing,
Let the heavenly Dove
Show me that your upward winging
Broke no tie of love!

Newburyport, Massachusets, U.S.



MARY McDONNELL.

MARY M'DONNELL.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Few shores can boast more of that wild and romantic beauty, whose very essence is a fearful sublimity, than the mountainous coast which extends from Carlingford Bay to the northern extremity of Ireland. The bluff headlands, the rocky precipices, the more distant mountains, and the caverns, that, at a distance appearing but as darker spots on the face of the dark rocks, suggest so much of mystery to the mind, and invite the imagination to wander unrestrained into their unknown recesses—all these features combine to make this part of the Irish coast peculiarly attractive to a lover of the picturesque. But there are other circumstances which have invested it with a deeper and more fearful interest than belongs merely to its poetical character. It is remarkable for the number of shipwrecks which occur there during the winter, and for even more extensive loss of life among the crews of the small craft and fishing-boats, which form the principal support of the inhabitants of the coast.

The scene with which our story is more immediately connected is a long, narrow dell, or valley, opening from

the coast, between two long ranges of low, craggy hills, and the peculiar colour of these hills on the sides next to the valley, which contrasts strongly with the generally dark hue of the neighbouring mountains, has earned for it the name of Glen Bane, or the White Pass. The light tint of its precipitous sides has frequently given rise to the idea that some convulsion of nature in by-gone ages must have torn asunder the hills and exposed their internal strata; and, indeed, the narrowness of the glen, and some appearances in the formation of the rocks themselves, render this theory by no means improbable.

Within the last fifty years, this glen had become the seat of a small fishing settlement, the virtual chief and patriarch of the community being an old man of the name of M'Donnell. Long before our story commences, he, a Scotchman and a Protestant, had come thither accompanied only by a young and very lovely wife, and had been the first to fix his abode among the rocky ledges of Glen Bane.

The wildness of the place had formerly deterred the fishermen of the neighbourhood from settling there; although the little cove, that lay like a basin at the foot of the glen, afforded excellent shelter for small craft, and was nearer to the best fishing-grounds than many other little villages. But the stout Scotchman had not long erected his cottage, and moored his trim boat in the sheltering cove, when the foundations of another hut were laid at no great distance; and, by degrees, the place became rather thickly populated by other fishermen and their families.

The cottage of Andrew M'Donnell, however, was still the most comfortable in the district, and priority of choice had allowed him to avail himself of the privilege of placing it in the most sheltered position that the glen afforded; while, at the same time, it was nearest to the sea. It was built behind a projecting screen of rock, which in a great measure sheltered it from the cold winds that at times swept up the valley, and the dashing spray that in stormy seasons was swept inland by the blast. It was built indeed of rough stone, but the apartments were larger than are generally to be found in dwellings of a similar character; the windows were airy and neatly glazed, the chimney a vast improvement on the primitive hole in the roof, and the inside neatly plastered and whitewashed. The furniture, too, had the same marks of superiority. There were hangings to the bed and blinds to the windows, a snow-white dresser and shelves, gaily garnished with pewter and crockery, and, above all, a tall eight-day clock—a strange wonder to the fishermen's wives, who made it quite as much of a trouble as a convenience to the M'Donnells, by perpetually intruding to ascertain "the time o' day." This clock had a considerable share, by the by, in establishing Andrew in that supremacy which I have already hinted at: not that his neighbours exactly believed it to be a magical instrument and himself a necromancer, but it was generally believed that it had something to do with his foreknowledge of weather and tides, the changes of the moon, and so forth.

Who Andrew M'Donnell was, or why he came to so

lonely a place as Glen Bane, were questions which, if his neighbours ever thought of asking them, were never very clearly resolved. That he was a criminal flying from justice was a supposition, which it only needed one look into his clear, blue eyes and open manly countenance to dispel for ever. There was a rumour that he had married a young girl of a superior rank to his own, and had fled with her from the anger of her relatives, and there was some colour of truth given to the report by the delicate style of Mrs. M'Donnell's beauty, the neatness of her attire, and, above all, the singular whiteness of her hands. Moreover, a similar conclusion might be drawn from the affectionate deference with which her husband treated her, and his anxiety to spare her all the rougher labours, which other fishermen's wives performed unhesitatingly. But nothing was ever learned with certainty respecting them.

Mrs. M'Donnell was scarcely so well liked as her husband, for there was a reserve in her manner which many thought pride, and, in performing little neighbourly offices of kindness, there was a condescension in her manner, which was ill borne by those who considered themselves "to the full as good as herself." So that, when she died, nearly seven years after her arrival in Glen Bane, and immediately after giving birth to her *first* and only child, there was little more known of her than on her first residence there, and the lamentations called forth by her decease were rather excited by her husband's distress, than by any personal feeling of loss.

But the grief of Andrew M'Donnell was deep and

lasting. For some time before, he had often spoken at intervals of returning to his country, but that intention seemed now completely abandoned. The scene of his married happiness and of his mournful bereavement, the place where his son had first seen the light, and the hills that sheltered the small burial-ground that contained the ashes of the wife of his youth, became too sacred to his affections to be easily quitted. Year after year went by, and his son, George, advanced towards manhood, yet still Andrew M'Donnell occupied his little cottage, and pursued his trade on the uncertain waters.

The younger M'Donnell was now old enough to be of considerable assistance to his father, whom he greatly resembled in personal appearance, though possessing a far more obstinate temper and less disciplined mind. Before he had attained that age which sages have called "years of discretion," he contracted a wilful marriage with a woman some years his senior, and who, so far from proving "all his fancy painted her," brought discomfort to his father's hearth, by her intemperate habits and violent disposition. How such a woman ever came to be the parent of so sweet a creature as my heroine, Mary M'Donnell, must for ever remain a mystery—but I must not anticipate.

Mary M'Donnell, the only child of this unhappy marriage, was just three years old, when her mother was carried off by a fever, the mingled effects of passion and drunkenness. Her husband, who had lately contracted a violent inclination for a seafaring life, now determined to put his wish into execution. Indeed, the

fancy was but the reviving of an old longing, for, when very young, his father had with great difficulty restrained him from taking a similar course, and now the will of the man was far less manageable than the whim of the boy. He went, leaving little Mary under the care of her grandfather and of an elderly woman who officiated as his housekeeper, though she left his cottage every night for an adjacent cabin, belonging to her son and daughter.

For some time, favourable accounts were received from the adventurer, who appeared to be conducting himself well, and even sent a remittance for the behoof of his little girl, accompanied by some pretty oriental toys, much envied by her young companions.

His vessel now traded between Calcutta and London, and the distance of the latter place from his home prevented his visiting his father and child, though his letters always expressed a hope to be able to do so after "next trip." But that hoped-for time never came. The good ship Adventure was lost in a tremendous hurricane, at the very mouth of the English Channel, and all on board perished except one or two, who escaped to tell the tale. George M'Donnell was not one of these.

This was a heavy blow to Andrew M'Donnell, but he strove against it, and tried to bear up for the sake of the poor orphan, now utterly dependent upon him. Bowed down rather by grief than by the weight of years, he was less capable than formerly of pursuing his trade in person at all seasons, and he found it necessary to hire assistants, who managed his business when infirmity or

the inclemency of the weather induced him to indulge by the fireside.

Time went on, and Mary M'Donnell was now sufficiently advanced in years, and accomplished in household matters, to take the management of the domestic concerns, (for which age was fast unfitting old Nelly,) into her own hands, and besides being the *dearest*, the fisherman's grandchild was now universally acknowledged to be the prettiest girl, not in Glen Bane only, but for many miles around it. Indeed, her claims to beauty would have been acknowledged in any country or class. Her figure, rather below than above the middle height, was beautifully moulded—not into that taper *waspishness* of waist, which so many belles unfortunately mistake for beauty, but swelling into the graceful roundness and exquisite proportion which is observable in the ancient statues. Her eyes were of the deepest blue, with long black lashes; her hair soft and profuse, and of the richest dark brown, shading a cheek, not fair indeed, but so radiant in its colouring and transparent brunette, that the most delicate tints of the lily and rose would have looked pale and paltry in comparison. Yes, she was beautiful, even on week-days, when her feet were bare, and her head unbonneted; and her attire, by no means *comme il faut*, perhaps even more bewitching than on Sundays, when her smoothly braided hair, straw bonnet, and neat shoes and stockings, were somewhat pridefully displayed on her way to and from the little parish church.

The principal person employed by old M'Donnell in the management of his boat was a man between fifty

and sixty, called Thady Carthy, who possessed a peculiarly forbidding and unpleasant physiognomy. He was generally accompanied in all his employments by his son, a young man of nineteen or twenty, but so different from himself in both appearance and manner, that many people would scarcely believe that any relationship existed between them. Thady Carthy I have said was unpleasant in appearance, but that expression scarcely describes the repulsive ugliness of his form and face. He was uncommonly tall, with shoulders of unequal height, and an awkward, shambling gait, though the rapidity with which he walked was remarkable. His forehead was low and narrow; his eyes, deep-set but piercing, were rendered the more disagreeable in their expression by the shaggy brows which overhung them, and matched well with the mop of coarse, red hair, straggling from beneath the oilskin cap, which usually surmounted it. The remainder of his face was in perfect harmony with the features already dwelt upon; his voice was peculiarly harsh and unmusical. He was not a native of Glen Bane or its neighbourhood, but, by his own account, came from a more southerly part of the coast; and he had applied to Andrew M'Donnell for employment, at a time when that person had found it rather difficult to obtain efficient help.

As he proved himself fully capable of discharging the duties entrusted to him, Andrew M'Donnell still retained him in his service, though greatly disliking both his looks and manners; and the cheerful and obliging temper of the son, Edward Carthy, was perhaps felt to be in some sort a counterpoise for the defects of the

father. Edward Carthy, indeed, was just as much formed to win affection as his sire was to repel it. Tall he was certainly, but extremely well-formed; and his laughing blue eyes and light brown hair, his merry smile and hearty voice, were indeed a relief to the unpleasantness of Thady.

It seemed singular that such a youth should be Thady Carthy's son, and still more singular that they were almost inseparable, though this did not seem to be a matter in which Edward was allowed a choice. For some unfathomable reason, Thady seemed unwilling to trust his son out of his sight. If they were putting to sea, Thady was sure to push Edward into the boat before him: if Edward wished to attend a dance or merri-making of any kind, there was sure to be Thady, with scowling brow and vigilant eye, overlooking his every movement; and it was even reported that at night the door of the chamber where they both slept was always secured by Thady, and the key bestowed in such a manner that it was impossible for Edward to obtain possession of it without awakening his father.

But Love has ways and means of his own. It is an old proverb that he "laughs at locksmiths;" and, however Edward contrived it, he not only managed to fall desperately in love with his master's beautiful grandchild, but to make her aware of the fact:—nay, more, to discover that he was distinguished in her regard above all who had ever sought her favour. Another person had made the same discovery, to wit, old Andrew M'Donnell; and, with all his liking for the youth, the idea that his darling should unite herself to the son of

so disagreeable a personage as Thady Carthy was most distressful to him. Besides, had the match been ever so eligible in other respects, there was still the objection of poverty; for, though Andrew M'Donnell was passing rich for his station, he was by no means inclined to bestow his grandchild on a portionless bridegroom, and naturally wished his "lassie," as he called Mary, to marry some one whose position in life was at least not worse than his own. Thady Carthy was not long in discovering the state of the young people's affections, or what was passing in M'Donnell's mind; and immediately began to promote the marriage as strenuously as Andrew strove to prevent it.

It was some time before open war was proclaimed; but at last Thady alluded to the subject in the old man's hearing, so plainly and significantly that Andrew M'Donnell felt himself called upon to express his disapprobation of the connection, which he did in no very mild or measured terms. Words rose high, and a quarrel ensued, ending in the discharge of the Carthys from M'Donnell's employ—a conclusion which only produced a sardonic grin on Thady's visage.

"It's just thinking the very same thing I was myself, Mr. M'Donnell," said he, "considering that I am after buying a boat that will bate all the ould cockle-shells you have here out o' the face. Perhaps Misther M'Donnell, sir, if you knew what's inside of this," drawing a canvass-bag from his pocket, "you'd not be so much again the boy we wor spaking of;" and he shook the bag, which certainly jingled with a very money-like sound. But the wrath and scorn of the old fisherman

were by no means abated by this display; and M'Donnell and his *quondam* boatman parted on exceedingly bad terms. Neither Mary nor Andrew Carthy happened to be present at this interview, although they appeared one after the other just as it terminated.

From that time little intercourse was maintained between Andrew M'Donnell and his former servant; and he strictly forbade his grandchild to speak to Edward Carthy, or even to think of him. The former mandate might have been obeyed, the latter was not so easily fulfilled; and, as it has frequently happened in similar cases, both were disregarded. The Carthys were diligent in following their calling on their own account; and Andrew M'Donnell, finding it difficult to procure an efficient substitute for Thady, accompanied his remaining men in their fishing expeditions more frequently than he had done for some time.

It was on a fine evening in the latter end of May, that Andrew M'Donnell's boat, in company with several others, left the little cove of Glen Bane, intending to return the following night. Mary M'Donnell was left alone; but this had happened many times before, and she was too much accustomed to such solitude to feel any fear at being the sole inmate of the cottage through the night. She had dutifully attended her grandfather to the boat, not the less willingly, perhaps, because the Carthys would be leaving the shore about the same time. Her own hands bore the basket of provisions, which she had prepared for her aged relative's refreshment; and she herself arranged the array of voluminous clothes and coats, which she always took care should

accompany him on such occasions. She took farewell of Edward Carthy, not indeed by words or even a wave of the hand, but in one eloquent look, as he passed her by; and, having watched the little fleet of boats, until they dwindled to specks in the horizon, she had returned to the cottage.

Some light duties despatched, and her devotions ended, she prepared for rest; but, ere she slept, she leaned for a moment over the window, and, letting a handkerchief stream from her hand, ascertained that the light wind blew from the same north-westerly direction which it had maintained for many days. The moon was already raising her majestic form behind the bosom of the dark waters, that lay to the eastward of the glen, and there was a slight halo around her, and in the higher heavens appeared a few of those long, wavy streamers of light cloud, which are generally supposed to be the forerunners of wind. But Mary was used to the absence of those she loved in less favourable weather, and retired to her couch, with a bosom as calm and peaceful as the light of the moon, that stole through the casement and shed its lustre upon her sleeping loveliness.

Mary slept quietly for some time, wrapped in such dreamless slumber as falls to the lot but of the healthy and happy, or visited only by visions too bright and peaceful to disturb her repose. But suddenly "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream:" the brow, just before so placid, was contracted as in pain or anger; the lips quivered convulsively; the small hands worked and clutched the bed-clothes, and stifled groans burst from her bosom. Uneasy indeed was her dream. She

thought that her grandfather, herself, and the two Carthys, were in the boat of the latter, and tossing on a wild sea, under the influence of a tremendous tempest. She sate in the stern of the boat, mute with terror, and only kept from sinking down, by the supporting arm of Edward Carthy. Suddenly, he quitted his hold, and started up in alarm, as his father seized Andrew M'Donnell in his powerful grasp, and hurled him overboard. The unutterable agony of the old man's countenance, as the boiling waves closed over his head, Mary never forgot to her dying day. Then Thady Carthy turned to her, and seized her arms rudely, and, in a moment, she felt that her fate too was sealed. She screamed wildly to Edward for help; but he stirred not, though his eyes were fixed on her, with an agony of despair in their expression; and the effort, which in the extremity of her terror she made to free herself, dissolved the vision, and she awoke.

It was some minutes before the tremour of her frame had subsided sufficiently to allow her to feel sure that she had been only dreaming; and, when she sprung out of bed, it was to become aware of a much more substantial cause of alarm. The face of the night had changed: the wind had veered suddenly to the east, and now swept up the narrow pass in wild and violent gusts; rain dashed on the roof and against the windows; the waves of the increasing tide thundered loudly against the adjacent rocks; and Mary, too much unnerved by her frightful dream to feel disposed to return to bed, lit a candle, and, slipping on part of her clothes, awaited the coming of daylight, which the tones of the old clock just then announced

could not be far distant. Still the tempest increased, and the watcher's attitude was soon changed for the humble posture of prayer. Kneeling by the bed, with her face buried in the clothes, her heart poured forth those fervent aspirations, which are the very essence of supplication, even when the tongue refuses to mould them into words.

She was roused from her attitude of devotion by a slight noise, as if some one were attempting to push open the door of the house; and, though trembling with cold and terror, she summoned courage to arise and inquire who was there. A low whining and scraping was the only reply; and Mary, opening the door, found that the untimely but welcome visitant was no other than Edward Carthy's dog Bran, an ill-favoured but extremely sagacious animal, who usually accompanied his master on his short voyages, but, by some chance, had this time been left behind. With the usual instinct of his race, he had attached himself to the beloved of his master, but, with even superior instinct, had scrupulously avoided her dwelling ever since the evening of the dispute between M'Donnell and Thady Carthy, on which occasion he had been somewhat unceremoniously ejected by the master of the mansion.

Though his visit on this occasion was so extraordinary as to be almost ominous, Mary's delight at his coming prevented her from being superstitiously alarmed in consequence; and she stooped down and kissed his rough forehead, and patted his sides, and then, drawing the embers together on the hearth, sat near them, with Bran resting at her feet, until the grey light of morning streamed through the still increasing storm.

As soon as it was daylight, Mary left the cottage, and, accompanied by her four-footed friend, made her way with much difficulty to the beach, and from thence to a ledge of rock, from which an extensive sea-view could be obtained. Nothing was to be seen but foaming, tumbling waves and a black, leaden sky, and occasional drifts of white, smoky rain sweeping across the water, except one large ship at a distance, with only one solitary sail visible, rocking heavily on the troubled abyss, and apparently using every effort to keep off the land. Of the many boats that had left Glen Bane the preceding evening, not one was in sight; but Mary tried to console herself with the hope that, though unable to return to their own station, it was possible they might have found shelter in some other part of the coast.

At last, a small, black object appeared at some distance, now rising upon a swelling wave, now seeming to be buried in some yawning chasm, but still, at every heave of the billows, coming nearer and nearer. Mary watched its approach in an agony of anxiety, for her practised eye had already discovered that it was a boat keel upwards. Kneeling on the rock, which the violence of the tempest rendered a very insecure footing, she put back with one hand the dark hair which blew about her face and impeded her view; the other was pressed on her bosom, as though that pressure could still the throbbing pulses that seemed as if they must suffocate her. Her shoulders and her feet were bare, her scanty garments torn by the rugged rock she had ascended; but she was unconscious of the wildness of her appearance, of the presence of poor Bran, who had followed her, and seemed to be

looking out with equal earnestness; of every thing but the one suspending passion of terror, that seemed to have deprived her of the power of utterance.

Not until a final wave swept the boat up on the beach, at a little distance from the foot of the rock on which she knelt, did she move from her position; then, starting up, with a cry of agony, she sprang down the slippery ledges of the rock, and, with feet winged by terror, flew towards the empty boat. A crowd of women and boys, and one or two men who had remained at home, were gathered round it; and, before Mary M'Donnell had reached the object of her solicitude, she had been made aware that it was her grandfather's boat; and, sinking at the feet of her sympathizing informer, she was borne back to her cottage in a state of insensibility.

Of all the boats that had left Glen Bane on the preceding evening, only four or five escaped uninjured. The body of Andrew M'Donnell was washed ashore the same evening, a few miles lower down the coast; and, of the numerous corpses thus recovered, his was the only one that exhibited a mark of violence which the sea could not have inflicted. It was a purple mark on the throat, as if the gripe of a powerful hand had been there; but many thought that some drowning comrade, in the agony of death, had grasped at the old man's neck, and thus produced the discolouration. Mary remembered her terrible dream, but she said nothing of it; for that Thady Carthy *could* be in any way, but an accidental one, the cause of her grandfather's death seemed nearly impossible.

Among the boats that never returned was that belonging to the Carthys, and the certainty of its fate was shortly

made evident by the finding of the body of Thady, much mangled by the rocks against which it had been dashed, but perfectly recognisable. The fishermen who had escaped came straggling in small parties from various parts of the coast, and gave a fearful account of the disasters they had suffered from, making especial mention of the Carthys boat, which had gone down in the sight of several of them.

The body of Edward was not found; but Mary felt that there was no shadow of hope left respecting him, as far as this world is concerned, and the light of her life seemed to be extinguished at once and for ever. She was wonderfully calm — so calm, indeed, that many thought she felt far less than might be expected; but it was not so. Inferior sorrows are like tempests, noisy, violent, with a rise, a progress, and a subsiding, leaving the scene they have passed over much as before. But a great, crushing agony, such as Mary's, is more like an earthquake — one sudden crash beneath a serene sky; one mighty convulsion, then a deep stillness, but thereafter a change left on the face of nature which can never be done away with.

So it seemed with Mary. The gayest, lightest-hearted girl in Glen Bane had suddenly grown staid, and calm, and old; not with an old age of grey hair and wrinkles, for her face, though a little paler, was as beautiful as ever, but in that disregard of the pleasures of life and youth which usually comes on by degrees in those who draw near the grave. She accepted the condolences of her neighbours quietly, even gratefully; but they were as water spilt upon the ground as to alleviating her grief,

and she shrank into solitude, less solitude to her than a crowd of gossips.

Andrew M'Donnell had taken the precaution to make a will, and lodge it in the hands of a neighbouring gentleman, who informed Mary of its existence before she had ever thought of the subject herself. By this will Andrew left every thing he possessed in the world to his granddaughter; and though, to those in a higher station, his property might seem very small, it was wealth to a girl like Mary M'Donnell. She declined either to leave her present habitation, or to receive any one as an inmate, with the exception of Bran, who took up his abode with her from the day of the storm, and seemed now more akin to her desolate heart than any other living thing in the wide world.

Four years passed away, and the fate of the fishermen of Glen Bane had become a matter of melancholy history to all except the few who, like Mary M'Donnell, had then received a blow whose effects no time could efface. Many of the former inhabitants had left the neighbourhood; new adventurers had supplied their places; change had been busy in the little district; but Mary M'Donnell still occupied the cottage where she was born. But, at the end of four years, an unwonted bustle and excitement arose in Glen Bane, in consequence of a Mr. Tracy, a gentleman of large fortune, though a stranger in that part of the country, having purchased the whole of Glen Bane from its noble proprietor. It was said that he intended to make it his future residence, and a most romantic site at the head of the valley was fixed upon for a splendid new mansion.

Operations were soon commenced, and proceeded rapidly under the direction of his agent and a Dublin architect; and, in an incredibly short space of time, the house was built, and one wing of it furnished and made ready for the immediate reception of Mr. Tracy and his son. They came, and every body was anxious to see the strangers—two fine-looking men, and alike, with the differences of youth and middle age. But many who saw them were puzzled and perplexed by a vague, indescribable likeness to some one they had seen before, they could not tell when or where. Mary M'Donnell was the first to solve the difficulty. She was at church on the Sunday after the arrival of the strangers, and, on seeing them enter the sacred building, she screamed aloud and fainted. She was at once carried into the churchyard, and her first exclamation, on returning to life, was, "If the sea can give up its dead, surely Edward Carthy was before me just now!"

That evening, as Mary sate by her fireside, and strove to fix her attention on her bible, as a means of soothing the mind that had been so agitated by the likeness between the young master of Tracy Hall and her former lover, that very evening the door of her cottage was gently pushed open, and a tall man, in the garb of a sailor, entered, and, ere she could ask his errand, clasped her fondly to his heart. That the lost and loved—the dead alive—her own dear Edward—had returned, and that, however inexplicable the circumstance might be, he was the same as the younger Tracy, were convictions that flashed on her mind with the rapidity of lightning. But all that was said and done, in the first burst of rapture,

almost painful from its very suddenness and excess, must be imagined; it would be equally tedious to the reader and narrator to record those broken words and wild exclamations. We shall give the substance of Edward's story nearly as he related it to Mary, when he was sufficiently calm to explain and she to listen.

"Twenty-five years ago," he said, "the younger son of a wealthy landed proprietor disobliged his relatives by forming an attachment to a young and very beautiful girl in an humble rank of life. His father discovered the state of his affections, and forbade him, on pain of his eternal displeasure, to pursue the affair any farther. He had already secretly wedded his betrothed, and he would not have been deterred by his father's threats from avowing the marriage; but his mother, whom he dearly loved, was in a most precarious state of health at the time, and any sudden shock might have proved fatal to her.

"His reply to his father's mandate was, however, so very unsatisfactory, that it was determined the youth should be sent abroad, as the readiest means of preventing him from forming an unsuitable connection. He agreed to go, resolving that, as soon as the death of his invalid mother should have removed his principal objection to making his marriage public, he would return, claim his bride, and, if his father continued obdurate, take her with him to the land of his exile, and build up his fortunes as best he might. It added to his perplexity that his Catherine was about to become a mother; but, before he left his native land, he contrived to place her in the family of a fisherman, pro-

mising to return for her as soon as possible, and there, dear Mary, I first saw the light."

"Then you are *not* the son of Thady Carthy?" exclaimed Mary, while a sudden flash of joy lit up her lovely face.

"No, my Mary. I thank God I am *not* the son of that execrable wretch, whom, had Heaven not worked its own vengeance upon him, I should have made it my first business, on my return home, to seek out and punish. But to return to my story.

"I have no recollection of my mother, who, I now learn, died when I was a mere infant, and, of course, I always considered myself as Thady Carthy's son. He had no other children; and, though often harsh and tyrannical, loved me after a fashion of his own. My supposed mother was a large, coarse woman, much addicted to drinking, and frequently quarrelling with her husband; but to me she was generally kind, supplying me plentifully with food, and even sending me to a little hedge-school, that I might learn reading and writing: she died when I was about fifteen, three years before our removal to Glen Bane, a step I could not then account for. I was not made aware of Carthy's intention until sunset one evening, and, by sunrise, we were far on our way hither, the most portable articles in our possession being secured in two packs, which we carried on our shoulders. You know the rest of my history, up to the evening when we set forth on our unfortunate fishing expedition.

"We had a favourable breeze at first, and soon reached our usual fishing-ground; but, about midnight,

the wind veered about suddenly, and began to blow with terrible fury. It came on us with so little warning, that many of the boats were taken unawares and swamped at once, whilst the rest were scattered and became unmanageable. Your grandfather's, however, kept pretty close to us during that fearful night; but just after daylight she capsized, and the three men who manned her were plunged into the angry waters; two we never saw again; the third was drifting helplessly by us, and, desperate as was our own situation, I flung the end of a rope towards him, which the drowning man caught. It was your grandfather! Already was his hand on the side of the boat, already was I stretching forth my hand to assist him, when Thady Carthy dashed me aside, seized him violently by the throat, and, after holding him in that murderous clutch, thrust him backwards into the sea.

"What I said, what I did, I know not. One minute I was shaking my clinched fist in the face of the murderer; the next I was clinging to an oar in the midst of the boiling waters. Then came a murmuring sound in my ears, a sleepy languor on my frame, and I remember nothing more.

"When I awoke to life again, I was lying in a narrow bed, and the heaving motion of every thing around me convinced me that I was still at sea. Two or three wild-looking men and boys, in dripping jackets and oilskin caps, were employed in chafing my benumbed limbs, and administering restoratives, under the direction of a young man who seemed of a superior class. As I recovered my consciousness, I was informed that

I had been picked up by the Abelard, a large vessel, outward bound for Bombay, and that I might thank the tempest, which had driven her considerably out of her course, for my wonderful preservation. Thankful as I was for my rescued life, it was sad to think how long a time must elapse before I could send home tidings of my escape. How ardently I longed for the end of our voyage, that I might despatch a letter to you with the news! and yet, before we reached our destined port, a strange revolution of circumstances had constrained me to forego that pleasure.

"Among the passengers on board the Abelard was a Mr. Tracy, a grave, gentlemanly-looking man of forty-eight or fifty; but you have seen him, and I need not describe his appearance. He noticed me first on account of the singular circumstances connected with my rescue, and afterwards from a feeling which, at the time, was unaccountable to himself. I learned that he had been travelling through Ireland, in search of a son left there in infancy; and, not being able to trace him, was returning to India, having embarked at Liverpool with a sad and disappointed heart. Need I tell you of the long chain of proofs by which he was convinced, even before I suspected it, that I was that very son? My joy at finding so excellent a father was doubled by the delight of discovering that I did not owe my birth to so odious a wretch as Thady Carthy.

"When we reached Bombay, Mr. Tracy at once introduced me to his friends as his son, and commenced a course of instructions, both in manners and education, by which, I trust, I have profited. He made one only con-

dition with me, and that was, that I would not write to you until he gave me permission to do so. I believe he wished to test your constancy and mine; and, if it stood the trial, he promised not to place any bar in the way of our happiness.

"Since we reached Ireland, we have ascertained many particulars which throw some light on Thady Carthy's conduct when he fled to Glen Bane, and his subsequent watchfulness of me. It seems my father left a considerable sum of money with my mother, of which she had used only a small portion at the time of her death. This Thady had appropriated to his own use, embarking it, for the most part, in smuggling adventures. Mr. Tracy's continued absence lulled him into security for many years; but at length a rumour that he was expected home reached him, and filled him with alarm. He took refuge in Glen Bane, and, fearing lest I might meet with any one who could inform me of my real parentage—though nothing could be more unlikely—he never relaxed his vigilance over me for a moment.

"See, my beloved Mary, how mysterious are the ways of Providence! The storm that deprived *you* of your grandfather restored me to a parent who, I know, will be one to you also. 'There has already been misery enough in our family,' he said, only this morning, 'through opposing the wishes of two fond hearts. Your Mary is faithful to you—you love her still; and God forbid that I should sunder you!'"

Such was Edward Tracy's story. If Mary did not recover all her gaiety and youthfulness of spirit, she became at least happy and cheerful; and when a few

months saw her established as mistress of Tracy Hall, right gracefully and meekly did she bear her honours. No affectation, no pride, ever sullied, for a moment, her frank and generous nature; and Mary Tracy was as superior to the generality of ladies, with whom she now held her place, as Mary M'Donnell had been to the peasant girls of Glen Bane.

HIGHLAND MELODIES.*

BY DELTA.

I. THE CHIEFTAIN'S LULLABY.

Hush thee, babe, the stag is belling
On Benarte, dim and lone;
Hush, oh hush! the hounds are yelling—
Who at morn will cheer them on!

Ere the sun o'er red Culloden
Clos'd the Stewarts' fateful day,
Many a gallant breast was trodden
By the war-horse with the clay.

Morning saw the Prince before us,
Plum'd and starred in Highland pride;
Tell, ye winds, that wander o'er us,
Who at night were by his side!

* The four first songs have been admirably arranged for Paterson and Roy's collection of the Vocal Melodies of Scotland, by Professor Thomson, of the Edinburgh University. The last two, set to Gaelic airs by Mr. Finlay Dun, will appear shortly in a work dedicated to the preservation of Highland music hitherto unpublished.

Stones are reared and yew-trees waving
O'er each kirk's green bed of rest,
But the storm alone is raving
O'er your sire's, our chieftain's, breast!

While the bells of town and city
Rent with merry peals the air,
Nought was ours, except the pity
Strangers gave to our despair.

Hush! and slumber! night is flinging
Darkness over land and sea:
Sleep! a day may dawn yet, bringing
Cheerier hearts to us, and thee!

II. FAREWELL OUR FATHER'S LAND.

Farewell our Father's land,
Valley and fountain;
Farewell old Scotland's strand,
Forest and mountain!
Then hush the drum, and hush the flute,
And be the stirring bagpipe mute—
Such sounds may not with sorrow suit,
And fare thee well, Lochaber!

The plume and plaid no more we'll see,
Nor philabeg, nor dirk at knee,
Nor even the broad-swords, which Dundee
Bade flash at Killiecrankie!
Farewell our Father's land, &c.

Now where of yore, on bank and brae,
Our loyal clansmen marshall'd gay,
Far downward scowls Bennevis gray,
On sheep-walks spreading lonely.
Farewell our Father's land, &c.

For now we cross the stormy sea,
Ah! never more to look on thee—
Nor on thy dun deer, bounding free,
From Etive glens to Morven!
Farewell, our Father's land, &c.

Thy mountain air no more we'll breathe;
The household sword shall eat the sheath,
While rave the wild winds o'er the heath,
Where our grey sires are sleeping!
Then, farewell, our Father's land, &c.

III. MOURN FOR THE BRAVE.

Oh, mourn for the brave,
Who have fought for us, have bled for us;
Oh, mourn for the brave,
Who lie low among the slain!
For us they left their native land,
To meet the foe on foreign strand;
For us they struggled sword in hand;
And fought for us, and bled for us;
But now they sleep
In silence deep,
Upon the battle-plain!

Dear were their homes to them,
Who fought for us, who bled for us;
Dear were their homes to them,
We ne'er shall see again!
But, at their country's call, they took
And turned to sword the pruning-hook;
A foeman's bonds they could not brook,
Who fought for us, who bled for us;
And now they sleep
In silence deep,
Upon the battle-plain!

Deep is our debt to them,
Who fought for us, who bled for us;
Deep is our debt to them,
For us who crossed the main!
They gave our hills their golden fleece,
They gave our plains their rich increase,
To them we owe the ark of peace—
Who fought for us, who bled for us;
Though now they sleep
In silence deep,
Upon the battle-plain!

Then shout for the brave,
Who have fought for us, have bled for us;
Then shout for the brave,
Who poured out their blood like rain!
Their deeds shall every tongue engage;
Their names are writ on History's page;
And age shall proudly tell to age,

Who fought for us, who bled for us;
Though now they sleep,
In silence deep,
Upon the battle-plain!

IV. MACGREGOR'S WAIL.

On grey Benledi stern
The purple heath-flowers grow,
And spreads the lady fern
Through many a glen below;
Still soars the eagle, as he screams,
Above Loch Ketturin's tide;
But, ah! beside his father's streams
Macgregor's name hath died.

That name was one of power,—
It drew the clansman's sword;
And in the fight's red hour
He owned no other lord.
The pine-tree on his flag display'd
The Saxon rose defied;
But now, from out Balquidder's shade,
Macgregor's name hath died.

No more the slogan rings
Its gathering notes afar;
No more the Red Cross brings
The scatter'd clan to war;
The timid roebuck makes its lair
On Benean's rocky side,

And whirrs the lonely heath-cock, where
Macgregor's name hath died.

The spider weaves its pall,
The bat broods o'er its young,
Within the mouldering hall,
Whose roofs with laughter rung.
No more the horse and hound for chace
At dawn bound forth in pride;
Even in the chieftain's dwelling-place
Macgregor's name hath died.

No more the banner'd pine
Beside Loch Earn is met;
Of Alpine's royal line,
The clouded sun hath set.
Mourn, Benvenue! Benledi, mourn!
Though Saxon sneers deride:
The heart from out your hills is torn,
Macgregor's name hath died.

V. OH! WERE I A SWAN.

Oh! were I a swan, on the blue-bosom'd lake,
Or a squirrel in greenwood sweet pastime to take;
From the durance of walls I would set myself free,
And, Gregarich, bound from this lattice to thee!

In vain should be gate, bar and bolt should be vain,
And shouts of pursuers my steps to detain;
I would rush forth to meet thee at morn, noon, and eve,
Nor kneel for their blessing, nor sue for their leave.

Far would I wander the moorlands with thee,
Our talk would be sweet, and our feet would be free!
Thine arm is my sword, and thy courage my shield,
Thou blithest in hall, and thou bravest in field!

VI. LUYALLA, ADIEU!

The last red tinge of purple light
On Head-na-ga-daig dies,
Yet comest thou not to bless my sight;
The stars are in the skies.
Luyalla, adieu!

Ah! sweet to me—the past is sweet—
For thou wert faithful then;
And aye the first with eager feet
To thrid the trysting glen.
Luyalla, adieu!

The bird is up within its nest,
The gannet on its cliff,
And, in its sheltering cove of rest,
Is moor'd the fisher's skiff.
Luyalla, adieu!

For reel and revel all are met
At gloaming on the brae;
Each lad beside his lass is set—
And only thou away.
Luyalla, adieu!

But Kilda's crags like snow shall melt
Within the summer sea,
Ere by this bosom be unfelt
The love it promis'd thee!
Luyalla, adieu!

THE DESERTED CEMETERY.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

A melancholy spot!—the wasted stone,
Spoiled of the record which its tablet bore—
The crumbling wall, by moss and weed o'ergrown,
And the grey lichen with its vesture hoar—
All speak of desolation, wild and lone,
And cold neglect of names revered no more.
But 'neath that silent turf a treasure lies
More rich than Ind or Araby displays,
Zeal-winged and ready for her native skies—
Love, tuned for deathless and angelic praise,
And Faith, which, ev'n below, her raptured eyes
Fixed on the distant goal with stedfast gaze—
And Hope, which, resting in the womb of earth,
Awaits in peace a new and holier birth.

THE FAIR OF BERGAMO.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

The ancient city of Bergamo is situated about thirty English miles to the north-east of Milan, and is majestically seated on hills between the rivers Brembo and Serio, which, descending from the lofty mountains of the Valteline, make their way southward, to join the Adda at different points. Like all other Alpine streams, whose sources are amid the stupendous glaciers and the "cloud-land" of eternal snow, their waters are ever most abundant during the heat of summer and autumn; and in no part of the fertile plains of Lombardy do the inhabitants avail themselves of this invaluable bounty to a greater extent, or with more persevering industry, than the Bergamascans. A canal from the Serio passes through the suburbs, to supply corn-mills and silk-manufactories, and the country is irrigated in all directions by smaller streams, that run sparkling amid the teeming deep green luxuriance of the fields, and beneath the loftier verdure of the mulberry-tree and the dependent vine. Thus there is, as it were, tier upon tier of vegetation, crop above crop at the same period, or, as a French writer has it, "on dirait que le sol se dérobe aux regards sous des tapis

de verdure." When to this it is added that, on the higher lands, the olive, the chestnut, the elm, the vine, and fruit-trees of every kind, abound, and that all are cultivated for the purposes of commerce, it must be tolerably clear that the natives merit the character generally given to them, of being industrious and active; and, perhaps from the natural consequence of such exertions, they are well made and robust.

Still, strange to say, they are "by the rest of the Italians considered as coarse and stupid, and a great number of ludicrous stories are circulated at their expense. Hence, in the Italian comedy, the performers of the humorous characters of Arlechino, or Truffaldino and Brighella, are supposed to be Bergamascans, and strive to imitate the peculiar dialect of the inhabitants of Bergamo." *

It were difficult to guess why they are thus branded, unless their "dolce far niente" loving countrymen consider active employment equivalent to folly, and industry and enterprise indicative of intellectual weakness. Perhaps it may be so, as the habitually idle are often inflated with strange notions of their own superiority, and not unfrequently indulge in marvellous odd dreams concerning what wondrous things they could perform with their self-bestowed, imaginary talents, if they thought proper to exert them, and how they could astonish the world, if they chose to step down from "lofty ease," and condescended to enter the humbler arena of human competition.

* The Conversations-Lexikon.

But, after all, may not this adoption of their language and manners by the heroes of pantomime be considered flattering to the Bergamascans? May it not—inasmuch as Arlechino and his companions are especial favourites, and, instead of "fretting their hour upon the stage," remove fretfulness from the countenances of their patrons, and, by dint of wit in word and action, make themselves welcome among all ranks—may it not be one of those compliments, having, as Sterne says, "as much sweet as sour?" We have, not inapplicable to the case, a homely proverb of our own, which avers that "It takes a clever fellow to make a good fool;" and, verily, much of wisdom hath been uttered quaintly by the wearers of motley in all generations.

Now, of the interior of the city of Bergamo, its churches, statues, paintings, and the remarkable men who have been born, lived, or died there, it is enough to say here that there is a fair Italian proportion of all to be found in the guide-books for travellers. Of one building only need special mention be made, and that is a sort of humble imitation of the Palais Royal, at Paris, or Place of St. Mark, at Venice, but which is not, like them, privileged to be the constant scene of gaiety or dissipation; for at times, in spite of the attractions of its cafés, it is dull enough. It is of stone, and was built in 1740, between the suburbs of Santo Antonio and Santo Leonardo, and contains more than six hundred shops and a large open space, with that indispensable luxury, a handsome fountain, and is to be seen in all its glory at the annual "Bartholomew Fair," which is held during the last week in August and the first week in September. Then the arri-

vals of buyers and sellers, pleasure-seekers and pleasure-dispensers, are prodigious; and the strangers, being mingled and bustling for profit or pleasure with a fair proportion of the two and thirty thousand inhabitants of the city, form a delightful crush and confusion, amid which may be found something to suit every taste. Thus, an Englishman, who happened once to be there, expressed his admiration at the vast quantity of silk brought to market, while his companion, a Frenchman, recorded his satisfaction at enjoying his "eau sucrée" and "la conversation sous des tentes de toile qu'on a soin d'humecter."

It was in the year 18—, when Napoleon was King of Italy, as well as Emperor of France, that, in the midst of the crowd in this "bâtiment de la foire," as it is called, a young French officer sate under one of the said cool awnings, endeavouring to appear much at his ease, while, in reality, he was anxiously watching all who passed. A smart, soldier-like fellow was Henri Latour, handsome in person, and decorated with the well-known cross of the Legion of Honour; but the most remarkable thing about him, on the present occasion, was the total absence of all that "pretension," that fussy vanity of self-display, so common, and often so offensive, among "les jeunes militaires."

Evening had closed in, and the lighting of innumerable lamps was but the signal for the greater influx of company, and the numbers of the fair sex seemed every moment to increase. As they passed, or took their seats in the cafés or beneath the awnings, he scanned them as coolly as a general might have reviewed a regiment

marching by. Many a beautiful face was there, and not a few bright eyes were cast toward him, with an expression that would have been gratifying to certain of his companions; for, though he had chosen his seat in the background, to escape notice, the French uniform and the cross were then and there little likely to pass unobserved, to say nothing of their handsome wearer.

Thus unconsciously he became the subject of whispering in divers groups, and, among the rest, in one standing behind him, out of the glare of light. It was composed of persons of the lower class; and one of them, a young man, about twenty, on having his attention called to the French chevalier, had no sooner cast his eyes upon him than he started, elevated his shoulders, eyebrows, and hands, and uttered the peculiar semi-whistling sound, that may be translated into the vulgar English "Humph!" of surprise.

Henri's quick ear caught the ejaculation, and, turning sharply round, he looked for a moment at the group whence it came, then, rising slowly, and keeping his eyes fixed steadily upon the parties, that no one might escape, he advanced toward them. The young man in question now shrank behind his companions, but somewhat too late to avoid being recognised.

"Ah, Manetto, my good fellow!" said the chevalier, in Italian.

"Sacre!" exclaimed Manetto, in the only French word he knew, and which, therefore, served him on all occasions, and was consequently often improperly applied (indeed, when is it not!) and instantly took to his heels.

Henri pursued him. A chase of the kind is too undignified an affair to be detailed; suffice it that, after making his way out of the place, and apparently having effected his escape by his local knowledge of the vicinity, Manetto, being a native of Bergamo, and, *consequently*, "a stupid fellow," ran breathless into the arms of his pursuer, who had given him up as lost.

"Sacre!" said he, "Monsieur, there's no escaping the French."

"What did you run away for?"

"Sacre! Every body runs away from the French; but it's of no use. What an ass I was not to hold my tongue! Master said I was to find out if you came to the fair, and bring him word, but take care that you didn't see me. When he knows you have, he'll turn me away, no doubt."

"Then, what an ass you'll be to tell him. Can't you keep your own counsel and your place too?"

"Sacre! What clever people you French are! I should never have thought of that."

"Well, then, you'll do so; that's arranged for your own sake: take that, for mine;" and he slipped a napoleon into a not unwilling hand.

"Sacre! I don't deserve this; but you French are so....."

"Bah! Never mind. Try to deserve it. You know whom I wish to see."

"Sacre! That's impossible. Master has sent her out of the way, for fear. Sacre! You can't think how he is afraid of the French. They say he came here many years ago, to be out of your way; but it was of no use.

You come every where, sacre! And yet, somehow, he seemed very proud when the emperor was crowned at Milan. I can't make it out."

"Never mind. Where did you say the Signora was gone?"

"Not far; but....."

"But what? Speak out. Recollect that I can find her, and will, even if obliged to make use of the police."

"Sacre! that police! But, indeed, Signor Capitano, I don't know."

"Humph! You won't. By the way, is your name properly registered for the conscription?"

"Mine? Oh, I am lame of one leg, and couldn't march three yards straight! Only see."

"But can run a few hundreds as fast as most people."

"Sacre! How cunning you French....."

"Bah! Will you engage to deliver this letter to the Signora? Remember—another napoleon, when you bring me a reply. You hesitate. Well, I shall not forget your lameness."

"Sacre! But I am subject to fits."

"Of idleness, no doubt; but we can cure them."

"No, signor: they're a kind of a sort of—but, somehow, that brings Bianca into my head. She's gone with the Signora somewhere on the other side of Seriato, a village I know well enough, and Bianca and I....."

"Are to meet there this evening; eh?"

"Sacre! How cunning you French messieurs are! No; I am to go there to-morrow morning, with a basket from my master for the Signora. Oh, no! Now I think of it, I daren't."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Monsieur le Chevalier! What shall I do? It's all your doing. You frightened me out of the fair, where I went on purpose to buy some ribands I promised Bianca, and now it is too late to see the colours—but perhaps....."

"Perhaps what?"

"Why, you French gentlemen are so clever, and have so much taste, that, perhaps, you could choose the colours by lamplight. If not, it's of no use for me to ask Bianca to do *any* thing, as she will be so angry and so disappointed! Sacre! How stupid it was of me to forget her!"

"Well, come along; never mind. We'll do our best to please her, between us," said the young chevalier, laughing; and the purchases were speedily made and paid for with the liberality usual with lovers toward the handmaidens of their ladies; and then Manetto, well pleased with his success, returned to his master.

"Bravo! Admirable! Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed the captain, as he walked hastily toward his quarters. "Why, the stupid fellow has told me every thing the old gentleman wished to hide from me. Seriato! My good luck, as it now turns out, kept me there for a fortnight, when I wished to be more actively employed. One couldn't wish any thing better. I know every house near it. Allons!"

And, without loss of time, having thrown on a military cloak, to avoid notice, he proceeded into the country, on a "reconnoissance;" of which more hereafter.

In the mean while, the old gentleman, who, it may be

as well here to say, was the uncle and the only relative of the fair Laura, sate alone, cogitating and smoking, till his patience and tobacco were nearly exhausted; and then Manetto made his appearance, puffing and blowing, as if from hard running, and stood before him, looking stupid enough.

"Well! Why don't you speak?" asked Signor Duperino.

"Because you told me, t'other day, I was never to speak, unless I was spoken to."

"Bah! Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At the fair."

"Well: what then?"

"I ran away, as soon as I had made sure of him, as fast as my legs would carry me; and here I am."

"Good. There's the two lire piece I promised you. And now, attend to what I say. The basket will be ready for you at five to-morrow morning. It will be too heavy for Bianca to carry, so you may take it on with her to the farm, and stay there till I come or send for you. The gardener can find you employment at picking fruit for the fair, I dare say. But mind and don't leave the place, as I shall want you when I come, which may not be till to-morrow night, or the night after. And—ahem! If you see any strange people lurking about, as sometimes happens during the fair-time, be as rough as you like with them. You can use a stick; eh?"

The only reply was a sort of silly, chuckling laugh;

and presently, after receiving farther instructions as to the kind of people he was to keep off the farm, pedlars and travelling musicians being more particularly mentioned, Manetto was dismissed.

"Good!" said the old gentleman emphatically, when again alone. "Saw him, and then ran away. Give me a stupid fellow, that does what he is told, and no more. One of your clever chaps would have watched what Monsieur did, and where he lodged, and so on, and perhaps have been observed. Well; the noodle will be safe out of the way now, so *he* can't be tampered with: and Bianca, too! Ha, ha! No danger now. As for the young fellow, I'll manage him. Notice him, of course. Greatly indebted to him. Very spirited! Don't like to think of it. Fancy I see them now — those terrible cuirassiers. Poor Laura! where would she have been but for him? What the plague had I to do with going to Milan, to see sights, and taking her, too! Heigho! All natural, no doubt; but, pshaw! If he *did* save her life (and who knows that?) that's no reason he should have her for life. No, no; I've not toiled all these years for what I've got to be spent by a soldier of fortune, though some of them have made their way so strangely."

Having finished his soliloquy, the good man retired to rest, and was visited, during the night, by dreams of silk-mills, military pageants, purchases and sales made and contemplated at the fair, bad debts, good speculations, and, above all, of his darling Laura, whose sweet, smiling countenance and mild, blue eyes ever floated distinctly before him, while all else was shadowy and

strangely mingled. And it was no marvel; since, for her sake, he had suffered and undergone much, and exerted himself in a path of life far different from that which he had marked out for himself, and for a time pursued, in the flowery but unprofitable fields of literature.

And was she thinking of him? Yes; even at the time when his scarcely-conscious mind was so engaged. To relate how it happened were but to paraphrase one of the ten thousand and odd similar proofs of the truth of the adage, "Where there is a will there is a way." Henri had discovered the place of her seclusion, and they sate together in one of those open corridors so general in Italian country-houses.

Cloudless was the deep blue, star-bespangled canopy above: the many-coloured tints of autumnal beauty had faded from the face of the earth, leaving but one dark hue of calm repose; and, save the gentle murmuring melody of the river, all was still. No—not all. She must have been weeping; for, as she raised her head from his shoulder, she sobbed, looked at him for a moment, then hid her face as before, and again all for a while was silent. Then again they commenced together in a low tone, and those words were spoken which ever remain enshrined in the secret places of the heart, never to be repeated, even by those who have heard them, and never to be forgotten.

"Lovers take no count of time." It was near daybreak when she said, "No, Henri: never, without his consent. You know him not. To you he may appear harsh and unfeeling, but he is all goodness. And, even if he were not, do I not owe him all? The poorest, the

most ignorant of our peasantry, the very beggars in the street, are better off than I should have been without him. No, no. His grey hairs I will never—Oh, I cannot express myself. Say no more: you have my secret —my promise. I will never be another's. Oh, no, no! —believe me — that cannot be. Go now, dear — dear Henri. We *must* part."

But "parting is such sweet sorrow," that they dallied with it till the sun had fairly risen; and then Henri took a roundabout way back, for fear he should meet the stupid fellow, to whom he was so much indebted, coming with his basket.

Some author writes, "We are like ships, our passions are the gales:" and the rate at which they often drive us on or out of our course justifies the simile. At the time the chevalier was on his return, under the influence of a love-breeze, Manetto was making his way from the town, against what the mariners would call "a strong head-wind" of fretfulness, varied occasionally by "baffling" gusts from divers points of the compass. The basket, slung like a knapsack by leather straps over his shoulders, was very weighty, and wrung from him a series of uncouth appeals to the Virgin and the saints. Then the first acquaintance he met was a pretty country lass, in company with others, bringing garden produce to market, to whom, after exchanging civilities, he observed that he had got an ass's load on his back. "There can be no doubt about *that*," said she, with an arch smile, and eyes glistening with fun; and the whole group joined in a right hearty laugh, after the manner of country maidens, as they went tripping on their way.

This, however, was a trifle, when compared with the matter of his subsequent lonely ruminations. He had gained on the preceding evening a napoleon and two lire, and a handsome present for Bianca. Never before had he been so lucky. But, alas! with the poor as with the rich, "the possession of wealth increases the love of money." There are proverbs in every language to confirm the truth of the assertion, were it needful to seek for proof beyond the result of our own observations. Manetto, like his superiors, instead of being thankful for what he had got, worried himself about the probable loss of the other napoleon, which the chevalier had promised him, if he carried back an answer to the letter entrusted to his care. How was that to be effected, now that he was to be, as it were, a prisoner for two days in some lone spot, he knew not exactly where? The Signor Duperino might arrive at any moment, and to hazard the loss of so good a place, under so good a master, by absenting himself, contrary to orders, would be madness.

Briefly, then, he was in a most unenviable mood, when he reached the village of Seriato: but what will not the cheerful countenance of woman effect? There he met Bianca, and unto her did he his tale of weal and woe impart, and she also had something to tell him, the purport of which the reader will guess when informed that they had both been at Milan, when their young mistress incurred the debt of obligation, for which the obliger so unconscionably required the surrender of her heart and hand. To be sure, he had hazarded his life for her: but then soldiers and sailors are doing that for

us all every day, and many of us think but lightly of their services, notwithstanding. However, as we have seen, the Signora Laura was not ungrateful, neither was her uncle. He had invited and entertained the young man, (then only a lieutenant, and without a cross of honour), at dinner, and repeated his thanks cordially, and declared how he should be delighted to do *any thing* for him that lay in his power, and shaken him warmly by the hand at parting. Moreover, during the remaining fortnight of their visit to the royal city, he frequently met him at the cafés and theatres, and most friendly was their intercourse; but somehow the old gentleman always forgot to give him another invitation to his residence. The young gentleman treated him with polite and respectful attention, and evinced his approbation of the style in which he had been entertained, by frequent calls; but it so happened that he never found his host at home—so what could he do but inquire for the lady? and what could she do but admit him? Indeed, after a while, it would have been particularly rude to have denied herself, as his calls were usually made just after she had happened to go near the window to arrange a flower, or some trifle, and felt sure he must have seen her.

So they met; and one day, when he had prolonged his visit till the dinner-hour, at which the old gentleman was always punctual, and which was the same as that of the officers' mess, and, consequently, he was somewhat in haste, Bianca, to save time, showed him down the back stairs: they were dark, steep, and narrow, but — there is no accounting for taste — they struck his fancy as

being exceedingly commodious, and he subsequently was wont to glide up and down them with stealthy alacrity.

As Bianca and Manetto sate in the albergo at Seriato, the former admiring her presents from the fair, and the latter recruiting his strength after the fatigues of his ass's load, she complimented him highly on his adroitness in procuring such beautiful things without payment; and so it came to pass that, what with her flattery, and what she had before spoken, and sundry applications to the wine-flask, he became more reconciled to his lot, and after a while they took their way lovingly together to the farm, where his first care, being determined to do his duty sturdily, according to the letter of his instructions, was to provide himself with a stout bludgeon.

It was mid-day when Signor Duperino called at the Royal Hotel, and was shown into the apartment of his young friend, whom he welcomed to Bergamo, and invited to make his house his home during his stay. This, as we know, would, under other circumstances, have been highly agreeable to the captain, and his declining the offer perplexed yet pleased the Signor, as it led him to doubt the justice of his suspicions. "Perhaps, after all," thought he, "his marked attention to Laura, and those glances of admiration that I thought I could not mistake, may be nothing more than military French gallantry."

"How did you find me out?" inquired the captain.

"Oh! we hear of all that passes here. I was told that an officer of your regiment was in town, and I recollect too well what I owe you, to lose any opportunity of

inquiring after you. You will dine with me, of course?"

This invitation was accepted. The party consisted, besides themselves, of a classical professor and a priest. The conversation was at first general and light, but, after a while, took a turn, in which the young soldier was surprised to find his host quoting Greek and Latin, and entering minutely into the details and causes of historical events, long since past. That his guests deferred to him was no marvel. Such is the custom at every well-spread board. But he was evidently well-informed on subjects little likely, as the captain thought, to have been even heard of by a dealer in silk. Perhaps the old gentleman observed his surprise, or felt that it was rude to keep the young soldier "hors de combat," and therefore he inquired of him what he thought of the statue of Tasso, in their market-place, and if he had read any of his works. The reply was in the affirmative, with observations indicating a just appreciation of the poet's language; and then they spoke of Maffei and Tiraboschi, and the polyglot dictionary of Ambrose Calepin, all Bergamascan worthies, and of Italian literature generally—all subjects of which the old gentleman supposed a soldier must be almost necessarily ignorant. So they parted somewhat late, each considerably advanced in the other's good opinion, and agreed to meet again at dinner on the following day, when the Signor resolved to have a larger party, and recommended his young friend to employ the morning in visiting the picture-galleries of certain families of his acquaintance, particularly those of the Terzi, Maccassoli, Moroni, and

Sozi, to whom he furnished him with cards of introduction, excusing his own personal attendance, under the plea that he should be employed in "keeping the fair."

"You will see much to admire in the course of your walk," said he.

"I have no doubt of it," replied Henri. Nor had he, for it was his intention to visit the farm in disguise, as his uniform and "decoration" might attract unwelcome rustic curiosity.

Accordingly, as agreed upon between him and Laura, (when did lovers ever separate without making arrangements for their next meeting?) he left the city on the following morning in the character of a Savoyard singer and musician, for which he was admirably equipped by a travelling comedian, then at the fair, and, so complete was his transformation, that, on arriving at his journey's end, Manetto, who was upon the watch, according to orders, did not recognise him.

"Be off!" he exclaimed roughly.

"Hist!" said the chevalier, "you don't know who I am;" and, lifting up his hat, he added, "now, you see, don't make any uproar, my good fellow, but let me pass quietly by; I know the way. What are you staring at? You *must* know me now. I am Captain Latour."

"Ho, ho, ho! *You*, the handsome chevalier! No, no, that won't do at any price. So, be off! or I'll give you a taste of this," and he shook his huge knobbed stick, as he stood in the garden gateway, which was about a hundred yards from the house.

"You provoking ass!" exclaimed the incensed lover,

"look at me again; you knew me well enough the night before last, dark as it was."

"Ah, but then you—I mean he—had his regimentals on."

"You had better not provoke me too far, fellow."

"I tell you, you ain't him; you're a good-looking man enough, but not near so handsome as him: besides, he's so generous."

"Well, here's a five-franc piece. Are you convinced now?"

"No, not quite; master told me to keep off all vagabond musicians, and Bianca told me to let you—I mean him—in, let him be dressed as you—that is, he might. So I'm bothered, you see. But here's the farmer coming up the lane, so I'll ask him."

"Nonsense! do you suppose I'll suffer myself to be examined by a —. Pshaw! there's a napoleon. Make no more noise: will that clear your eyes?"

"Well, I do really believe you are him, after all," exclaimed Manetto, stepping aside: "who'd have thought it? But you French are so clever, and so....."

As what more he might have added could not be heard by the chevalier, who had passed rapidly towards the house, he left his eulogium unfinished, tossed the napoleon into the air for "better luck still," and then went to tell Bianca what a sad blunder he had nearly committed.

"Thou always wast a stupid fellow, Manni," said she laughing, "but then, they say all we Bergamascans are stupid. Why, I took him t'other night for a thief, though I *ought* to know him well enough, and must

needs go and alarm our young Signora. He, he, he!" and they giggled together over the results of their stupidity.

A pleasant morning was that to the two lovers. Laura was delighted at the attention paid to Henri by her uncle. "See as much of him as you can," said she; "the more you know of him the more you will like him, and the more he sees of you—now don't interrupt me—I'm sure he will like you—and, if you can but gain his esteem—he loves, he so dotes upon me, that I am sure he would not refuse—that is, if he knew how I —but his prejudices against young officers are exceedingly strong, and I cannot wonder at it, for we have had *such* wretches quartered in the town. Ugh! such odious, vain, insufferable puppies! I cannot bear to think of them, and to tell you the truth, I once disliked the military almost as much as he does, but....."

"Nous avons changé tout cela," he added. "I must confess, however, that we have some sad fellows among us, but in so large an army, and in times of active service....."

"Ah! let us talk of something else," she exclaimed, shuddering and hiding her face in her hands, "when I think of that I wonder how I could ever—it appears like a dream—but, oh, Henri! surely *now* the war must be ended. You have got all that you can possibly want—this country and all the rest. The Emperor and King is....."

"One whose plans neither you nor I can fathom, dear Laura; so, let us, as you say, talk of something else."

Signor Duperiño's table and arrangements that day did credit to his taste and hospitality, and nothing particular occurred till the chevalier, having entered into conversation with a merchant from Lyons, shewed by his inquiries that he was well acquainted with that city and its environs. This attracted their host's attention; and, after hastily swallowing a glass of wine, in a manner quite unusual with him, he inquired, almost in a faltering tone, "Pray, monsieur le chevalier, allow me to inquire if you happen to be acquainted with the neighbourhood of Collonge?"

"Perfectly!" replied Henri, with much animation. "I was born and bred there."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Signor, with an emphasis that startled all present; but the old gentleman appeared unconscious of having attracted any attention, and sate for some time perfectly still, with his eyes cast down upon his plate, as though absorbed in the intricacies of some abstruse calculation. His mind was evidently elsewhere. His guests looked at each other. Conversation was at a stand, and perhaps the silence roused him from his reverie. He looked round, smiled, apologized for his absence of mind, said he was growing old, affected to laugh at his infirmity, and, from that moment, without farther allusion to his question, strove to enact the part of a host, bent on promoting cheerfulness among his friends: now and then, however, when he thought himself unobserved, he would gaze stedfastly on the handsome countenance of his young guest, and then something like a tear might be seen to glisten in either eye.

At length, the party broke up, and then he invited the chevalier to a walk in his little garden, which they had scarcely entered when he leant upon his arm. It was the first time he had treated him with such familiarity, and he leant heavily, as though requiring support; and thus they walked together in silence to a summer-house elevated to command a view of the country.

The darkness was sufficient to conceal any change in the old man's countenance, but his voice indicated great emotion, when, being seated, he said, "My young friend, for so I must call you, even if my suspicions are unfounded, the name of Collonge has not passed my lips for years. You know it well, it seems: have you been there lately?"

"About a year since, on a visit to my aunt, a widow, who lives at la Grange."

"What is her name?"

"Fleury."

"I do not not recollect that name. Then the estate must have passed through several hands?"

"No, my grandfather bought it much below its value in the days of the revolution, and settled it upon his eldest daughter, with a proviso....."

"What was that? speak, speak!"

"That it should be restored to the former owners, the Duperriers, if ever they claimed it."

"Heaven support me! young man, do not deceive me! you, you—who are you? You come here under a false name."

"My parents dropped the aristocratic 'de' at the

period I allude to, and I have not thought it worth reclaiming."

"And your mother's name was....."

"Marie Audebert."

"Methought I had prepared myself—but—" Here the old gentleman must have fallen from his seat, but for the promptitude of his young friend, who knelt and caught him in his arms.

"Ay, ay, I need support," he murmured, on recovering, "and who better than her son—her son! I am now myself again. Yes, yes. We will go through with it. Take your seat: near—nearer. Now, tell me—in your youth did you ever hear anything of these Du—Duperriers you mentioned? Tell me frankly. I was well acquainted with all the parties."

"*You*, Signor?"

"Yes—all—speak!"

"They were much respected, I was told, but were, like so many more, all swept away in those unhappy times."

"Did—did Ma—*your* mother believe *that?*"

"Yes—I am *sure* she did, because....."

"Because—what?"

"Pardon me, Signor, that is a question that I cannot....."

"Henri! Let there be no secrets between us, for henceforth, thou shalt be unto me as a son. Listen, now I can speak calmly; I am Henri Duperrier. I loved your mother, and—(here his lips quivered, in spite of his affected calmness)—and yes—I will ever believe it—my affection was returned. Your grand-

father gave his consent, for I was then rich; but the revolutionary torrent came. He joined the ascendant party. My only brother fell on the scaffold. I had escaped, but returned at the risk of my life, and rescued his daughter, whom you have seen. We fled, and, with the little I had saved from the wreck, and my own exertions, supported existence. I Italianised my name, renounced my once beloved native country, and, God forgive me if, in the bitterness of privation and exile, I cursed it in my heart! From the hour I heard of Marie's marriage, I had no desire to revisit it. But her father knew that I was living; for, though it may give you pain, I must tell you all. He had taken office under the ruffians of the day, and he—yes he, who had erewhile sanctioned our union, spread his toils for my destruction, from which I narrowly escaped. Strange that he should have made such a proviso in the settlement of our estate!"

"It was his last act upon his death-bed."

"Oh Thou, who alone readest the secrets of the human heart, teach me to forgive! May his soul rest in peace! But you are sure Marie believed me to be no more?"

"Yes; I can now tell you without reserve. After my father's death, I often saw her gazing intently on a miniature, with tears in her eyes. Believing it to be his, and as she only thus indulged herself when she thought she was unobserved, I respected her grief too much to ask questions; but, when she was no more, it was found beneath the pillow on which she had breathed her last. The back of the case that enclosed it was lined

with white satin, on which were worked, by her own hand, in hair of two different colours, the words, 'We shall meet in heaven,' and beneath, the letters H and M intertwined."

No words can describe the old man's feelings at this communication, and there was a silence of some minutes before the young man continued tremulously. "When I subsequently inquired of some of her acquaintance whose portrait it was, the replies I received were evasive, and it was evident to me that they knew more than they chose to tell. What could I think? It was the face of a stranger! It was impossible not to recognise it as the object of her secret worship; for the back, which I had often seen, was too remarkable to be mistaken. It was of gold and blue enamel....."

"Set round with pearls. God forgive you, young man, if you ever harboured a thought to her dishonour! Pure in heart, and unsullied was she, as the snow on those distant hills that yet reflect the sunbeams, while all between us is in darkness. Yes, Marie! Marie! we shall meet in heaven; but, while I linger upon earth, thy son shall be my son." Here the long-continued struggle for self-possession ended; he threw his arms round the young man's neck, and, in the close embrace of the son of the beloved of his youth, nature came to his relief; the parched fountains were opened, and the old man wept.

The limits of an "Annual" tale are already exceeded; but, abrupt as the conclusion may appear, it is to be hoped that the reader will be at no loss respecting the fate of the "fair of Bergamo."

THE CHRISTIAN VICTIM.

(A SCENE IN THE COLISEUM).

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," ETC.

Roll back the wheel of Time!—at Fancy's call,
From buried ages raise the crumbling pall!
Hero and Statesman, quit the marble tomb!
And Beauty, flash again with gem and plume!
Crowd, crowd the mighty circus!—tier on tier,
Prince, freedman, slave, half Rome is gathered here.
Than yon vast throng, less numerous seem to be
Leaves in the forest, billows on the sea;
And their wild hum is like the wind-stirred wood,
Their shouts like Ocean in his angry mood.

What sight to-day attracts the eager crowd?
A scene that meek Humanity would shroud;
A scene that pleases fell Domitian's eye,
O'er which e'en Roman Beauty heaves no sigh.—
See! where that old man stands! he stoops to pray;
His brow is ploughed by years, his locks are gray;
A Chief of Britain, doomed, for Christ's pure creed,
Not on the pile to burn, the block to bleed,
But with a tiger cope; the spear and shield
In those old hands a small defence may yield;
Yet still to life will hope and nature cling;
He stands erect, and glances round the ring.

The den is opened!—fiery eyeballs glare—
With a wild roar the tiger bounds in air,
Then crouches watchful, growling fierce and low;—
In that dread pause how bosoms beat and glow!
The old man plants his foot upon the sand;
His eye is fixed—his spear is in his hand:
The tiger comes! the steel has struck his side;
Bursts his loud howl, and spouts the purple tide;
And up to heaven ten thousand plaudits swell;
That man of iron nerve hath fought so well.
And yet 'tis vain;—swift rallying from the blow,
Mad with his wound, the tiger gripes his foe;
Once more the Briton drives his crimsoned spear—
The talons rend—the fangs are glistening near—
A yell of pain—a human groan and sigh—
And man and brute alike sink down to die.

Such, boast of Rome!—thou pile august and vast—
Such were the scenes thou saw'st in ages past—
A den of butchery, yet a throne of pride,
Where Mirth and Agony walked side by side.
The Cæsar's pomp, the throng, the pageant bright,
Valour's proud plume, and Beauty's eyes of light,
Where are they now?—the relics of a dream;
Long scattered wrecks ingulfed in Lethe's stream.
See! o'er the bench where queens and emperors sate,
The ivy hangs its crown to mock their state;
Where shouts arose, and trumpets rent the sky,
Ye hear the beetle's hum, the owlet's cry;
By yon fall'n column musing Ruin sits;
O'er bust and tablet dim Oblivion flits;

Time, with his glass, leans o'er yon granite wall,
And counts the hours when e'en those stones shall fall.

Gray, mouldering pile! a moral dost thou teach,
Beyond what sages write, or zealots preach:
All that Man's grosser powers design, or raise,
Bears dissolution's germ, and falls, decays;
But that which Mind uprears, the works of soul,
Shall gather lustre still, as ages roll;
Instruct, delight, and prompt to deeds sublime,
Live o'er the wrecks of earth, and mock at Time.

AN EARLY VISITER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The dewy Morn, with golden feet,
Came sighing fond, and blushing sweet;
And o'er the casement's flowery stand
Reclined her warm and brilliant hand;
Stole from the rose its rath perfume,
And leapt, all glowing, in the room;
Shook gold upon the carpet round,
Each printed form with sun-threads bound.
Anon—as if half weary there—
Her golden limbs adorned a chair;
And flashed a hundred brilliant hues
On classic Reynolds' "Tragic Muse;"
Pressed golden kisses o'er the pearl
Of Christall's lovely "Shepherd Girl;"

And, spite of Shakespeare's verse of old,
Kept gilding still refined gold!—
At last, a little over-free,
She threw herself upon my knee;
In beaming glances met my looks,
And blinded me for reading books:
Red, green, or orange spots were all
I found where'er my sight could fall:
'Till, half-provoked, I wished the maid
Was fairly buried in the shade!
For, jealous of the least advance,
She struck the fire out with a glance;
Then, as with Music's gifts to please,
Her sparkling fingers touched the keys!
'Twas something to be *seen*, not heard,
Too eloquent for note, or word!
Cecilia's hand, though oft admired,
Had ne'er such brilliancy inspired;
Could ne'er intenser gaze enthrall.
But then, alas! the touch was all!

So I to business hurried then:
Engagements with commercial men
Sped swift the time: whilst Morn withdrew
To vernal scenes and pleasures new;
Through lanes with honeysuckle sweet,
Through many a sylvan, calm retreat;
Danced with the ripple of the brook,
Still gilding every path she took;
And, oh! 'till we again may meet,
May Heaven bless those golden feet!

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GENIFRÈDE, THE FLOWER-GIRL.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

Hope—fear—joy—despair—how have these emotions agitated myriads of millions of hearts that have now returned to dust! ay, and shall agitate myriads of millions more, if so be the world roll on long enough to hold them! How old and yet how new are all our passions! Those which agitated the heart of Eve shall throb in the bosom of the last of her daughters. Come now, we will tell a little history about these heartburnings and heartbeatings, of what once upon a time befel a cousin of all the world's —for all the world are cousins, and only a few hundred times removed—some couple or rather more of centuries ago.

It was not foggy England, it was sunny France. The flowers were breathing out their unconscious happiness (for it *is* possible to be happy even without knowing it) in a thousand mingled odours: the birds were hymning their voluntaries of joy. The summer heaven was glowing, and the summer earth was glad. The city lifted its head, with its cathedral domes and glittering spires, and looked down, with something that might be likened to the dignity of intellect and the frown of pride, over the

expanse of the calm and fertile campagna below, the works of man overbearing the works of nature; while these responded with the sweetest of all smiles, the smile of peace, and answered with the sweetest of all sounds, the hum of industry.

Our heroine, and, dear world, your cousin — pray admit the bond of relationship, you will then have more interest in her—our heroine, then, issued from the gates of the city, whilst the dew was yet glistening and bejewelling the flowers of the fields, rare galaxy of gems and blossoms. She was a gentle creature, and gentleness is a sweet thing in woman. Her accents, when she spoke, were soft and persuasive—who loves not the dulcet notes of a woman's voice, and feels not their soft-stealing influence? She had the faculty of convincing, not by argument, but by persuasion. Her true woman's power consisted in melting obduracy and opposition. Her eyes were generally downcast—not that she was unable to lift them in honest courage to the face, for that bespeaks all but convincingly the cowardice of conscious guilt; for, show us those who *cannot* return our gaze, and we will show you those who *dare* not: but our heroine could lift a soul-fraught eye that, on occasion, should know nothing of cowardly quailing; for be it ever remembered that true gentleness and true courage are seldom severed, and that a bold front is generally the mask of a craven heart. But no more of description. Our heroine shall be shown in the circumstances which befel her, and these were strong, stern, dark, marked, passionate, passing strange, that the gentlest natures often have to pass through the roughest tempests.

We have said that our heroine, our gentle Genifrède, sallied forth at sunrise, not indeed quite for the poetical purpose of luxuriating in sweet scents and sunbeams, but because she had to win that daily bread, which even the rosiest lips must crave. Dear world, your cousin was poor (all the world, you know, has poor relations), and to some folks brown bread is as hard to earn as is turtle-soup to others. Poor Genifrède had grown up among the flowers till she had grown something like them. An orphan girl, alone in the vast human crowd, she had gained her little pittance by gathering the fairest of earth's blossoms, and turning them into the sweetest of bouquets. Many a fair dame, in her rouge and ruffs, sported these Floras during the day, and their purchase money sufficed for food for the fair flower-girl. Hitherto her life had passed like a dream, saving but for one event. She had been ill—on the very threshold of another and a happier state: a young surgeon had watched over her, tended her, nurtured, restored her; and from that time the calm devotion of her peace was occupied by one engrossing but most hopeless feeling. She went into the fields as usual, but could no longer return the smile of Nature. A human passion was tugging at her heartstrings. They are wrong who say that hope is necessary to love. The purest affection is the most despairing, because it does not return to *self*, but centres in another. Thus Genifrède loved hopelessly. Nevertheless, she would rather have surrendered her life than her love. The young surgeon, Eustache Desanges, was far above her sphere, and a very little suffices to make a woman love a man who is her superior; besides, who knows not how deep kind words sink into a droop-

ing heart, and these had the young surgeon often spoken as he stood by her humble pallet. Poor Genifrède! if you could only have substituted gratitude for that other engrossing and devouring passion, all would have been well, but alack and well-a-day! who can chuse their own emotions?

Not Genifrède. We wonder whether it would be fanciful to say that her own soul was imprisoned in her own heart. We don't very well know whether such a dungeon was ever heard of before, but we know that it is a dark one, and often inhabited by that same prisoner. As for Genifrède, after she had recovered from her illness, she resumed her ordinary mode of life; she gathered fair flowers in the fields, and sold them in the city, only with this daily episode, that she always selected the fairest, and carried them to the dwelling of the young surgeon. She called this her morning offering of gratitude; but, if it had been known by its right name, it would have been recognised as the offering of love.

On the identical morning when we present our heroine to our readers, she had gone, as usual, to gather flowers for her bouquets. She had wandered through a wood that bounded the domains of the Marquis de Villecy. Recent illness had left her pale and weak. Arrived at this spot, she laid her little basket on the grass full of her fragrant treasure, and sat down upon a stone to wreath and intertwine her blossoms. And first, the fairest were to be selected for the young surgeon, Eustache Desanges. After all, *taste* is a strange faculty: Genifrède certainly possessed it. The wild blossoms that, in the hands of a boor might have been taken for

vulgar weeds, in hers were full of natural elegance. Our heroine looked on her companion flowers—for those flowers were her companions — with something of exultation. "I love my flowers," said Genifrède, "and *he* loves them too. What a sad world would this be, if the earth brought forth no blossoms! and what would become of *me!* What tender goodness in Him who made all to make these sweet things! How could any body do a sinful thing, if they only first looked upon a single leaf or bud! How beautiful! and this is his, because it is the most beautiful. And yet here I have not one sprig of the blue-eyed flower he commended. I must seek it, or he will miss its perfume. I am weary, but there is pleasure in pain and toil endured for *him!* It is but another search up the hill-side, and haply I may find it." And Genifrède, leaving her basket and her bouquets, wended her way.

Genifrède had been looking more into her own heart, for the sake of contemplating the features engraven there, than around her, or she might have seen a fierce, dark, passionate face, looking over the low underwood, with a pair of malign black eyes flashing over her. Some careless locks of mingled grey and raven hung down from the folds of the soiled handkerchief, which, when adjusted with taste, imparts a characteristic style to the countrywomen of the wearer, but, when worn with soils and slovenliness, makes us sadly long for a little cambric and cleanliness. Smeared, seared, haggard, wrinkled, and discontented, the wife of the public executioner—for such she was—looked with scowling envy on the poor but peaceful flower-girl. Though alike in their poverty,

she envied, with a bitter envy, her youth and her contentment. The discontented think that others have no right to be happy.

"Singing and sighing," said Jacquette; "for ever singing and sighing in the same breath! Singing, and sighing, and sitting, and doing nothing but twisting and twirling her paltry flowers about, and then offering them to the gentry with a would-be air and a grace; and they, the dupes! buying her trash, and paying her with soft words, while I might go begging barefoot without ever getting a sou! And then to see how the people shrink away; and even this poverty-stricken flower-girl, this Genifrède, draws her breath, and turns away her eyes, and gathers up her dress, lest she should come in contact with me! And not an execution have we had this year, and not a single perquisite! If people are so mighty good, why then nothing is left for it but that Gaspard and I must starve. Ay, now would that I had this girl upon the scaffold, and Gaspard standing over her with his trusty blade! Wouldn't I nudge his elbow, and..."

As Jacquette spoke thus to herself, she gave the flower-girl's basket a malignant push with her foot, and overthrew its balmy treasures. The knife with which poor Genifrède cut her flowers, and the pure white linen cloth marked with her name, on which she was accustomed to spread them out so showily and tastefully in her basket, fell upon the ground.

Jacquette took up the knife, and stood with it gleaming in her hand, while thoughts, brought fresh from that other world by the fiends that dwell there, flashed through and through her.

What a terrible picture would that woman have made!

And now there broke upon her a sound which, from its very harmony, woke up the wildest discord. The light, joyous, ringing laugh of a young child pealed out from the wood which skirted the estate of the Marquis de Villecy, and a little, laughing, blue-eyed girl, of some three years of happiness, broke out from among the wreathing underwood. This little cherub-child's wild joy arose from her having escaped from her nurse. Her cheek was flushed, her golden curls hung dishevelled. Her white robe was pure and unsullied, and round her dimpled neck there hung a diamond cross, which not an hour before she had won away, as a temporary favour, from a mother who could deny her nothing — that mother's kisses were yet upon the cheeks of her rosy, joyous child.

We have said that this rosy child burst out of the wood with her merry laugh close to where Jacquette was standing with the knife gleaming in her hand. There is something instinctive in fear as well as in love. The half-uttered sound died away upon her baby lip; her eye shrank and quailed, her cheek turned pale, and she stood for a moment or two the image of childish terror.

"So!" thought Jacquette, "even this baby, this little limb of pride, this twig of the great tree, this miserable, puling thing, that I could strangle with my finger and thumb, even this crumb takes against me. Ay, child, if I had thy pompous father's revenues for a year I would scoff at you all, and scorn and despise you for the rest of my life! Even that gewgaw on thy neck would place

us beyond the reach of this world's miserable spite. We get little or nothing now-a-days by our honest calling. Everybody hates us, and why shouldn't we hate everybody? If people won't give, why don't we take? Now could I easily—this knife is in my hand—we are pinched with poverty. Supposing any detection followed—none might; but, if it did, it would seem the work of that accursed flower-girl. She is happy, and she has no more right to be happy than I. Her knife—this cloth marked with her name.—Come hither, child—nay, darest thou rebel?—*there*....."

Our readers, if they turn to our illustration, will see our heroine, Genifrède, on her knees at the feet of a grave, dark, stern-looking man, and surrounded by a band of martial retainers. The poor flower-girl's basket was on the ground by her side, and her hands were clasped in piteous supplication. Poor Genifrède! what new trouble is added to thy lot?

"Accused of murder," said the grave-looking man.

"I am innocent! I am innocent!" exclaimed Genifrède.

"All criminals say the same," he replied; "that remains to be proved."

"Aid me, holy saints!" exclaimed poor Genifrède.

"The charge, let us hear the charge!" said the grave man.

"Noble sir," said one of the retainers, pressing forward, "thus it was. This morning, an hour after sunrise, the child of our illustrious master, the Marquis de Villecy, escaped from the care of her nurse, while wan-

dering in the wood. After a fruitless search, the woman returned in a frenzied state to the castle of my lord, and we were instantly mustered to ransack the country for the lost little one. Not a bush nor a covert did we leave unbeaten, and yet I know not that we should have succeeded, but for the croaking of a raven. Following the sound, we found this bird of evil omen, dragging out the corner of a cloth from among what seemed to be a heap of brambles and withered leaves. We continued the search, and"—here the strong soldier's voice faltered, and something like a tear stood in the corner of his eye, which he resolutely prevented from falling on his bronzed cheek.

"Proceed," said the grave man.

"We found the body of the child."

"But what connection has this with the prisoner?"

"The murdered baby was wrapped in this cloth, which is marked in full with the name of the prisoner, Genifrède Dauret."

"Ay," said the grave man, "when people embark in sin they take leave of their senses."

"I am innocent! innocent as the blessed Virgin herself! Oh, I am innocent!" passionately exclaimed the flower-girl.

"Ay, they who can commit murder can well commit falsehood. But thou shalt be heard in thy turn; silence for the present."

"With such a clue we immediately sought out the flower-girl. She had been seen in the neighbourhood, and we easily tracked her out. We came upon her just

as she was entering the city-gates, and have brought her, puissant sir, to you."

"Hath she been searched?"

"Honourable sir, we brought her straight into your presence. There is that about her—she speaks so daintily, and looks so innocent....."

"Looks!" said the grave man, with one of his own of ineffable scorn; "Looks! Turn out her basket."

It was done, and, lo! from the midst of the blooming and innocent buds, there fell a knife encrusted with blood.

"I am innocent!—innocent!—innocent!" wildly shrieked poor Genifrède.

Ay, there are dark pages in all our lives. Who hath not read them? Poor Genifrède! we cannot follow thee to thy prison, to thy dark, damp cell, thy couch of straw, thy daily ration of coarse fare. We cannot count with thee the chimings of the clock, listen with thee to the heavy tramp of thy jailer. We cannot even follow thee to the dread tribunal, where the concentrated gaze of a vast sea of auditors, pouring in upon thee on every side, appeared to overwhelm thy tempest-tost faculties. Still, the cry came from her agonised heart, "I am innocent! I am innocent!" Yet did an earthly judge deem and decree differently. Genifrède was convicted, and sentenced to die.

It is strange, but it is true, that our reason and our feelings often take against each other. The minds of all men concurred in the justice of this sentence; but the hearts of all men dissented. The deed was too

truly done; no shadow of suspicion fell on any other being; the blood-stained cloth and the knife encrusted with congealed gore were hers—she sought not to deny them. But then the diamond cross, which must have been her great temptation to the crime, could nowhere be found. It was surmised that she had buried it, until she might with safety repossess it. And yet some there were whose hearts rebelled against the justice of her sentence. The very reluctance with which she avowed that she had left her basket and her bouquets, to seek a flower that the young surgeon had commended, though extorted from her by the very exigency of her danger, was felt as truth itself is felt by some; while by others it was deemed the mere invention of attempted exculpation; for, even were it true that she had left her basket, there was no other human being on whom suspicion could fall. As for Eustache Desanges, he was himself in court; he came forward to prove that, full of delicate gratitude for his gratuitous medical care, Genifrède had each morning brought him the freshest flowers, and, with bitter regret, he remembered that he had unwittingly commended the absent blossom. The young surgeon had certainly done much towards exciting kindly feelings in the poor flower-girl's favour; but the fearful evidence against her outweighed it all. Genifrède was, as we have said, condemned to the fearful sword of the executioner.

It was night, and Jacquette and Gaspard were standing in the low, lonely hut, which was the public executioner's home. Squalid poverty was around them,

and Jacquette stood in the midst like a domestic demon. Her elfin locks hung more wildly, her black eyes flashed more luridly; and, when she spoke, her voice had the serpent's low, hissing sound.

"Oh, wretched man that I am!" exclaimed Gaspard; "wretched man that I am! The sun has set, and now how soon will it rise again! Wretch that I am, it will come too soon!"

"Weak driveller!" exclaimed his wife; "what is the rising or the setting of the sun to thee?—or rather, bethink thee of the guerdon it will bring thee. It is long since thou wert called upon to do thine office; and thou wilt be paid, and have perquisites too, man."

"I loathe them all!—I loathe them all! There is blood upon them!"

"Ay, thine own blood is turned to milk! This comes of the long rest thou hast had. In the good old times, when thou and thy weapon were needed once in a month or so, thou hadst none of this puling terror, and I was decked bravely. Coward, throw off this craven spirit, and go sharpen thy tools. They be blunt with long disuse."

"Art thou a woman, and canst thou thus think of a woman's hacked and quivering limbs, and the warm, spouting, gushing blood?" and Gaspard hid his face in his hands.

"Art thou a man, and canst thou thus think of a woman starving for lack of food, and that woman thy wife?"

"And she so young, so beautiful?"

"Ay, an she were old and ugly, thou wouldst strike willingly enough. I would now that I could stand in thy place."

"Oh, that I were in hers, rather than do this thing!"

"I tell thee it is best for us that she should die, and that the soonest."

"Why best for us?"

"The perquisites, man, the perquisites!"

"And to-morrow at sunrise I must commit murder!"

"Thou wert not wont to call an execution murder."

"But she is innocent! I know that she is innocent!"

"Thou art wiser than her judge," said Jacquette, mockingly. "Perhaps wiser than the priest, too. Thou hast been with him to-day; and, pray, what said he to thy scruples?"

"I confessed to him, and he gave me absolution. He tried to strengthen me, and comfort me also. He told me I was but the instrument of the law; that, knowing nothing of this poor maiden's guilt or innocence, I had no responsibility; that the judge had decreed, and that my duty rested only in obedience; that, in fact, my arm had no more action in the matter than my sword."

"He told thee truly. Thou hast nothing to do with judging—executing is thine office. What knowest thou of this wench's guilt or innocence?"

"Ay, the priest told me that, if I had private knowledge, the matter might indeed rest upon my soul."

"Thou hadst not! hast not!"

"No; but the saints themselves, in defiance of the priest, whisper to me that she is innocent; and that, if I kill her, it will be murder."

"The saints! Why, man, it is a temptation of Satan. Would the saints set thee against the priest?"

"Perhaps no, Jacquette," said Gaspard, hesitatingly.

"Nay, silly, cowardly Gaspard, bethink thee!" said Jacquette, with a rough endeavour to soothe him; "thou knowest that we are starving, and thou couldst not, if thou wouldst, throw up thy duty."

"Oh, Jacquette!" exclaimed Gaspard, bursting into tears, and burying his bronzed face in his hands; "I do so loathe this office, that, in spite of thee, of my duty, nay, even of the priest, I verily believe that I could not if I would strike the neck of that unhappy girl. I know that my hand will drop powerless. I know that I can never do it."

"Gaspard, thou wilt ruin us; thou wilt bring suspicion on us."

"Suspicion!" repeated Gaspard. "Suspicion of what?"

"Nay, nay, of nothing."

"Suspicion!" repeated Gaspard again. "Suspicion!" Who should suspect us? Of what should we be suspected? What meanest thou, Jacquette?"

"Nay, they will not suspect; but they will see—all the world will see—that thou art the most cowardly driveller that ever disgraced his manhood," replied Jacquette, turning furiously upon him, and seeking by violence to quench the faint spark of suspicion which she had unwarily cast into Gaspard's heart. "Thou wilt stand before the city a branded coward; and the very children wilt point at thee, as thou draggest thy recreant limbs through the streets."

"Oh, that I could quit both my base, my wretched calling, and this place, where I have laboured in it, for ever! Oh, that this very night I could turn my back upon a spot, where all men loathe and scorn me!"

"Ay," said Jacquette, catching at his words; "it is a dreary thing to live with our fellow-men, and yet to be condemned to everlasting solitude; to be looked upon as lepers; for the very children in the streets to stop their play, and turn pale as we pass along; for the very beggars to draw up their rags, lest ours should touch them, to look askance, and whisper, 'There goes the common executioner!'"

"And yet thou wouldst have me bear all this! Thou wouldst have me add to the detestation in which I am held, by murdering this miserable flower-girl, for all men believe her innocent, and I believe it too."

"Thou hast nothing to do with it. Thou art not called upon to fill the office of her judge. She hath been sentenced, and even the priest himself hath told thee thou art crimeless in doing thine office—nay, more, that it is thy duty to do it. But now listen to me, Gaspard. If all men hate us, we ought the better to love each other. I loathe and abhor this life as much as thou dost. Formerly, when thy calling flourished, and I was decked bravely, I could hear whispered words of admiration, even though I were the executioner's wife. But now care and poverty have brought me wrinkles and contumely. Now, Gaspard, if thou wilt hearken to me, I will show the glimpses of a better prospect. Do but thy duty like a man to-morrow, and thou shalt never more be called upon to do the like."

"Ah! what meanest thou?"

"Thou must brace thyself to-morrow, and do thy part with an unflinching heart. We shall be the safer when this girl, this Genifrède, is done with. If thou quailest, man, suspicion may light upon us. Then, when justice is

satisfied, and all surmising is over—when men's minds have grown calm again, and other things take the place of this deep interest in this dainty flower-girl — good faith, had she been old and ugly, who would have cared whether she lived or died, been guilty or innocent? — but, I say, when men go about their daily business, forgetting what happened, then, Gaspard, will we go hence and begin a happier life."

"What meanest thou?"

"Now, hearken, Gaspard! Hush! let me whisper thee. In the great tumult of the search for that lordling's child—marry, what better was it than other people's children?—I too wandered out, as others did, but to better purpose. See, Gaspard: now let thine eyes gladden, and thine heart dance! I found this treasure."

And, from the dusky palm of Jacquette's hand, the flashings of the brilliant cross almost blinded Gaspard's eyes.

"Didst find it?" exclaimed Gaspard, as his eyes gloated on the treasure.

"Ay, I found it. Doubtless, in her fear, this flower-girl had cast it from her in the pursuit. Now then thou wilt believe her guilt, and do thine office manfully. And, when things have all subsided, as I have said, then will we go to some far-off place; we will sell our treasure, and live right joyously and bravely; men will no more point at us as we pass, and say, 'Hush! touch not his garment! There goes the common executioner!' but, if they note us, they will say, 'Make way for the gentlefolks to pass. There goes the good monsieur and the handsome madame his wife.'"

Gaspard's heart was dazzled by this picture. There was a mighty contest within him.

"Why didst thou not produce this on the trial?"

"And lose it?"

"And why not tell me sooner?"

"That thou mightest not be burdened with a troublesome secret. Thou wouldst have blabbed, and then where would have been our coming happiness? Neither would it have comforted the Marquis. What to him would have been the gewgaw?"

"And shall we live in peace, and where men will hold our companionship, and speak well of us?"

"Ay, and be proud to receive thy salute, instead of shrinking out of thy path."

"Then this girl is guilty?"

"Ay, and thou mayest do thy duty with a quiet mind. But this once, good Gaspard — but this once, brace thyself to the task, and it shall be thy last. Dost promise me?"

"The last!—and she is guilty!—well, Jacquette, I will try."

That fearful morning came. Reader, when lingering on thy soft pillow, haply pondering over joyous remembrances, or building those gorgeous castles in the air, with the hope erewhile to inhabit them, has the dark thought never crossed thee that at that hour the clock, which strikes upon thine ear in thy listless happiness, sounds as the knell of some fellow-creature? The chimes on this eventful morning broke on the listening ears of an assembled multitude. The dark tragedy, of

which Genifrède had become the unhappy heroine, had at this, the hour of its consummation, drawn together a vast audience: and yet a solemn stillness reigned over all. The mighty sea of humanity was silent, but it was like the calm of the ocean, which ushers in the storm.

And Genifrède appeared. She ascended the scaffold pale and trembling. Her lip was colourless, and the light in her eye had waned. Genifrède was a woman, and therefore she could suffer. She possessed none of the lofty qualities which cased, as in steel-armour, the hearts of Romish matrons; neither had she the daring enthusiasm which armed a Joan of Arc. Her spirit was truly feminine, and it was the spirit of submission. She came pale as a drooping lily, and she looked as pure. She neither braved her unhappy destiny, and approached it with a martyr's spirit, nor was she brought crushed with craven fear, with faculties obliterated by the horror of her lot. No, as we have said, pale, gentle, tender, drooping, but still submissive, poor Genifrède ascended that awful scaffold.

What a scene! There stood Genifrède, the helpless flower-girl, as if her spirit were hovering on her pale lips to depart, with her hands crossed upon her bosom. There stood by her side the priest, with his holy cross, which he, ever and anon, presented to her. There stood the little hillock of sand, which was to receive her vital current, while, on the other side of this fearful pile, stood Gaspard, with glaring and distended eyes, leaning on the instrument of death, with the dark fiend, his wife, Jacquette, at his elbow.

What a fearful picture! That heap of sand seemed to divide angels and fiends.

"Daughter," said the priest, "be of good comfort; soon shalt thou be in paradise!"

"Father, it is fearful! Oh, hide me from that horrible man!"

"She is innocent!" murmured Gaspard to his wife, "and now must I murder her!"

"Coward! good Gaspard! one blow, and it is done!" whispered Jacquette.

A murmur of dissatisfaction swelled through the mighty multitude.

"The way is dark," said the good priest, "but fear not; saints and angels are around thee to lead thee on the road. They know it well. The martyrs have trodden it before, and soon shalt thou open thine eyes on such an effulgence of joy and glory, that thou wilt care little for the darkness of the path. Cheer thee, my daughter, cheer thee!"

"Holy and good," said Genifrède, sinking on her knees before him, "bless me once again! bless me once again, my father!"

The priest lifted his clasped hands, in which he grasped the crucifix, above her head; and, as his black garment mingled with the folds of her light dress, and a tear, in spite of the immolation of all human feeling, rolled down upon her, he uttered, in a voice that could be heard afar, the sacred words which comprise the fullest blessing of his Church.

The sounds "She is innocent!" rose and swelled throughout the ranks of that mighty populace.

They reached the ears of Genifrède. Her darkest agony was to die as a murderer. The dearest thought of her woman's heart came back upon her. Oh, would Eustache Desanges deem her guilty? The words "She is innocent!" came like the surge which was to cast her in safety on the shore. "Eustache will hear that I am innocent!" She rose, with a face irradiated by that hope: forgetting all her timidity, remembering only that *he* might hear her last words and believe them, she turned towards the great assemblage of the people, and, leaning over the edge of the scaffold, with her eyes raised to heaven, she spread out her hands and cried, "Yes, I am innocent! I am innocent! and now I am ready to die!"

A strong purpose was stirring in the one heart of that vast crowd, but had not time to shape itself into action.

"She is ready!" exclaimed Jacquette; "fool! dally no more!"

Gaspard shook in every limb. He wrung his hands, and lifted them, as if in expostulation towards heaven. Genifrède's words had carried conviction to his soul.

"Angel!" exclaimed the soul-stricken executioner, throwing himself on his knees before her, "angel, forgive the deed that I must do!"

Genifrède, full of terror, covered her face with her hands. "I pardon thee! but oh, hasten, for each minute now I die a fresh death!"

"Ay, hasten!" whispered Jacquette. "Quick—make all sure, or it may chance even yet . . ."

"Oh, bestow thy blessing on me!" exclaimed Gaspard, still grovelling at the feet of Genifrède. "Holy father, obtain for me her blessing! I can never prosper without her blessing! I can have no other blessing without hers."

"Thou art distraught, son," replied the priest. "Thou doest but thine office. Torture not the maiden further."

"Gaspard," whispered Jacquette, "dost thou love me? Dost thou love thyself? Hasten! Seest thou not? The people are rising, and will tear thee limb from limb. Make it quick work, man! quick work, or thou art lost!"

"Oh, pardon what I am compelled to do to thee!" said Gaspard, rising and seizing the sword; "pardon! pardon!"

Jacquette hurriedly tied a bandage round the eyes of the poor flower-girl.

Genifrède's pale lips murmured a prayer.

The priest held his crucifix aloft, but he closed his eyes, and his lips trembled as he prayed aloud for the soul of the departing.

"Now strike, not like a cowardly craven, but a man!" said Jacquette.

Moment of breathless horror.

Gaspard stood tottering. He raised and swung the fearful blade.

A cry of mingled indignation and pity proceeded from the assembled people.

Genifrède rose. The horrible weapon, aimed in nerveless desperation, had glanced aside. It had wounded her shoulder, and the red blood flowed over her light

garments. Gasping with horror, Genifrède hung upon the arm of the pitying priest.

Jacquette's eyes turned glaring upon her husband. "Coward! craven! driveller! But the mob will soon repay thee! They will tear thee piecemeal to sate their fury, and they will do well. Thou hast not the spirit of a dog, much less that of a man!"

"Jacquette," faltered Gaspard, "I see, I see it all!"

"What seest thou?"

"Thy fears—their motive—thy crime—thou shouldst have been in her place. As thou stoodst by her side, I saw the fiend looking out from thine eyes, and the angel from hers. Thou wouldst have me murder her to hide thy crime!"

"Well," replied Jacquette, desperate in her depravity, "well, choose thou between us."

"I remember all thy words, and now I see how thou camest by thy treasure. She is innocent, and thou art guilty!"

"And now then thou seest that it is her life or mine. Which wouldst thou have? And not my life only, but thine also; for, if this deed be not done, and that quickly, thou wilt be torn in pieces. Once done, it is the law—no man will blame thee; they will disperse, and we are safe. And bethink thee, Gaspard, of the happy life we may lead in another spot, where we may forget all our troubles. Thou hast already half done the deed; it will be mercy even to her to finish it. She could not live thus crippled and mangled; and not to perfect what thou hast begun would be to destroy ourselves. Be a man! a moment and it is over. Now nerve thyself! and be-

think thee of the good which is to follow the one way, and the evil that must come the other."

Gaspard once again raised his weapon. "Now, strike, strike like a man!"

An absolute howl of mingled horror and fury burst from the populace.

Gaspard looked around him, with a glare of wild terror. His glance fell first upon the piteous victim at his feet, then on his infuriated wife, and then it wandered on to the maddening populace.

"Strike! Strike!" commanded his wife.

The weapon was uplifted; but at that moment Gaspard suddenly hurled it from him. Uttering a yell of horror, he precipitated himself from the scaffold, and rushed into the sanctuary of a neighbouring chapel.

Gaspard's wild cry was re-echoed by another, which sounded above the storm of the people's voices, like the shriek of the baffled tiger. Once again Genifrède started to her feet. Jacquette, full of the fear of the discovery of her own crime and of fury against the innocent being who seemed still likely to triumph over her, drew a knife from her bosom, and rushed madly upon her. It was enough. This climax of her malignant hatred at once overcame the hovering, wavering patience of the mob, whose respect for the laws had hitherto painfully restrained them. As Jacquette rushed upon her victim, a whole host poured themselves between. Exasperated by the spirit of unwomanly and fiendlike butchery, which she had throughout displayed, she was trampled down under a multitude of feet, and soon became a breathless mass. Genifrède was rescued,

with wild shouts of triumph. Far and wide rang the cry, that she was innocent; and the whole people guaranteed her safety. Every citizen vowed himself her body-guard, and that legislative arm would have been both a bold one and a strong one that would have ventured on further enforcing its own decrees.

It was not needed, however. The diamond cross was found secreted on the body of Jacquette, and her husband confessed her guilt. Genifrède's innocence was as fully proved as it was believed.

And Genifrède, the poor flower-girl, was carried bleeding and senseless to the house of a surgeon in the neighbourhood.

Poor Genifrède! Long hours and even days passed before the light of reason broke again after that season of dark terror.

When she did open her eyes, and reason once more sat upon her throne, it told her strange tidings. Genifrède looked from one side of her little bed to the other; on the one hand stood a dark-robed Sister of Charity; on the other, Eustache Desanges.

"Your nurse," said the kind voice of the Sister of Charity.

"Your doctor," said the dear voice of Eustache Desanges.

With such a nurse and such a doctor could Genifrède do other than recover speedily? What, though trembling terrors and intense horror often came across her, so that even memory seemed to threaten life and the shadows of these dread realities to consummate their work, yet, even in these moods, the voice of the young surgeon

was more potent than all, and his whispered words made the poor flower-girl forget all but her present happiness.

So then she was happy at last. Ah, dear reader, if you had seen her sitting in the arbour of the young surgeon's garden, with its master by her side, some six weeks afterwards, you would have said so, and believed it too. We cannot show them to you; but we can repeat a few of the words that were then and there spoken.

"You have not had one of your fits of fear and trembling for an entire day, dear Genifrède," said the young surgeon.

"How can I fear and tremble here?" said Genifrède, "here, by your side?"

"Then, you are happy now, in spite of all these past horrors, dear girl?"

"Happy *for* them. They have proved my blessings. Though I sometimes shudder at the past, I would not, if I could, recall it for the world."

"Dear Genifrède, I can guess the *why*, and I thank you for it."

"I should never else have been here, sitting by your side, *your wife*, dear Eustache. Oh, how ought every one to hope in their sorrows! What could seem darker than mine? and may it not be with others as well as with me, that the saddest griefs may be working the greatest happiness!"

"Dear Genifrède," said the young surgeon, "I confess that, if these dreadful deeds had not happened, you would never have been my wife. Though I admired your beauty and your guilelessness, when I tended you in that fever, and though I was touched by your sweet

morning offering, the pretty bouquets which you daily brought me, yet the little disparity between us....."

"Ah, not little!"

"Well, dear Genifrède, I believe I should never have thought of you but as of something like your own sweet flowers, which, beautiful as you both are, seemed alike beneath my feet. But when I heard you on that agonizing trial admit with such reluctance, reluctance though life was in the balance, that you had fallen into this jeopardy through my instrumentality, then, dear Genifrède, it was that I discovered you were already within my heart, with your soft words, sweet smiles, and fragrant flowers; and, when afterwards I saw how, in your extremity of anguish, you bore yourself with so noble a fortitude and yet so graceful a piety, then it was that I felt you were above both yourself and me. I confess to you, dear Genifrède, that my voice stimulated that mob, and that it was my arms which brought you hither."

Genifrède threw herself into them again.

"Oh, happiness too cheaply purchased!" exclaimed our heroine.

THE CONSTANT FRIENDS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

O, sweet-soul'd Flowers! with robes so bright,
Fair guests of Eden-birth,
In changeful characters of light,
What lines of love divine ye write
Upon the troubled earth!

Man sinn'd in Paradise, and fell;
But, when the storm arose,
When thorns and brambles sow'd his path,
And gentlest natures turn'd to wrath,
Ye leagued not with his foes.

Ye sinn'd not, though to him ye clung,
When at the guarded door
The penal sword its terrors flung,
And warn'd him with its flaming tongue
To enter there no more.

Forth by his side, ye meekly fared
With pure, reproachless eye;
And, when the vengeful lion roar'd,
A balmy gush of fragrance pour'd
In hallow'd sympathy.

Ye sprang amid the broken sod,
His weary brow to kiss,
Bloom'd at his feet, where'er he trod,
And told his burden'd heart of God,
And of a world of bliss.

Ye bow'd the head, to teach him how
He must himself decay,
Yet dying, charg'd each tiny seed
The earliest call of Spring to heed,
And cheer his future way.

From age to age, with dewy sigh,
Even from the desert-glade,
Sweet words ye whisper, till ye die,
Still pointing to that cloudless sky
Where beauty cannot fade.

Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A.

TO THE QUEEN.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FROM BELVOIR CASTLE.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Not in the scope and range of Thought is found
One word of praise and homage, high and true,
That hath not been thy tribute—as thy due,
Great Queen of many Empires! *more* than crowned!
For thou, fair Sun! shedd'st royal rays around,
'Till seems thy whole wide land, thy throne! pierced through
With those broad beams of brightness, ever new,
Born of *thy* light, without eclipse or bound!
Earth hears loud myriads laud thee to the skies,
Young, beauteous Queen! for *all* in zeal have striven
To speak their duteous love, which never dies!
Then, be old Belvoir's loyal towers forgiven,
If from *their* awe-struck heights, alone should rise
A voice, whose sound shall reach—*not Earth, but* HEAVEN!

Belvoir Castle, December 7th.

AURORA'S FAN.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A BEAUTY.

TRANSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LION."

Diana. Paquita! Paquita!

Paquita (*above.*) Patience! patience! you noisy old woman! I tell you, I cannot come yet! I am busy!

Diana. Busy! Heaven bless us! and the Duke each instant expected! And this the day of days, which either makes of you a brave lady for life, or a . . . . . Busy! pray come down! You careless Paquita! what can you have to do?

Paquita. Finish fanning myself . . .

Diana. Saints! she would craze one! Does it thunder? she fans herself! Does my master, her father, swear, because the dice fall out cross? wave goes the machine: O, and so elegantly! T'other day, when the Duke himself was in high discourse about his grand uncles or his great aunts, did she not flirt it under his very nose? I vow I will break it before he arrives this time, as sure as my name is . . .

Paquita (*entering.*) Well, well, you cross Diana, here I come! How am I to demean myself? What to say? Quick! the story of it all. . .

A Bird in the Hand.

Oaksteading, April the fifteenth, 18—.

. . . . Finished Joanna Baillie's "Beacon." I hardly know why I began to read it: not surely because the heroine's name is the same as mine! There are other Auroras in the world. Byron's Aurora Raby — too cold, I think: *et tant soit peu devote!* There is Madame Dudevant too; — a little too *strong-minded,* methinks, for an honest English woman to make intimate

acquaintance with! So I will even think it *may* have been the spirit and enthusiasm of the poem which attracted me. Such a lovely illustration of Hope! And the songs so beautiful! . . . I am something of a hoper myself, in spite of all the untoward influences which are distracting my lot — my own wayward will among the most untoward.

> And what though every limb were hacked and maimed,
> And roughened o'er with scars?——he did return!
> I would a pilgrimage to Iceland go,
> To the Antipodes or burning zone,
> To see that man who did return again,
> And her who did receive him!

Why is it that these words have not been out of my heart for the last three days? There is no return in store for me, or else by the last foreign post I must . . . . . .

What a weary thing is an Easter-party at a country-house—above all, if that country-house happens to be Mrs. Ranley's! I have enjoyed some merry Christmas revels in my time. Last evening, when I went down, dressed for the ball — O, so wearily! . . . . how could I help, when my eye caught my old brocade, thinking of the first time I put it on? At Ashwell's, the three Branksomes, I recollect, in such agonies of envy at it! . . and Agatha walking round me, and pitying my poor waist — "so much it must be enduring"—(I am thinner now.) Yet how happy I was then! Last night I was hardly across the threshold, when a sort of murmur ran round the room—neither critical nor satirical; and even Sir Gervaise's exclamation, "Shakspeare's Beatrice, I vow!" went to swell the effect: Sir Gervaise, that was never before heard to praise man, woman, dish, or gown,

out of Paris! Well, Heaven bless us! I could have cried out of *ennui*. The men engaged me to dance six at a time—this for a minuet, that for a *mazurka*, the other for my seventh waltz. Of course, I said "Yes" to all, according to my Aunt Lacy's maxim; and, ere I got to the sofa, decided I would not stand up for the whole evening. I could not; it would have been too horrid! One might have fancied the county of Berks in danger, by the outcry raised when I promulgated my determination. Tottenham was upstairs in an instant for my maid. Every window thrown open; for, of course, I was ill, and not in the sulks—and Aylesford's groom galloping past the window to get some veritable restorative or other from London that night by the mail train! Bless the men!—they are such fools! Ah! one I used to know would never have . . . . . Sir Gervaise behaved the best: quietly drawing a chair close to mine, he said, "I must defend Miss Vavasour from your kindness. Mrs. Ranley, depend upon it, your guest will suffer more if the ball does not go on . . A passing faintness—*n'est ce pas?* Pray, give me permission to read the riot act round your chair." I suppose my eyebrow (my head did not bow) said "Yes." . . . There is no gainsaying Sir Gervaise, I find. The men were obedient.

He deserved the distinction: for, seeing that I chose to be silent, he did not oppress me with *petits soins*. I suppose he may have looked at my hands a good deal. No bracelet, by the way, half so becoming as the simple black velvet band. Sir Gervaise does not *look* forty-five, whatever his age be; his air, too, is thorough-bred. His wife did not understand him—poor pretty cousin Aurora!

too innocent by half for the thousands and the acres of Ravelingham Park. I could have taught her how to tame its master, I think. Human enough he was last evening, in all conscience! No one noticed us, which was well-bred, at least; and, as I did not feel in the least disposed for conversation —— It was not he who recommended Joanna Baillie's verses to me—who could it have been? I forget. No. I won't remember. The evening, I thought, would never end; — nobody out of early childhood can endure a ball——Oh, here come the lines I wanted all the evening so much to remember. Nay, they shall go down into a diary as honest as mine. And verse is verse, after all . . though the author be (be strong, injured heart!) a discarded lover.

Where is she now? Are her small feet
Still eager in the airy maze?
Or, half o'ercome by languor sweet,
In some dim, draperied retreat,
Turns she—faint—blushing—from the gaze
Of her enchanted cavalier:
Who sinks his voice of harsher tone,
To whisper, gentle as her own,
And breathes into her delicate ear
Soft, dainty words, and flattering sighs,
And aids their witchery with those eyes,
Deep—humble—fixed on hers—how can she choose but hear?

Or doth the lady sit alone,
And, living o'er the past again,
Hear, in the music's joyous tone,
Something that tells of revels gone;
Another at her side was there;
Ah! is the scene forgotten quite?
'Tis scarce a little year ago—
And all without was storm and snow,
And all within was mirth and light;
And they two laughed and sung together
Like children in blithe summer weather:
And played with angry words that merry, merry night! . .

Aurora, by that Christmas fire,
We dreamed not parting was so near!
It seemed that night no dance could tire
Our nimble feet—and higher and higher
Soared up our mirth as Morn drew near.
And when, to brave the biting air,
Thou, nestling in thy mantle warm,
Didst cling, gay fairy, to mine arm,
I never thought thee half so fair,
I never thought thy voice so sweet,
(Its very words I could repeat)
As when it feigned to mock my presence and my care!

No more, no more! I had miscalculated myself, like the wayward and weak being I am . . (*April the* 16*th.*) But I will not tear out the leaf—no . . I will learn . . I am learning. I have read the above slowly, and without a heart-quivering. If I could read them aloud!

April the 20*th. Sunday.* To-morrow to London again—and what if there should be a letter when I get home!—I suspect this Ranley set would say I had gone too far with Sir Gervaise. And it is so . . Poor Lyle! (I can write his name now . . I could not rub it out, however, in my "Plays on the Passions") he made a wretched mistake — a regular piece of building on sand —in fancying we should agree. Christina Branksome would have suited him better. He likes meek women . . . people he can teach. Shall I ever forget how he lectured me, that very Christmas night, on my love for ghost stories? What would he say if he could see the choice collection of French novels Sir Gervaise has sent me in? Rubbish—unwholesome, ghastly rubbish, most of them—I wonder at a man so cynical reading them —I wonder more at his listening to me when I told him (by way of trying my power a little) I believed

in all manner of goblin tales.—Accommodating man! Had wit seconded wish, he would have manufactured a Banshee of the first water for Ravelingham *sur le champ*. I love meek men. But O, I am very, very wretched!

What is worse than poverty in married life? The old clergyman and his wife came in to dinner to-day, after service—so humble, so civil, so sycophantish!—So greedy, too—fie!.....I cannot bear such sights—in this Lyle and myself did agree. Yet this is what well-born, well-educated people may come to...And how they acquiesced when Sir Gervaise pretended (I am sure it was pretence) to advocate the abolition of the Church! I sate looking at the machine she wore on her crazy-looking head, and wondering whether what Mrs. Ranley said could be true, that she had once been the belle of her county. Did my manners to them—to try Sir G:—Immediate *empressement* on his part about a new school at Ravelingham. The man is caught, and so I will now go and finish my farewell letter to Christina Branksome. How horridly nervous I am! There is a blood-speck on my fan, I am convinced—Aubrey must hide it: I will never wear it again, though it was my poor Aurora's—probably, her mother's before her. Poor Lyle! when he rode over, the day after her death, and brought it me, with her message, how little could one have foreseen.....But *che sara, sara*. How glad I shall be to find myself in town again!

London, May Day. What vanity and vexation of spirit.....Lady Ireland's *tableaux*. I have never liked the woman from the first—as Sir Gervaise chose she

should call on me, call she did: and when she found me not absolutely an ogress—that I did not drop my h's, nor turn peony-red because she was civil, what could she do, save submit! I have had Lady Irelands at my feet before now.

Nothing in the world so stupid as *tableau* work, but when a Sir Gervaise settles that the lady elect of Ravelingham is or *is not* to do any given thing, let her look to her independence, "or for ever after hold her tongue." Accordingly, to be charmingly enthusiastic was the thing. Did they want a Calypso? or a Sybil? or a Sappho mourning over her children struck by lightning? (as dear Lady ——— absolutely proposed) "I should be only *too* happy—had no objections to anything—no formality. If I had a house of my own, I should have *tableaux* three times a week, and a wardrobe regularly provided.—Nothing in life so enchanting!"—Methought, I saw a masterful devil in a certain gentleman's eye, which said, or seemed to say—"Only wait a while, fair lady." That will I tame, or no Ravelingham for me! I shall do it, however, and before the week is out.

May 2nd, Victoria! Sir Gervaise's humble petition to be grouped in our company. "No objection whatever,"—as His Royal Highness of ——— said, when the sick lady was prayed for in church; but I warned him that he was neither of an age nor of a beauty to bear the central light—that back-ground figures were always acceptable, and the like. He dared neither wrangle nor remonstrate. Lady Ireland has been scouring

the town for her Faust, Romeo, and Darius. Last night she was in despair. Male beauty just now frightfully rare in the market. Heaven send the scarcity may continue, and the scheme drop through!

No such good fortune in store. Here is a note to say that a Narcissus has turned up. Heigho! how I hate myself!—I will only be in the French group, because it makes me look old and a fright! Well nigh sick of my perversity; but who made me perverse?—I am positive I saw Christina Branksome's back at the Devonalds'. Got out of the way quite faint! It looked as if there was news from abroad. I am sure she is happy—I saw the turn of her head, as she listened to something, I am sure a congratulation. Well, if it were to do over again.....Interrupted: a note from Sir Gervaise, with a fan not half so handsome as poor cousin Aurora's. This goes back: I shall wear *that!*

May the Eighth. Pieta! Pieta! What a night! what a morning! and after the most perfectly successful exhibition ever witnessed in May Fair!

O world! O life! O time!

But this is no time to rhapsodize. I will turn over a new leaf with myself: I will tell every thing as it passed through my mind; I will .....

It began by my taking a wicked pleasure in poor Lady Ireland's perplexities about her *tableaux.* Lady Lucy's vanity, the pretensions of the poor silly little Cotterells, Captain Baldwin's solemn egotism and intense admiration of his own ruffles, were all so many

precious little events—traits of character, I called them—by way of self-excuse. It was that I was sore, and ill at ease, and wanted to wreak my vexation on something or somebody. Then I was piqued into a state of mind I should be hard set to explain, by the indifference of the Darius whose Celimene I was to be.—No getting the man to a rehearsal! One wanted to see whether he had the sort of face, and figure—whether the dress he had did not require some change. One wrote, Lady Ireland *sent* herself into a fever after him! All in vain. If his appearance on the evening would do, he was willing to oblige, having promised a friend of his to that effect. If not, he was distressed: but really, his time was so perpetually engaged. I had a fear of the man from the first. Sir Gervaise could not bear even the mention of his name.

Yesterday morning, I was more ruffled than I cared to show, by finding Christina Branksome's card on my table. She had implored to be let in, it seems: but I, who had my own reasons for keeping out the Master of Ravelingham, had given orders of such strictness, that Blackwell did not even bring me her name. The apparent rudeness was well saved, for I would not have seen her then—for the world!—She is to write to me. I won't read the letter—even *now, two hours later.* Now that the tears are torn off, which fell and stopped me, I may go on. I shall be easier soon. Went to Lady Ireland's in a horrible humour. What must Sir Gervaise send me that bouquet for? But I was obliged to take it for my tableau, not to appear discourteous. One does not stand committed by such trifles.

The French picture was to be the first. I have no notion of exhibiting myself, after their balcony scenes—and as for competing with the *Margaret*, no, thank you, Lady Ireland. *Me voilà*, then on the stage, dressed *à ravir:* the magical black velvet bands not forgotten, and with my hair *crépé* by Isidore. No *Darius* as yet! So there was nothing for it but to arrange chair and table, casket, handkerchief, *bouquet*, all in order, and to sit down, not listening to the *fadeurs* of—— (whose talk, I must say, is like a hairdresser's, rather than an artist's) waiting till the hero should vouchsafe to shine out upon us. I confess his rudeness would have made me curious, if I had not been diverted by the dialogue going on in the darkened room on the other side of the curtain. I did not of course recognise the speakers.

No. 1. "Sir Gervaise not here, you say?"

No. 2. "Dressing, ma'am. Poor Lady Ireland quite nervous about his beard and his cloak: he has been about it this half hour."

No. 3. (*This was a very sharp voice, obviously from a small, restless woman.*) "Oh! we must all excuse Sir Gervaise for doing his best, when he has to figure by the side of his *fiancée* — and such a *fiancée* as Miss Vavasour!"

No. 2. "But he is not in the first tableau, ma'am; I am positive I read, before they took the lamps out, '*Darius*, Mr. Gerard Lyle!'"

What were those hateful women saying?—All but broke poor, dear Aurora's fan in resolving not to start: even poor, obtuse, conceited —— I was resolved should have nothing to tell.

No. 1. (*On the other side of the curtain.*) "How long they are in getting ready! Waiting, of course, for Sir Gervaise. A tyrant that man is, even when he is amusing himself. Will you ever forget, Mrs. Walworth, the day when we all dined at Ravelingham, and he squeezed his poor, pretty wife's wrist so hard in one of his tempers, that the bracelet clasp fetched blood!—and there it was on her fan-sticks....."

No. 2. "O, ma'am! I call that going too far; indeed, I do! We all know Sir Gervaise has a horrid temper; but let us be charitable, whatever we may choose to think about him. And there's some one on the stairs."

No. 3. "Well, really, it seems to me the lady's anecdote was innocence itself. Lady Diddle, if I mistake not. *Your* niece, ma'am, I think, is not married. Was there not some contradiction in the....."

Enter the Narcissus at last. What I felt, what I said, how I looked, I recollect no more than the babe unborn: but I remember his saying, in such a charming voice: "Pray pardon me, Miss Vavasour (I cannot wait for the ceremony of an introduction), but Lady Ireland wrote to me that ours was to be the last picture; and I could not get away sooner, owing to the arrival from abroad of a dear relation of mine. Have you not met him?—Percy Lyle!"

The Artist. "Your fan a little opener, Miss Vavasour, and the right hand just toying with it.....perfect!.....a little more easy in the chair! (Turn up that lamp, Trevor.) Now, sir, if you please, we will attend to you. An insinuating expression of countenance. You have been speaking. Miss Vavasour, you are considering what

your adorer has been saying: undecided, remember, and .....Let your glove dangle, sir — the elbow a little forward.....that will do.....excellent!—delicious bit of colour. Curtain up!"

And up went the curtain; and there was prodigious applause. "That's Miss Vavasour! Look, Jane! Dear, how perfectly elegant — coquettish!! And who is..... O, not Sir Gervaise—Sir Gervaise is a much older man!" Curtain down again; but a riotous *encore* of the picture. We were to have a moment's breathing time first. One feels as if one had sat for hours.

"You must excuse my being abrupt," said the troubling voice in my ear, amidst a storm of compliments from a crowd of people whose names I know not, "but moments are precious. Did Miss Christina Branksome find you to-day? You know she is going to be married to one in whom I am much interested!"

Pretty well, this, for a first interview! I turned deadly sick, but had just presence of mind left not to stir. "I wanted to see you long ere this—I felt I might almost have presumed without an introduction," said the voice again (I was, by this time, past distinguishing speakers, or forms, or colours), "so much have I heard of you; but, since Percy came back, I have not had a moment between Christina and him....."

I remember bowing mechanically. I am *sure* I bowed, then I fell forward. No use to chronicle the long, wretched night. About five this morning, I got up and stumbled to an opiate, but it only procured me two or three hours' sleep. Since then, I have been burning

letters, papers, relics: I will burn this journal — interrupted——

Eight o'clock in the evening—Interrupted by a messenger from Sir Gervaise. That fan of his again! because, forsooth, I had dropped poor Aurora's when I fainted, and it was broken to pieces. I let them lay it down, and had drawn my desk to me to make a suitable lie in acknowledgment of it—O, so wearily! when I felt something close at my side, turned, and there was Christina Branksome, as radiant as a queen! I believe, had I lived in the old days, I should have stabbed her to the heart for that look of hers!

"What is this?" she cried affectionately, trying to embrace me, only I would not permit her. "You were ill last night, dearest Aurora, and did not send for me to nurse you! And how ill you look to-day, and how unhappy! O, don't—don't go on with this wretched match —no good will come of it!"

"I am sure I am much obliged to you for your interest," was my cold reply; for, in spite of the death at my heart, I could still keep up appearances. "Allow me to congratulate you on your prospects, Christina."

"Thank you, thank you kindly! but never mind me —think of yourself. I was at Ravelingham, you know, a great deal during poor Aurora's lifetime. I saw what you could not see — such selfishness, such hardness, such tyranny! I saw him put poison into the cage of her loved birds, because he thought that would spite her. He broke her heart—he will break yours; and none the less, certainly, because you have a higher spirit than she had. I

have seen him bite his lip so when you were gone out of the room. He shewed not the least feeling last night, when he came down and heard how ill you had been, and were gone home; he could stay just the same to do his *tableau*. Lyle says....."

"I hope Mr. Lyle is quite well?" was my answer. "Will you excuse my writing a note? some one is waiting."

"Gerard? quite well—too well, I tell him saucily, for such happiness to last. Ever since our engagement broke out, as he calls it, he has been like a wild creature. Two years is a long, cruel time to wait, Aurora, is it not? And if it had not been that that dear, faithful Percy had encouraged us and stood our friend, who knows what might have happened! But what ails you?"

Ailed me! So it was Gerard Lyle, after all, and not ....."Give this," I said, ringing the bell violently, "to Sir Gervaise Ravelingham's servant. There is no other answer—his master will know what I mean." Back went the fan without note or comment. And, I suppose, I may have burst into an hysteric of tears! I dare say Christina did not understand one word of the whole affair. People so deep in love as she is have very little leisure for the love-troubles of others. But it was kindly meant, her coming to warn me against Sir Gervaise. All accounts agree in describing his temper as something frightful: I, at least, am not the person to cope with it. No doubt, he will say I have used him shamefully—serves him right, by way of vengeance. Poor, pretty, tender Aurora! I had not the remotest idea *how* ill he had treated her!

"Well, now you are better," said the sweet Christina,

herself crying like an April morning, "I must discharge myself of my commission; Gerard would have done it last night but for your unfortunate illness. Indeed, it was only that which made him take part in Lady Ireland's scheme; and we were not sure how far matters had gone between you and Sir Gervaise: and then poor Percy's illness at Liege, which kept him a month later than he had said; and I felt that I hardly knew how to interfere. But now I may speak, may I not?"

"Percy been ill!" I exclaimed.

"Don't cry, he is perfectly well; he is dying to wait on you; he is in the carriage below. I hope he saw Gervaise's servant come out. May I not bid him come up?"—and Christina vanished.

Dear girl!—how I love her!

He has just left me, too happy to feel ashamed of myself as I ought to do—too exquisitely relieved, indeed, to know what I *do* feel. I do not deserve it—my folly, my vanity, my coquetry merited a stern chastisement: and not a single reproof, not a single serious look! What I could have been about so to misconceive him, so to torment myself, is beyond comprehension. I am sure it could not have been his want of fortune, else why should I feel that less now than then? And eight hundred a-year is too much — O, far more than I deserve! I will grow humble in my rapturous happiness — will consent even that this record of a woman's froward heart shall be published, to my own humiliation and for the warning of those I love best. — (N.B. I love everybody to-night— Sir Gervaise and his toupet always excepted.)—How they will envy me!

BLACK MAC TORQUILL.

A HIGHLAND TRADITION.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

[It is said in the Western Highlands that, once in ten or twelve years, a band of spectral horsemen appear in certain passes of the mountains. This phenomenon betokens woe and death in the neighbourhood of the spot which they choose to visit, and they are headed by the spirit of a chieftain, known in his life-time by the name of Black Mac Torquill. After being seen for some time, they vanish amid the huge stones which encumber the passes of the mountains.]

They come through the mists of the morning gray—
A well-known troop on their well-known way—
Trackless, o'er the frost-bound grass,
O'er the glittering dew, they pass—
Trackless as the spirit's flight—
Silent as the heart of Night!

With voiceless awe, and straining eyes,
We watch the shadowy warriors rise—
Stalwart warriors, well array'd,
With targe, and dirk, and battle-blade—
Targe, and dirk, and battle-brand,
Gleaming in each spectral hand!

Lo! they pass!—a gallant train!—
Seldom come, and ne'er in vain;
Woe is around them, and, on their path,
Gloom, and fear, and the shadow of wrath.

Warning of a bitter doom,
They come from their forgotten tomb!

Now they near the giant stones,
Grim and white their fleshless bones;
In they rush with hurried tread;
Black Mac Torquill's stately head
Bowing in the sudden light,
Whose pale gleams make the stones more white!

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

Not in the rushing Wind,
  Which rent the rocks asunder with its blast;
Which left a wild and dreary waste behind,
  And shook the solid mountains as it past;
Not then was heard the All-Gracious one, whose will
The tempest's wrath can calm, the waves can still.

Not in the Earthquake, when, convulsed and riven,
  The mighty world's foundations were displayed,
When the earth trembled, and the sea was driven
  Back on itself, confounded and dismayed;
Not then was felt His hand, who clothed the earth
In majesty and beauty from its birth.

Not in the Fire; when, kindled in their wrath,
  The red flames flung on high a lurid glare,
Snapping the ancient cedars in their path,
  Startling the forest lion in its lair;

Not then His splendours shone who bound the stars,
And fixed the orbits of their burning cars.

But in the calm that followed—deep! profound!
When the glad sun all nature bade rejoice,
When slowly floated up through all around
An all-pervading sound, a still, small voice—
The prophet felt the presence of the Lord,
And, trembling on the sod, His name adored.

Oh! Man, learn, learn in truth thy God to find;
Ask not for fearful warnings, signs from Heaven;
Look at His image, graven in thy mind,
The mighty powers that He to thee hath given—
And there are impulses within thy soul,
Bidding thee break this evil world's control.

Think thou of Him when dews of morn are falling
On the bright wild flowers springing in the shade;
Or when the stock-dove to its mate is calling,
And flinging sweetest music through the glade;
And all around shall murmur in thine ear,
"Pause! for a Holier One than thou is near!"

Or, when domestic joys thy thoughts beguile;
When every moment brings a new delight;
When all thy dear ones happy round thee smile,
Fixed stars of home, who shine for thee most bright;
Then shalt thou feel that God has woven the ties
Which sometimes make this earth a paradise.

S. H. S.

MAM'SELLE ROSETTA.

BY MRS. MICHELL.

About seventy years ago, Blackheath was as celebrated for its schools as for its robbers, and many were the houses devoted to the instruction of youth. Among the more highly-favoured was a large antique edifice, which had long been the residence of two maiden ladies, and was known by the name of the Misses Harveys' Seminary. These two said Misses Harvey were patterns of propriety in their way, and no doubt their scholars regarded them with the usual amount of school-girl veneration; but, as to their love, every feeling of that nature was exclusively given to that dear little French governess, known and endeared to them by the name of Mam'selle Rosetta. With a bright eye, a graceful figure, and an airy step, Mam'selle had a kind word and a gentle smile for all her pupils, and there was not one who could resist the playful, half French, half English, mode of her entreaty to be diligent.

It was during the Christmas vacation of 1770, that the little event which I am about to relate, and which awakened the sympathy and admiration of many kind and noble families, took place. All the young ladies of the seminary, both teachers and pupils, had dispersed to their

various homes, with the exception of Mam'selle Rosetta. She, having no kind relatives in England, and a journey to the south of France being far too expensive for her slender means, remained with the elder Miss Harvey to take charge of the house; and their entire establishment consisted of two female servants, and an aged gardener, who, both infirm and very deaf, and consequently no great protection, occupied, during the absence of the pupils, a small room on the ground-floor. This floor was devoted to the apartments necessary for conducting the different branches of education; and a large, cumbersome clock, in an oaken case, black with age, and nearly as old as the Misses Harvey themselves, occupied the first landing. It stood with its back against a recess, for it was too tall to be forced into it, and there was a small opening at the side, through which many a frolicsome young damsel had intruded, the cavity behind being a favourite hiding-place, as it commanded a full view of the hall beneath, without much danger of the hidden party being herself discovered. The two upper floors were divided into dormitories for the establishment, which were of various sizes, and intersected by numerous and intricate passages; the house, as I have already remarked, being a very old-fashioned structure.

Well, Miss Harvey slept on the upper story, and Mam'selle on the lower one; and it so happened, that about a week after the dispersion of the school, the young Frenchwoman was awakened in the middle of the night by a slight, grating noise, which, at intervals, was repeated. Sitting up in her bed, she soon felt convinced that she had not been dreaming; for, on listening

attentively, she distinctly heard the whispering of several voices. Then, rising cautiously, she wrapped a large, dark shawl around her, and opened her chamber-door without alarming the robbers, for such she felt convinced were their visiters. After pausing for an instant, she glided along the corridor with a beating heart, and, leaning over the banisters, she again listened to ascertain if the intruders were yet in the house. All being quiet, she ascended the stairs, and entered Miss Harvey's bed-chamber, closing the door after her; but no sooner did she arouse that good lady sufficiently to make her understand what were her fears, than she commenced wringing her hands and groaning in a most piteous manner. Indeed, poor Mam'selle had much difficulty in making herself heard; but at last she said, "Madame, if you do not calm yourself, there will be murder as well as robbery;" and this brief speech so effectually frightened the old lady that she lay as if already dead.

No time was now to be lost; so, perceiving that Miss Harvey was incapable of rendering her any aid, Mam'selle Rosetta merely said she would go and see what she could do, and begged Miss Harvey would remain quiet. She then quitted the room, when she had the pleasure of hearing Miss Harvey spring from her bed and lock the door, an act which was not accomplished without some noise. Still, however, the robbers did not seem to have taken the alarm, and, the grating noise still continuing, she glided softly away, and once more stood at the head of the lower stairs. Here for an instant she remained irresolute; but, the old clock catching her eye, the next moment she was safely ensconced behind it,

and gazing with quiet courage into the hall below. She had not long to wait, for, after the lapse of a few minutes, five men and two women entered the hall through the dining-room. The women had dark lanterns, by the light of which the men deposited sundry bags and packages on the floor.

"Is the cart ready?" was the first question she heard asked. "Not quite," was the answer. "Then I'll look above;" and the speaker, taking one of the lanterns, deliberately ascended the stairs until he reached the clock. He stopped, and the beating of the little Frenchwoman's heart became almost audible; but, after raising the lantern, and muttering to himself, "Past two," he proceeded up stairs, and had nearly reached the second landing, when the indistinct sound of wheels caught his ear. Hastily descending, he rejoined his companions, and, directing each to take up one of the bundles deposited in the hall, he gently undid the fastenings of the front-door, and, opening it, the whole party disappeared in the darkness beyond. Without waiting an instant, our heroine stole noiselessly from her place of concealment, and again ascended to the floor where Miss Harvey slept; but this time she directed her steps towards a small chamber, which she entered, closing and barring the door after her.

Above her head hung a rope, connected with the great bell, which was enclosed in a little turret on the roof of the house, and was used only on special occasions. She seized the rope, and, exerting her strength to the utmost, the heavy bell rang out a loud and continuous peal. Up sprang the neighbours, far and near.

"What could be the reason of the alarm?" Fire, of course, and the word "Fire!" went from lip to lip, and all hurried towards the scene of supposed conflagration. At the great gates they encountered an overturned cart, which a few stopped to examine; but the greater number passed on to the house, and entered at the open door.

Mam'selle was already in the hall, and a few words explained the mystery. The party also who had remained to examine the cart now made their appearance, laden with the identical packages so recently abstracted. These proved to contain all the plate and valuables of the establishment, and which, but for the presence of mind of Mam'selle, would by that time have been some distance on the road to London.

Little more remains to be told. The Misses Harvey, although not very courageous, were not wanting in generosity, and they presented Mam'selle Rosetta with a handsome sum in acknowledgment of her services. The families in the vicinity also were so pleased with the courage she had exhibited under such trying circumstances, that they entered into a subscription for her benefit, and the amount thus raised was very considerable. In a few years she returned to France, and was united to one who had long loved her. Her subsequent life proved a happy one; and two of her grandchildren are at the present day distinguished members of the French bar.

THE LAST RAY OF THE SETTING SUN.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

"In one of the few intervals of sanity after the death of his beloved daughter, the late King gave orders that a monument should be erected to the memory of one of her attendants, in Saint George's Chapel, with the following inscription:—

King George III.
caused to be interred near this place
the body of Mary Gascoigne,
Servant to the Princess Amelia,
and this stone
to be inscribed in memory of his grateful
sense
of the faithful services and attachment
of an amiable young woman to his beloved
Daughter,
whom she survived only three months.
She died 19th February, 1811.

"This may probably be considered the last act of his life:—a very affecting one it is, and worthy of remembrance. Such a monument is more honourable to the King, by whom it was set up, than if he had erected a pyramid."

Papers of the day.

Dark was the vision of the good old King,
Dark lay the royal mind as in a dream,
Brooding o'er many a strange and shapeless thing,
Hovering where reason cast no waking gleam.

Thus weeks and months rolled on. 'Twas His decree
Who never errs. Perhaps his mercy chose
To lull paternal grief to lethargy,
And bathe the anguished heart in dark repose.

One blessed morn, a blessed gleam of light
Broke through the gloom. An intellectual ray
Illumed his features, cheered his mental sight;
"Thank God!" he cried, and knelt to praise and pray.

Brief was that lucid space—the last allowed
To him before his spirit soared above
All earthly thrones to where no transient cloud
Of grief may come—where all is joy and love.

And love, paternal love, and gratitude
Formed the last conscious breathings of his heart.
All by his much loved daughter's loss subdued,
The Christian bowed—the Father felt the smart.

Keenly he felt it—and in that brief space
Of reason's last awakening came a thrill
Of fond and painful memory that *her* "place
No more should know her," and his heart grew chill.

"Where are her friends?" he asked, "the chosen few
Who loved and served her? Ha! why pause ye thus?
Hath death again been here?"—"Alas! 'tis true,
Her favourite Mary too is gone from us."

Low drooped his hoary head, and one deep sigh
Escaped ere he could say, "God's will be done!"
(While a bright tear-drop gemmed each sightless eye)
"Faithful was she to *her* whose course is run.

"In life they dwelt together. Let them not
Through the long night of death sleep far apart;
And let a sculptured tablet mark the spot
Where rests the friend who shared Amelia's heart."

So spake the good old King, and his behest
In simple truth was wrought, and passers by,
Marking the faithful servant's place of rest,
Pay him the tribute of a tear or sigh.

For condescending kindly acts speak plain
To every class of men, of every clime,
A universal language not in vain,
But all uninfluenced by the lapse of time.

And that cold stone to many a distant day
The memory of departed worth shall bring;
While, by its grateful record few will say,
The subject more is honoured than the King.

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TRENT.

TRENT.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

The mountain river, ever changing in form and rapidity, but, whether leaping from the precipice, struggling and foaming through the rocky pass, or meandering quietly along the valley, still pursuing its downward course, was the original guide to men who first, emmet-like, ventured to explore the wondrous regions of its birth. Without such indication of an outlet, vain had been the attempt to thread the labyrinth formed by the multitudinous and mighty hills; but, with it, the descent into the plain, though circuitous, was certain, and, therefore, as population increased, the nations, separated by the almost impassable barriers of the Alps, formed for themselves paths of intercommunication along or near the banks of the downward current, and erected towns and villages, at a period too far removed to be traced by history. Thus the river Adige, then called the Athesis, formerly connected Rhætia and Cisalpine Gaul in a similar manner to that in which it now unites the same countries, under their present names of the Tyrol and Lombardy.

Nations have passed away; their language is no more heard; but, from the everlasting hills, obedient to the

laws of Him who called them into existence, the manifold streams still gush forth and unite to bless the existing race of mankind, and to fertilize many a distant and thirsty land. Even as before the days of Roman sway, do the waters of the Adige now lave the walls of Trent, (anciently Tridentum), a city built to command that pass into the Tyrol, and therefore always considered an important military station.

During the lapse of many centuries, it has consequently been won and lost too often, and under too great a variety of circumstances, to be here detailed; but, taking into consideration the changes ever occurring in human possessions, its investment on one occasion is worthy of notice, even in this brief sketch. It was taken possession of by Alboinus, King of the Lombards, when he won the fertile provinces adjoining from the declining power of Rome, and gave to them the name of Lombardy. This conquest took place in 568, and the conquering army was composed of troops collected, under various names, in the lands at present composing the empire of Austria; and under the government of that empire the country still remains, bearing the same name, after the lapse of nearly thirteen centuries.

The principal, comparatively modern event, for which the city of Trent is celebrated, was the council assembled there by the pope Paul III., in 1545, and continued, through twenty-five sessions, till 1563, under Julius III. and Pius IV. Its purposes were to "correct, illustrate, and fix with perspicuity, the doctrines of the Church, to restore the vigour of its discipline, and to reform the lives of its ministers," and in these pages it must suffice

to say, that its decrees were subscribed by "four legates, two other cardinals, three patriarchs, twenty-five archbishops, and one hundred and sixty-eight bishops, besides inferior clergy—in all two hundred and fifty-five." Of these one hundred and fifty came from Italy, and, of course, the council was entirely under the influence of the pope.

In the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. of France, during a period of strange intrigue between his ministers, ambassadors, and generals, with the dukes of Savoy, Modena, and others, and of war with the house of Austria, Trent was besieged by the Duke of Vendôme, who was unsuccessful in his efforts to take it, as some believe, in consequence of a vow made by the commune. Be that as it may, the "ex voto" is yet to be seen in the form of the high altar of the cathedral, "wholly of African marble, erected after the pattern of that in St. Peter's, at Rome."

The sanguinary wars that followed the French Revolution were disastrous to the city and its environs. Several battles were fought in the vicinity, in 1796, between the Austrians, retreating along the Adige from Verona, and Bonaparte, who entered Trent in triumph in September; but the French were speedily compelled to retire, by the advance of Davidovich, and its situation, as already described, opposed it to divers similar inflictions during the long subsequent struggles.

The city, in its present state, contains about 13,000 inhabitants, chiefly employed in silk manufactures and the cultivation of the vine, and moreover possesses sugar refineries, and an imperial snuff manufactory. The

people are robust and industrious, and the last report of them is, that they are more Italian than German. Thus they would appear to have undergone some slight change since the year 1703, when a traveller of that period states, "In the south end of the town, which is next to Italy, the inhabitants speak Italian, and in that end which lies towards Germany, they speak the German language; and the same difference is observable in their habits." Both accounts indicate it as a point at which the two people and languages are brought into contact; and as the wars are happily at an end, and they are under the same ruler, it is to be hoped that, like the poet's "Meeting of the Waters," they may "mingle in peace."

THE RIVER RUNS FOR ALL.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Although the cloud may rise, the shower may fall,
The River runs for all.
He pineth not who, hoping, pines—
Who lays him down, yet hopes to see
Spring-leaves upon the tree,
When winter breaketh up its frost-built shrines.

We have our trials all—our pleasures, too,
If we would wisely woo
The forms of blessing scattered o'er
Earth's wide extent of blissful things—
Green woods, and healing springs,
And sparkling gems, chance-thrown upon the shore.

Thou, brooding o'er thy discontented heart,
From poverty apart,
With gold at will, and ease at need,
And menials to attend thy call—
Look forth, and leave thy hall,
And learn in squalid lanes its famished broods to feed.

Thou, stung by poisonous want to poisonous sin,
Couldst thou but see within
The home of him thou deem'st most blest—
Then wouldst thou trace new forms of pain,
Sick thoughts, ambitions vain,
And many an uncouth shape of strange unrest!

Take heart, ye rich and poor, ye great and small—
The River runs for all.
Hold forth the ready hand to aid
Each other in your lifelong tasks;
The human heart but asks
A share of human love to light life's darkest shades.

THE ALMOND TREE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Look on yon light and blooming sprays,
Gracing Spring's early scene;
That tree was once, tradition says,
A fair young Thracian Queen;

Daily her lover's bark to view,
She sought the ocean side,
And deeming him at length untrue,
In sad distraction died.

He came, he knelt, with streaming eyes,
Where, by the Gods' decree,
His loved one was transformed in guise,
And clasped the leafless tree:
Amazement! from the branches shoot
Rich flowers of vivid bloom,
Speaking in language sweet, though mute,
Forgiveness from the tomb!

I love these old and plaintive tales,
Yet need no aid from song,
To show how woman's faith prevails
O'er woman's sense of wrong;
How she will cling to Hope's frail tie,
Till Hope's last spark be spent,
Willing to suffer, droop, and die,
Do all things—but resent.

And gloomy yews and cypress trees
Would roseate blossoms bear,
If injured ones, by signs like these,
Could pardon now declare;
Earth's sullen and uncultured parts,
With flowers, bright flowers, would wave,
Telling the love of gentle hearts
Endures beyond the grave.

THE FAIRY'S SHOE.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LADY.

Among the many petty towns in Ireland abounding in antiquities, there is scarcely one that can boast of more remarkable objects than Rock Abbey, in the county of Limerick. There you find, first and foremost, the noble old abbey after which the place is named. The beautiful ruin is situated in a sequestered dale, beyond the old-fashioned town. The view of it is intercepted by wooded declivities, and when, half running, half sliding, down the steep pathway leading to it, you have reached the bottom, you fancy yourself transported as by magic from a region of filth and smoke, of dogs and children, into a world of everlasting peace. Then there is the Round Tower, perched upon a high cliff. Its foot is washed by a murmuring streamlet, the course of which the eye pursues with pleasure, winding among picturesque groupes of cottages—charming objects for the sentimental eye, but not the most delightful abodes—refreshing the numberless flowers that line its banks, and forming here and there a small bay, where the spotted trout sport in its waters.—There is, moreover,

the Mushroom Stone, a massive rock, broad at top and small below, having some resemblance to a gigantic mushroom. It lies amidst a meadow, the soil of which all around it is rich and fertile. Who can tell what brought that prodigious fragment of some mountain to this spot! — Near the Mushroom Stone stands the Fairies' Oak, and not far from that is the Goat's Leap.

My story, however, has nothing to do with any of these curiosities, though I visited and examined them all and many more during my three days' sojourn in this retired spot. It specially relates to Jemmy Morrough, my guide and companion in my peregrinations; for, among all these remarkable objects, he seemed to me the most remarkable. Many and marvellous were the stories that Jemmy told me: there was not a hill without a tradition, not a stone but he knew some legend about. Most of them were too trivial to be worth preserving, much as they amused me in the telling; for the rich brogue, humour, and drollery of my friend Jemmy are sufficient to impart life and interest to many a story in itself tedious and absurd.

Jemmy believed implicitly in fairies, elves, witches, and all sorts of supernatural agencies. By profession he was a shoemaker, but, being passionately fond of angling and not averse to other diversions, he paid not quite so much attention to business as might have been wished of a man who has five children to support. His wife, an industrious, bustling Xantippe, partly owing to vexation on account of his indolence, partly to the effects of whisky, to which she resorted as a soother of her troubles, had three or four years ago contracted a fever, which

carried her off. "She tuk the favur," said Jemmy, "and departed in pace."

His two eldest daughters, tall, gawky girls of twelve and fifteen, were to be seen running all day long from cottage to cottage, to chat and gossip. Sometimes they would amuse themselves with throwing stones at the ducks swimming in the little green muddy pond before their door—a pond, or rather pool of this kind, close to the dunghill, being a necessary accompaniment of every Irish cottage. His third daughter, about ten years old, and her twin brother, were incessantly wrangling in or before the dwelling; while the youngest boy, the darling of the father, named after him, and his true picture in miniature, followed close at his heels wherever he went, and with the same quick, shuffling gait. For hours together this little fellow would sit angling beside his father, imitating his every motion; like him stedfastly watching the floating cork, like him, looking up knowingly and prophetically at the clouds; nay, he copied his father's manner of expressing himself so exactly that the neighbours were accustomed to say that old Jemmy Morrough would not die while little Jemmy Morrough was alive.

Now this "ould Jemmy," as he was called, was a man of about eight and thirty, of middle height, muscular and robust, but at the same time ill-built—in short, a genuine type of his countrymen. The contour of his face might be called handsome; the arched nose, the large, dark eyes, the well-formed mouth, and the high forehead, had almost something dignified: this effect, however, was counteracted by an expression of

humorous recklessness, which gave him a vagabond look. There was something extremely comic in his face, which otherwise was far from attractive: in short, the entire Jemmy Morrough, such as he was, could amuse you royally, but not inspire you with a particle of respect.

"That is a charming spot," said I, pointing to the other side of the stream. Just there the bank rose steep, and was adorned with a handsome groupe of birch and hazle: a large old willow lay partly uprooted and nearly prostrate, covering the bank with its slender branches and bathing them in the stream. "A charming spot, Jemmy," said I, "and at the same time a fine harbour for trout, I'll be bound. Don't you think so?" — "Yes, that's just what it is, my lady," answered my guide, "and many a speckled darlint have I landed brisk and lively on that greensward, and —" lowering his voice — "I have seen something else there too."— "Indeed," said I: "well, I should like to know what that was." — "'Tis a long story, my lady, but if you would like to hear it — Jemmy, avourneen!"* — calling to the boy, who had lingered behind us to pick me a nosegay of the wild iris—"run over to Masther Ryan, give my respects and tell him the Wellington boots would have been soled two days ago, only a lady who has come from a great way off is here, and I have to show her the beauties of the country, and so I hope he'll grant her this little time. I need not," he continued,

* Avourneen, agrah, acushla, arnon, avick, are all terms equivalent to our "my dear." The richness of the Irish language in such expressions and the frequent use of them attest the kindly disposition of the people.

turning to me, tell the story before him; he has heard it often enough; and, besides, he sometimes wants to put in a word, which spoils the whole. — Now listen, my lady.

"It is about ten years since I and Judy Doolan, the woman that owned me, lived up yonder in the natest little cottage that you can imagine. Judy was a tidy wife, but her temper was none of the sweetest.—The heavens be her bed! I pray. I had learned the shoemaking business, but was not very fond of it. To tell the truth, look you, I had no proper janius for the thing, and 'tis a great folly to put a man nilly-willy to a trade which he has no liking for. But my father had been a shoemaker, and so, come what would of it, I must be a shoemaker too. It was all of no use; so I married Judy Doolan, and set up in the world, as my father said, 'on my own account.'

"Yes, my father, he was a man who knew how to speak. He seldom used words under four syllables, and that was because he was the nephew of Father Phil Cogan, of Cunnicacruckery: he had a tongue that could twist itself about the long words like an eel round a walking-stick. It is surprising that he did not make a priest or at least a schoolmaster of me! 'Tis likely he thought I had no more janius for that than I have, according to my notions, for shoemaking. So years passed on. Judy took care of the house; I worked now and then, when I could get time, caught many a trout, and so we contrived to pay the rint and to get a few dacent rags for the childer. And, when my father died, we gave him, with the two golden guineas which he left

behind a grander wake* and funeral than had ever been seen in the town of Rock Abbey. On this occasion, Judy provoked me so that I talked to her more angrily than I ever did. She pretended we might have spent the money to better purpose than in treating a number of people we had never seen before. And, indeed, it was wonderful to see what a crowd of my father's friends met together to pay him the last mark of respect. But to return to Judy, how could we lay out the money better than in doing honour to our father?

"Meanwhile, as I said, we got on pretty well for some years. People who would not send their shoes all the way to Ballgloving, and who were so civil as to wait till I had time to mend them, gave their custom to me; and, as I then worked only when I was in the humour, and got money by it besides, I had no particular dislike to my business now and then for a change. But now came my first misfortune, and this was that longshanks Tim Whittle. Tim had served his time in Limerick, and now came home; and, without by your leave or with your leave, he takes an old shop in the market-place, and, before any one was aware, he hangs out a blue board as big as one whole side of my cabin, and covered all over with gold letters. The scholars who could make it out told me that it said, 'Ladies' shoes and gentlemen's boots made and mended in the natest manner and at the shortest notice by Tim Whittle.' I would

* All Paddy's thoughts and all his savings are directed towards this one object, to have a dacent wake. Formerly fights and all sorts of outrages were frequent at these wakes, but in this particular Father Matthew, the apostle of temperance, has effected a great reform. No other meetings lead to so many weddings as these.

not swear to every word, but that was the maning of it. And what does he the very next day? He puts a whole row of shoes of all colours in his window, and there the impudent puppy sits day after day in a corner of the shop, with two little sprissawneens that he called his prentices, and who like him were constantly at it, cutting, and stitching, and hammering. Sometimes too he was to be seen standing in state behind his counter, with a long book before him and a pen in his hand. And what do you think he was about, my lady? Keeping his accounts, as he said.

"But I have not near done yet. Tim hung out another board by the side of the first with the gold letters, and on this was a black boot and a red shoe, painted so naturally, that one might see it a full mile off, and every body who could not read saw what it meant just as well as if they were as larned as a priest. But worse and worse. Judy went to Tim Whittle, and spent more money on a pair of red morocco shoes than our eggs brought us in a month, just to show me that she could do without my work, and in those shoes she went before my own eyes to mass. And, as if all this was not enough, Nora Kelly, my own mother's brother's daughter, took the rogue for a husband—she, my own flesh and blood, married the man who was taking the morsel from the mouths of my childer!

"At last, one day, Judy, who now rests in pace, was more bitter with her tongue than usual, and she went so far as to call me a lazy fellow, and the plague of her life. And how in all the world had I deserved this, when I was sitting in the chimney corner as grave as a judge,

with my pipe in my mouth, considering how we were to pay the rint; for it was likely enough that we might be asked for it before we had got it together.

"I put up with all she said as long as I could; but, when she went on to tell me that there was hardly a taty left in the house, and I could sit there like a fellow without feeling, while the childer were crying for hunger, I could bear it no longer, for was I not a man? I started up, flung my pipe on the ground, and swore a big oath, which I will not now repate, that the childer should have their supper, if it came from the ould boy himself. Then, taking my fishing-rod, away I went to the willow-tree.

"But, in truth, it seemed as if the very devil was spoiling my sport: not a single fish would take the trouble to look at my bait, just as though it had not been the brightest fly in the world. 'Fine luck, truly!' said I aloud to myself. 'What are you talking of, Jemmy Morrough?' cried a shrill voice behind me. I looked about, but did not care much to answer; there was something unearthly in that voice. 'What are you talking about luck? Do you suppose, Jemmy, that nobody is unlucky but yourself?'—'There are very few so unlucky as I am,' said I, striving to appear courageous; 'you would say so too, if you knew all.'—'I do know all,' said the voice; 'I know you are a lazy fellow, and have a vixen of a wife, and that is your greatest misfortune. Bad enough, but there are worse things.'—'And who are you, then, that know so much about my affairs? I should like to see you before I have any more to say to you, if you have no objection.'—'None whatever,' said the voice.

"And with that I heard a rustling among the leaves of the willow, as though a breeze was blowing through it, and on that long bough, which hangs over the water, stood a little man, who, if he had not been so very small, might pass for the handsomest cratur in the world. But, though he was so little, he was a perfect moral in shape and dress. He had on a long green coat and silk stockings, and held in his hand a black cap, with a white feather of such length that it hung down to his feet. His face was as beautiful and regular as a wax doll's, and the locks that curled about his head glistened like sunbeams. In faith and truth, he was a pretty little fellow; but, still, I felt rather qualmish, for I had never seen the like before.

"'Well, Jemmy Morrough," said the little man, while I was eyeing him in amaze from head to foot, 'do you see me now? How do you like me?'—'O, my lord,' I replied, 'I like you beyond measure; but who are you? where do you come from?'—'Don't you know me, then, Jemmy Morrough? I am a fairy, and chief page to the queen.'—'Indeed! I'm uncommonly glad to hear it, your reverence, and I shall always rejoice to see you, your honour,' said I: for I thought it best to pretend to be very bold and brave, though I trembled all over, like a dog in a wet sack.

"'Yes, no doubt you are greatly rejoiced,' said the little man, laughing: 'that I see clearly by your hand, which is so steady. Why, how is it that your cork dances up and down in the water, as though all the fish in the river were lured by your bait?'—'Look you,' said I, 'a poor man like me is not used to talk with people of quality, and the page of a queen is too far above me—and

so.....'—'No excuse, Jemmy,' said the little man; 'I pity you from my heart, and would fain assist you. Unluckily at this moment I am in a scrape myself; but, if I serve you, perhaps you will do me a service in return.'—'Well, then, can you tell me how I am to get a supper for the childer?'—'Certainly.'—'And how I am to pay the rint?'—'Assuredly.'

"I knew well that it was not quite becoming to talk in this fashion to one who was not my equal; but I was almost driven to despair, and thought if I could only get what I so much needed, I would not care about the consequences. 'Come,' said he, 'give me your rod;' and with that down he leaped from the bough, took the rod out of my hand, pulled off the fly, and put something or other on the hook. What it was I could not make out. He then bade me try my luck. In a twinkling, the cork sank, and I had scarcely strength to draw up the monster of a salmon, that was struggling to get away. The little man stood by the while and looked on. He was not in the least surprised at the unruly fish: but it seemed a good joke to him that I had so much trouble to draw it to land.

"'More power to your elbow, Jemmy Morrough!' said he. 'There! that's right! quick! up with it!'——'By my faith, my lord,' said I, as soon as I had the monster safe in my basket, and got time to breathe—'by my faith, I should have caught little or nothing this evening, if your reverence had not helped me out, and if I could do the like for your reverence, it would make me very proud.'—'Indeed, Jemmy Morrough, you can do me a great service,' said the fairy; 'you can save me from

disgrace, or even from banishment. Look here.....' And with that he took a little white thing out of his pocket, and laid it on my open hand. It was a little shoe, and, upon my word, the natest thing you can imagine, of white satin, and the clasps were of real shining pearls. 'The lady that this fits,' said I, 'must have a foot one would be tempted to kiss; but no, she cannot be a mortal woman, at any rate.'—'Neither is she, Jemmy,' said the fairy; 'that shoe belongs to her majesty our gracious queen, and I advise you not to presume to compare her with a mortal.'—'Why, the maker, too, must have had dainty, delicate fingers. By my troth, if I had a row of such pretty shoes to put in my window, I should get twice as much custom as long Tim Whittle.'

" 'Now, Jemmy,' said the little man, very gravely, 'I am in great trouble about this very shoe. I have been a long, very long journey to fetch a pair for our queen: but hear what happened. When I was riding back homeward, astride of a sunbeam, a spiteful gust of wind dismounted me, and in the fall I dropped the fellow to this shoe. It fell into a deep bog, which swallowed it in a trice. I cannot make my appearance at court without the shoe, and to recover it is impossible, it lies so deep in the bog. And if you do not help me, Jemmy Morrough,' said he, wiping his eyes with his hand, to make believe he was crying, 'I am undone.'—'Help you, my lord,' said I—'ay, with every drop of blood in my heart! only tell me how to set about it.'—'Why, you have only to make me another pair of shoes; then all will be right.'—''Tis a perfect moral of a shoe,' said I, 'but how am I to get the stuff?'—'Come hither to-night, and I will have

all you want ready for you, and the last into the bargain.'

"So we parted, I with my big salmon; but he, while I was saying the last words, had caught a grasshopper, leaped upon its back, laid hold of it by the neck, and galloped off. Now, to cut the matter short, Judy stared with all her eyes when I laid the salmon on the bench. Such a king of a fish! I'll be bound it weighed not less than ten or twelve pounds. And what do you think! She wanted me at first to carry it to the Hall to Misther O'Brien, and see what he would give for it; but the childer were so hungry, that I cut it up and boiled it. So they had a rare treat for once, poor wretches!

"When they had done and all gone to bed, I ran as nimbly as a fairy to the spot where I expected to find the page. He was not yet come; so I waited awhile, and all at once, he swung down through the willow and stood by my side. 'Welcome, Jemmy Morrough! now fall to work!' With these words, he took a little box from his pocket, and, when he opened it, it was full of satin as white as snow, and there were glistening pearls in it, and the prettiest tiny last all of silver. 'What sort of a hand shall I make of it with such materials!' said I.—'Give yourself no concern about that,' he answered; 'only sit down and try.'

"And now I tell you, my lady, the moment I set about the work, every thing went on as if of itself. Till this day I cannot make out how it was really done. But, before dawn of morning, I had finished the shoes nate and dacent, and held them up, one on each thumb to the little man, who was perched just over my shoulder,

on a bough of the willow. Indeed he was a merry, jovial fellow: he told me stories so long and so wonderful, and sang songs so lively and so sweet, that the hours flew like the wind, and the shoes were done in a trice.

"'And now, Jemmy,' said the little man—we were already as thick as thieves—'now I must pay you for your job. Keep the odd shoe, and, whenever you go a-fishing, just peep in, and good luck, as much as you can wish for, will roll out.'

"I should have much liked, it is true, to have had some of the gold, which the good people, as I have often heard, think fit sometimes to bestow. But I could not turn up my nose at the little shoe; so, thanking him in the politest manner, I put up my present, and wished the little man good night. Upon that he said, 'Stop, Jemmy, and remember what I say—you must not tell a soul one word about what has passed between us, nor must you show the shoe to a creature, or your good luck is at an end.'—'And will you not come back to say whether the shoes fit her majesty the queen?' I asked; for I thought it would be a pity that the acquaintance should be so soon broken off. 'That I certainly will;' said he; 'only come hither to-morrow night, and, if the shoes fit, I may perhaps get you some more work.'

"So we parted. I took the shoe home with me, went to bed, and slept as though I should never wake again, till Judy shouted in my ears, asking if I meant to lie all day. You may be sure that when I was up, I went to the river. And what do you think I found in the fairy shoe, when I peeped into it? a beautiful green fly. I stuck it on the hook, and caught another thump-

ing salmon, bigger than that the day before. And there came my page, as he had promised, and this time he brought me silks of all colours, and said the queen was quite delighted with her shoes, and all the ladies at court were dying with impatience to have such a pair. 'Then fall to work, Jemmy,' said he; 'but keep your mouth shut, and you shall see that in a short time you will be a made man—that you may rely on.'—So I worked away the whole night, while he rocked himself near me on the bough. This went on a good while. In the day-time I had always luck in fishing, owing to the bait that I found in the shoe.

"But now comes the worst of the story. Och, murther! Why could I not hold my tongue! I might have had a whole salmon fishery! It chanced one day that Corney Doolan, the landlord of the St. Patrick, died, and they gave him a great wake, and plenty of whisky was dealt out, and as it sometimes happens that Fate plays people scurvy tricks, so I verily believe it fared with me that night. How else could I have taken it into my head to join company with Tim Whittle and Nora Kelly, and talk to them as though they had never done me the least harm, or taken the bread out of the mouths of the childer? How could I have had the stupid idea to ask Tim whether he was getting on in his business and the like? And what do you suppose, my lady, the rogue did? He pulls a little red book out of his pocket, and begins to show me his commissions, as he calls them, and to boast how much he can do in a week, and that with industry and good management a man is sure to get on in the world. By and by, Nora joined

in the talk, and said that Tim was reckoned the best workman in this part of the country, and the week before he had made a pair of satin shoes for Miss Dora O'Brien, who had a foot like a fairy's.

"'What! like a fairy's?' cried I; 'do you fancy that? Don't think to bamboozle me, Nora Kelly!' And as the whisky went round, I drank glass after glass to drown the vexation which the pride of those creatures had given me. But, Lord have mercy! I drank and drank, we chatted and chatted, till at last I forgot all that the fairy had told me. My hand went to my pocket, and out came the fairy's shoe. Since it was mine, I had always carried it about me, for fear some one might get a sight of it.

"'Pooh!' said I — 'talk of Miss Dora O'Brien! there's a fairy's shoe for you! Make such a one, Tim Whittle, if you can!'—A whack on the head upset me. I lost all recollection, and, when I came to myself, I was lying in my own cottage, while Judy and the childer were fast asleep around me. I hoped that all had been only a dream; but no, the fairy's shoe was gone, and though I went many a night to the river and begged and prayed the fairy to forgive me for this once, I have never seen him since, nor got another stitch to do for the good people. The fish too began to be shy of my hook, and for a long time afterwards none of them would deign so much as to look, still less to nibble, at my bait. Misfortins never come single; mine came in dozens: the pig died, the cow was driven off to pay ill-natured people; Judy got the faver, and, as I said before, departed in pace, and Tim Whittle bought himself a jaunting car,

and takes Nora and the gossoons to church in it every Sunday, as if he was the biggest lord in the land; and all my ill-luck has come upon me entirely because I could not hold my tongue about the fairy's shoe."

ON THE DEATH OF A MISER.

BY CAPTAIN CHAMIER.

He lived alone, and he died alone—
No friend did he ever find;
His grave remains without a stone,
A stumbling turf to the blind.
The rector's sheep may feed and stray,
The drunkard sing his stave,
Or the idle boy, in his churchyard play,
Laugh by the narrow grave.

The dying prayer it was muttered low,
There was no one by to hear;
Not a mortal caught his wail of woe,
Or wept o'er the corpse on its bier.
The miserly, selfish wretch did die,
Forgotten, despised, and scorned;
Death darkened the scene, and closed the eye
Of him who shall never be mourned.

The poor rejoice, and the heir will laugh,
And the house resound with glee;
And the glass be filled, as we merrily quaff,
In our midnight revelry.

The miser is gone, and the bad man is dead,
And the turf o'er his grave is green—
But no tear has hallowed his last cold bed,
Or mourned where he once had been.

HARMONIES OF NATURE.

BY MISS ROBERTS.

How beautiful, how beautiful, to climb the towering height
Of Himalaya's awful brow, begirt with purest light!
If mortal eye might dare to range a field so fair and wide,
From zones that gird the mountain's brow, to Ganges' sacred tide.

How beautiful, how beautiful, the landscape wide and fair;
The tall palmetto's graceful stem, the citron rich and rare;
The noble trees, that skirt the line, and, reaching further still,
Proud Europe's stately forest trees, that sweep o'er dale and hill!

How beautiful, how beautiful, the landscape spreading wide,
The glorious dome of heaven on high—beneath, the azure tide,
Whose waves roll on to other realms, where stranger trees are seen,
And daisied meads with cowslips dight, or vales of living green!

But not less beautiful than these, the sights and sounds
of spring;
The coming back of summer birds, the joyous songs
they sing;
The flowers belov'd, from year to year that haunt the
self-same spot;
The breezy common; wild wood glade; the silent glen
or grot.

Each has its place, and those which bloom in trackless
glade or glen
Seek not to deck the cottage-roof, nor yet the paths of men.
And such as climb the mountain's brow, or meet the
wild wave's spray,
Are never seen to grace the mead, where inland breezes play.

Those breezes may perchance the seeds, as random
sowers, bring
To distant spots, where soothly meet the gales and
showers of spring;
Such may not thrive, when far away each from her bank
or rill,
Where God hath placed the little flower to work her
Maker's will.

For e'en the simplest flower that drinks the pearly dew
of heaven,
A gift to some wayfaring bird, or insect tribe, is given,
A home, a storehouse in the wild, or fountain's bosom pure,*
Where grateful creatures share the love that ever doth
endure.

* Water Plants.

CHANGED BUT THE SAME.

CHANGED, BUT THE SAME.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

People may boast of their wisdom and fancy themselves residuary legatees to king Solomon, but, for our own part, we verily believe that the blindest people are the happiest. Ignorance, ladies and gentlemen, ignorance *is* bliss. What *is* the use, we should like to know, of finding out the knavery and hypocrisy of the world? The old discover the wretched truth and are miserable, the young shut their eyes and are happy. Experience is disappointment: inexperience is hope. To be sure, it is infinitely better to be a young simpleton than an old sage.

It is the fashion to introduce a hero and heroine, with mighty eulogiums and many commendations. Dear readers, ours were perfect simpletons; we cannot make out an inventory of their accomplishments—we verily believe they had none. They were neither linguists, nor musicians, nor painters, nor poets: they had never had the slightest acquaintance with any of the lady Muses. They knew no more about books than the man in the moon; though with this latter personage they might have exchanged some civilities, inasmuch as they

had been in the habit of rambling about together and gazing up at the pale majesty of the nightly heavens, and promising and vowing a great many things in her name—but perhaps all that might be *moonshine*—such for instance as positively engaging to love one another with more than their whole hearts, their whole souls, their whole senses, which we take to mean a sort of drawing unlimited bills on that future heaven where love fills the unfailing bank. In sooth, to say the least of it, our silly couple proved that they knew very little of business, when they accepted such cheques as these: yet they not only did so, but never dreamt of doubting the security, expecting to receive both principal and interest.

But to make them known more particularly, for they were not ethereal existences, poetic conceptions, the ghosts of a fanciful thought, but eating, and drinking, and walking, and talking, and laughing, and crying, and, in short, very actual sort of people; and moreover they had names of their own, and that of the nymph was Susannah Abercrombie, and that of the swain Gilbert Ramsay.

Sweet sleep—pleasant dreams. What a pity to be awakened! yet so it must be, and so it was.

Hitherto Gilbert Ramsay had lived on the easy bounty of a relative. He was the son of a younger son, who, having made an imprudent marriage, had been pushed into an ensigncy, merely to get him out of the way of disgracing his connexions by his presence, and had been much more effectually got out of the way by being got out of the world—India being prescribed for him—of

which recipe he died; whilst his widow, woman-like, finding in this world nothing to supply his loss, followed him to another, leaving her boy to as much grief as his little heart could manage to hold. Now, albeit those who know this world the best love it the least, yet are there a few tolerable people in it, who do kind things without an idea of making a merit of them, just because of a way they have. In this way, a country cousin who belonged to the squirearchy, who happened to have about a dozen chubby, flaxen-headed, red and white piccaninnies, and who happened not to have any nerves, thinking that a few more or less were of very little consequence, and that another would make good count to his dozen, just threw little Gilbert into his riotous nursery, and then quite forgot that he did not belong to him. And thus he had grown up as happily as possible, quite unaware of the fact that he ought to be miserable, until his nineteenth birthday, the latter portion of his life having been very agreeably enlivened by love-making and Susannah Abercrombie.

Now came the wakening. A chaise and four dashed up one day to the old Hall door, and its occupant asked for the Squire. Ceremony was out of fashion in that particular dwelling, if it had ever been in; and, though there might be grooms of the stables, there were no grooms of the chambers. The Squire stepped out, and the stranger stepped in.

The Squire led the way into an old, oak-panelled chamber hung round with insignia of the chase. He was a burly, bluff, broad-shouldered, bronze-coloured man; and, as he confronted the stranger, he looked like

a colossal impersonation of strength, a native specimen of our island whom it might not be safe to trifle with, a combination of bone and sinew and muscle, that showed him a true son of John Bull. He looked too as if there might be a danger of his putting out his foot and crushing the stranger under it, or of extending his hand and squeezing him to death between his finger and thumb. And yet, slight and fragile as the stranger was, there was something in his eye and aspect that might well deter even a giant from taking liberties with him. He had a cold glittering eye, and a lip that curled half in scorn and half in sadness. Truly, as they thus stood surveying each other, the one seemed all mind, the other all matter.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said the stranger.

The Squire nodded; he was never very prodigal of words.

"My name is Ramsay."

A thunder-cloud hung over the Squire's brow.

"You have a young relative of mine under your protection."

The thunder-cloud grew blacker.

"You have extended to him your hospitality and kindness for many years."

"Nobody else did," said the Squire gruffly.

"It is time they should," said the stranger; "I am come to claim him, and relieve you of the trouble."

"Shan't have him!" said the Squire ferociously.

"I presume, from that expression, that you have some regard for the boy?"

"I hate professions!"

"Well, then, I must infer it from your liberal conduct."

"'Twasn't liberal. He had a right to be here: was not I his mother's cousin, only once removed?"

"And I am his father's brother."

"More shame for you!"

The more fierce grew the Squire's tones, the more bland became the stranger's accents.

"You having performed yours, may not my turn of duty have arrived? Besides, if you love the boy, you will consider his advantage."

"Don't understand circumnavigation."

"I will explain to you. If I have an object near my heart, it is for the worthy preservation of the honourable name of our family—a name old, unsullied, and untarnished. A few years ago I was the father of five brave boys—now, I am childless."

Though there was something unnaturally calm and cold in the stranger's manner, yet did a little twitching spasm pass over the Squire's face.

"If you have ever lost a child, you can enter into my feelings."

"I never did," said the Squire. He entered into them without.

"And the number of your family?"

"Thirteen, with Gilbert."

"You will spare Gilbert to me—to his father's family—and the more readily if you love him, since it will be so greatly for his own advantage. It is my purpose to give the highest finish to his education, and to make him my heir."

The heart and the head of the worthy Squire appeared to be strangely puzzled: he had an idea of treachery in them—and something like going over to the enemy.

"He shall choose for himself. Halloo, you there! send Gilbert Ramsay hither!"

Gilbert Ramsay came with a flushed brow, but whether it was from riding his favourite horse, or making love to Susannah Abercrombie, we wist not.

The stranger's eye glittered, and his lips quivered, as he gazed upon the youth.

"A boy to be proud of!" said the stranger.

"A boy to love!" said the Squire.

"You are a Ramsay," said the stranger to Gilbert. "You are a Ramsay, and I am another. I am the present representative of your father's house: you are its future one. I have come to restore you to your just position. Boy, it is an enviable one."

Gilbert looked first towards one and then towards the other, for an explanation.

"He will tell thee all," said the Squire, "and hearken, Gilbert. I have said that thou shouldst be left to thine own free choice. An thou wilt go, well: an thou wilt stay, better. This is thy home, and we shall all grieve to lose thee."

The Squire spoke with a husky voice, and left the room with the air of a man who is obliged to submit to be cheated.

And then the stranger and Gilbert sat down side by side in that old oak-panelled chamber, and the uncle talked to the nephew in a strain all unlike anything that

he had ever heard before. The polished accents and the refined sentiments fell on Gilbert's ear like strains of music. His uncle's attenuated frame seemed but the lamp through which his mind shone out. He spoke to him of the ancient honour of their ancestral house, and told him that he would soon be called upon to take his place as its representative. He bade him make good speed to supply the deficiencies of his education; and then he talked of travel, and Gilbert's heart bounded. He spoke of foreign courts, and Gilbert grew enthusiastic. Yes, they would go together; they would see fascinating Paris and classic Rome; they would breathe the air of Athens, and, it might be, look on the glittering minarets of Constantinople. New scenes might wipe away the remembrance of the old, and soothe his own sorrows, while with Gilbert it would not only prove a new page in his life, but inspire him with a loftier mind, and act as the regeneration of his obscured faculties.

Gilbert clapped his hands in ecstasy. "Paris, Rome, Athens, Constantinople! Shall I see them all, all?"

"Ay, all, and more, my boy," replied the uncle.

Gilbert's dark eye flashed, and his sunny cheek glowed with delight. But suddenly "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream;" a not unmusical though somewhat boisterous laugh was heard without, and at the sound the youth lost all his animation.

"Susannah! I cannot leave Susannah!"

"And who is Susannah?"

"The most beautiful, the dearest, best — oh, I could not leave Susannah to be made a king!"

"What boyish folly is this?"

"You have not seen her—you do not know her!"

"No; but I suppose her to be as silly a girl as you are a boy."

"I love her, and will never leave her!"

This was said with an air of determination. Mr. Ramsay knew something of the world, and something of the human heart. He knew that opposition frequently nurtures and cherishes a purpose, which, without it, might die a natural death. He dropped the subject.

Mr. Ramsay remained a couple of days at the old Hall. He spent the time in experimenting on his nephew's character, in stimulating his desires, in exciting his ambition; and he was successful in raising what might be called a counter-irritation. Views of elevation, both worldly and intellectual, opened on the mind of the youth. His uncle seemed to him not only to belong to a superior class, but to be a superior being. Sometimes desire is the parent of discontent; sometimes discontent is the parent of desire. The sort of cool contempt with which Mr. Ramsay seemed to regard his passion for Susannah was infinitely provoking. Had he opposed it with violence, young Gilbert felt that there might have been manliness and dignity in supporting it, while now he knew himself to be treated like a mere silly boy.

"Gilbert, I go to-morrow," said Mr. Ramsay.

"Alone, sir?" asked Gilbert, with an air of disappointment.

"As you will. I shall be happy to have you with me, if you can arrange"—and here Mr. Ramsay yawned—"your love-affair."

"Am I a child?" exclaimed Gilbert, indignantly.

"I don't know indeed," replied Mr. Ramsay, languidly; "you know best whether you behave like one. I have no wish even to offer an opinion; but, if you were to consult either yourself or any one else, I should suppose that it would not be long before you arrived at a solution of the question. You are offered the tour of Europe, introduction into the first classes of society, the means of improving your exceedingly defective education, a certain position in life, and the future prospect of being made the head of your father's house: but you think it better to stay in a stagnant country village, enveloped in the fogs of ignorance, picking cowslips and primroses, to heap up in a girl's apron. There, don't look so hot, Gilbert. I am not going to fatigue myself with contesting the point. You have nothing to do but to please yourself."

"Cowslips in a girl's apron!"

"Yes; I fancied that I met you and Susannah together this morning, and she certainly had a bundle of weeds in her apron; possibly I poetized them when I called them primroses and cowslips. By the bye, perhaps you had been playing pastoral, and helping her in her milk-maid capacity; you never read Virgil, I suppose—the eclogues are not known here: well, then, it was not classical; it was only pastoral, from natural taste. But, *en passant*, Gilbert, when *gentlemen* amuse themselves by playing the Corydon, they generally chuse a Phyllis who does not wear double-soled, hobnailed shoes, nor a dew-draggled petticoat."

There is nothing so provoking as truth a little aggra-

vated. Gilbert could not deny these injurious charges quite entirely.

"And you speak thus unworthily of my Susannah!"

"Oh, not at all unworthily. I would not utter an injurious word. On the contrary, I think her a very comely, buxom, good-tempered country-girl. To be sure, she does laugh rather too loud, and eat too immoderate a quantity of bread and butter; but these things are the consequence of rude health and vulgar education."

Confusion and indignation choked Gilbert's utterance.

A mingling of triumph, contempt, and pity, passed across the heart of Mr. Ramsay.

"Gilbert," he said, kindly and gently, "I will treat you like a rational being for the next five minutes. The obscurity of your situation and the defectiveness of your education have left you an easy prey to impressions, which, under other circumstances, could not have touched you. If you accompany me into the world, that world of which you know nothing, you will presently wonder at your own boyish delusion, and congratulate yourself upon your freedom."

"I shall never cease to love Susannah!"

Mr. Ramsay smiled a scornful smile.

"You wish me to abandon her! I would die sooner!"

Mr. Ramsay knew better than to contradict him. He merely smiled again. "You had better live with her than die with her. Then, as a consequence, I go alone to-morrow."

Gilbert's face grew blank. There was a pause.

"May I go with you, and return to keep my engagement with Susannah?"

There was another pause between them.

"This is not what I had intended," said Mr. Ramsay, gently. "Nevertheless, I wish to win your affection, Gilbert. On these conditions you shall go with me, to return when you are one and twenty, and to marry Susannah Abercrombie, if you then continue to wish it."

"A thousand thanks, dear uncle! *If* I continue to wish it! Nothing in this world can change my heart. I am satisfied."

"And so am I," said Mr. Ramsay to himself; "six months will not have passed away before you will be weaned from every thought of her. Cultivation and refinement will expunge the image of this clumsy country girl, and leave nothing but shamefaced wonder at the boyish infatuation. Yes, I too am satisfied."

It may be, and no doubt is, very poetical to talk about beauty in tears; and, though it may look becoming enough for a few drops, like liquid diamonds, to glitter off from the long eyelashes of a sorrowful beauty, yet do we opine that a good hearty fit of crying—downright, earnest, actual sobbing and weeping—is mightily unbecoming. Real tears do stain the face, and eyes look none the brighter for being bordered with vermilion; sobs are seldom musical, and assuredly smiles are infinitely more becoming than tears.

Mr. Ramsay's taste was somewhat shocked at the exhibition of Susannah's violent grief at parting. He did not admire boisterous sobbing, a blotched face, nor

noisy exclamations. The want of refinement in the poor girl's agony rendered him very unsympathizing; and there was a sort of latent contempt in the style of his cold farewell. His freezing unfeelingness was, however, abundantly compensated by Gilbert's glowing, red-hot love. His words gushed out like a fiery torrent. All things else might change; but he, never! never! No other human being in the world had felt such a passion ever, ever! the sun, and the moon, and the stars, might all be put out; but he should remain the same, the same! not only would it be impossible to forget her, but he should never have a thought that did not belong to her! He knew that, wherever he might go, and wherever he might wander, he should never behold another one-hundredth part so beautiful, or one-thousandth part so good; and he would return and marry her at the stipulated time, though all the uncles and emperors in the world were leagued together to prevent him, and though all the combined armies of Europe were drawn up in battle-array against him—ay, that he would!

Howbeit, in spite of all his protestations, the sorrow was present, and the compensation future, which indeed is the defectiveness of all consolation. Susannah sobbed till she was hoarse, and cried till she was blind; but at length the last convulsive grasp was loosened, the last word was spoken, and Gilbert had gone.

Well, time is always passing, that is a trite truth; but it passes very differently with different people. Widely opposite was its course with Gilbert and Susannah. Hitherto, the youth's existence had been a species of

vegetation; it was now only that he began to live. The calm yet kind intellectuality of his uncle's character seemed to extend an ennobling influence upon his own; the turbulence of passion subsided; the boorish boy grew into the accomplished man; all that education and travel could do to instruct and polish was done; the comeliness of his person refined into beauty; his utterance grew into music, his movements into grace.

And yet, through all this change of scene and change of character, Gilbert Ramsay preserved that one romantic corner in his character, wherein Susannah was enshrined untouched. The spell of a first affection is not always lightly broken. And now the time drew near which was to test his feelings.

It was evening, an evening in June, when Mr. Ramsay's travelling carriage rolled up the avenue of old trees which led up to the old Hall. Mr. Ramsay was sitting silent and meditative, with half-closed eyes, leaning in one corner. Gilbert, on the contrary, looked out with orbs dilated and a face flushed with expectation. How was it that each familiar thing appeared at once changed and the same? the trees seemed stunted in their growth, the road more narrow, and that old Hall, which he had once thought so spacious a palace, how could it have become so dwarfed and shrunken? No matter! Susannah would be still the same, as beautiful as when adored by his boyish fancy. What though he had gazed upon paintings in Italy and statues in Athens, Susannah's living loveliness outshone them all! He should soon see her, and she would be his.

And Susannah? we say everything when we say that she really was still the same.

Now, there was a certain rough old room in that homely old Hall, with whitewashed walls, and a deeply-sunken fireplace adorned with Dutch tiles and an enormous pickle-jar of flowers, that had been known from time immemorial as the school-room of the rising generation. Full well did Gilbert remember the spot where he had alternately riotously romped and wearily thumbed his spelling-book, and he knew that, if ancient habits still prevailed, it was here he should find his beautiful Susannah.

According to his divination, in that very room sat his divinity, not according to all established rules for heroines, stringing pearls, or weaving garlands, or thrilling her lute-strings; but taking her tea with the Squire's round dozen of chubby, ruddy, wool-headed, buxom bairns, and eating a most unpoetical thick slice of bread and butter. We often hear talk of graceful negligence, and wildly flowing locks, and, if that sort of style ever becomes anybody, it certainly did not suit Susannah. Truth to tell, she looked very blowsy, with a face in which the red had not respectfully confined itself to lips and cheeks, and hair dishevelled, and very far from classically arranged. She had grown too stout for her youthfulness; her dress was clumsy and did not fit; the disfigurement of a variety of opposing colours gave her the coarse stamp of bad taste; her shoes were too large; and, alas!—must we write it—her hands were dirty.

The noise, the clamour, the vulgar confusion, were at the height when Gilbert stood in the midst; Susannah

was screaming for quiet at the top of her voice, all unconscious of the presence of the pale, silent, elegant, heart-stricken young man. Alas! the illusion of his life was broken—the sleeper had awakened from his dream.

Susannah's shriek of recognition roused him; in a moment she had precipitated herself upon him, laughing, crying, and exclaiming in her own broad, provincial tongue.

Alas! the tones were no longer musical to his ear nor precious to his heart.

"Ah, how happy we shall be!" exclaimed Susannah.

"How miserable, rather!" thought Gilbert to himself.

Mr. Ramsay waited anxiously for his nephew. The first glance told all. A slight touch of mingled triumph and satisfaction passed quickly across his face.

"I have seen her!" exclaimed Gilbert, "and am....."

"Happy?" asked Mr. Ramsay.

"*Miserable!*" ejaculated the youth.

"My poor boy, blame not yourself," said Mr. Ramsay. "It could not be otherwise, but that you should meet with disappointment. The intellect that cannot stand still must often leave the heart behind."

"She is changed beyond expression!" said Gilbert.

"It is you who are changed; she remains the same."

"And so is this idol-image dethroned from the altar of my heart. Oh, uncle, if you knew how I have doted, and longed, and loved, these two entire years! How I raised her in my thoughts higher and higher....."

"Her image was buoyed up upon your thoughts, and these were becoming daily more elevated."

"And now to find her coarse, gross, provincial, vulgar....."

"She was ever so."

"Her personal beauty abased by her want of all intellect....."

"I knew that mere corporeal beauty could have no value in your eyes, when those eyes were opened on the world of intellect."

"She has been my angel-thought of love and loveliness; and now I find her but a hoyden of robust clumsiness!"

"And her heart?"

"Ah, that I fear is unchanged also."

"You deplore what has been your sustaining hope, through these two years of separation. I knew, when you parted from this country girl, that it was in vain to reason with your feelings; and I knew full well that every advance of intellect and refinement would more widely separate you from this object of your raw, boyish idolatry: therefore it was that I permitted your engagement to be fulfilled only if you continued to wish it. You do not wish it. It is cancelled. I rejoice in the perfect confidence which exists between us. You have never hid your heart from me, and I have been always tolerant of its extravagancies. My dear Gilbert, do not regret this passing folly. All men, even the wisest, have been children at least once in their lives."

"Ah! dear uncle, I should be only too happy to be free from the shackles which I have forged for myself.

That which would have been my grief yesterday would be my joy to-day, blind mortals that we are! If Susannah had only proved faithless—if I had found her favouring another—but, no! she loves me still, with all the hoydenish fervour of her imaginative nature."

"I had a little hope, myself, of finding her entangled with some country clown. But we must give that up. Now that you are returned, Gilbert, your fine person, your high polish, and your really distinguished air, cannot, even by the utmost good fortune, fail to find an instantaneous preference. It would have been more agreeable had the defection been on her side; as it is, you must leave me to bear the brunt of the matter—I will take it on myself."

"My dear uncle, do you forget that my honour is pledged? I could not be so base as to forfeit my engagement. Have I not sworn oaths, that I now blush for, never to cease to love Susannah, and never to forsake her? The one-half of those solemn promises I cannot keep; it does not depend upon myself; the other I can, and must."

"Would you sacrifice the man to the heedlessness of the boy?"

"I sacrifice myself to my own honour!" said Gilbert, mournfully, but positively.

We pass over all the reasoning, right or wrong, which Mr. Ramsay used to divert his nephew from his purpose. Gilbert felt himself bound by his own honour. Once or twice it glanced across his mind to appeal to Susannah herself; but two considerations restrained him: the one was, that doing so would be a breach of confidence; the

other, that it would be unavailing. He gave Susannah no credit for anything like generosity, or delicacy of sentiment.

Alas for the mutability of man! That which he pants for as his great happiness to-day he dreads as his great misery to-morrow. What an infinite folly to wish for anything in this world!

The bells rang merrily. The Squire's old Hall was a very Babel of hospitality. Cousins, down to the fifteenth degree, were there by dozens. A sheep was roasted whole for the villagers, and home-brewed was as plentiful as water. Long and loud were the peals of laughter, which rang through the rough rooms, and longest and loudest were Susannah's. The Squire shook hands with everybody, but more frequently than all with Gilbert; clapping him on the shoulder, and declaring that, as he was the best fellow in the world, so should he be the happiest. Everybody congratulated Gilbert at every moment. Susannah was dressed as fine as money and the village sempstress could make her. So were her bridesmaids, and a dozen young girls in white strewed flowers in her path to the church-door; and the rubicund parson looked as good-tempered and waggish as health and plenty could make him, and Susannah and Gilbert were married, and everybody tittered, even in the church; but, when they got into the vestry, they laughed outright—parson and all, even with his surplice on. And now they had got back to the old Hall, and now corks had been drawn, and chickens demolished, and hams made to look foolish; and now

Susannah had changed her bridal attire for a travelling-dress, scarcely less gay; and now a hundred adieus had been said, and the same repeated, and ditto again; and now hands had been shaken till shoulders and wrists were almost dislocated; and now Susannah and Gilbert were gone, leaving the company behind, to eat, and to drink, and to laugh, and to dance, and to sing, and to cite the bridegroom as an example of faith and constancy, whom even foreign parts could not spoil, but who had come home to his own true love, to marry her, in spite of all the French ladies and the hard-hearted uncles in the world—and so, over and over again, as long as they could preserve the ability, they drank to the health of the new-married pair, vowing and declaring that they were, and should be, the very happiest couple in the world.

That hard-hearted uncle had gone, because he could not stay and see the misery of him, whom he loved best, consummated. Yet had he made a most generous provision for his worldly ease, and had promised to meet him at the end of the honeymoon, to arrange their future mode of passing life.

The honeymoon! Ah, that almost drove Gilbert mad. He missed his uncle's refined companionship, and his bride's coarse tastes and vulgar habits continually outraged his morbid feelings. At the end of that month, Gilbert felt that suicide was preferable to such martyrdom, and that, if he could not be relieved from the last, he should almost be driven to commit the first.

Yet had Susannah no dream that the long, the ardent love, so ratified, and so attested, had undergone one

shade of diminution. She was happy in her ignorance, and boisterous in her happiness.

Susannah had eaten a dinner, which had made Gilbert sigh, so out of all keeping was it with his ideas of womanly refinement. Susannah threw herself on the sofa and slept. After a season of oblivious repose, she was roused to consciousness by Gilbert's voice. He was speaking to his uncle—that odious uncle! Why had he come, with his fanciful ways, to disturb their happiness? Suddenly, the meaning of those words flashed across her senses, and she lay mute, like one stricken by a violent blow.

"Uncle, save me from this misery, or I shall destroy myself!" said Gilbert in a passionate and agonized voice.

"Gilbert, be calm."

"I have borne this month of madness without letting her see my feelings, but I can endure it no longer. I would not willingly wound her, for, after all, the fault is not hers! She cannot help being coarse, uneducated, vulgar-minded; neither is it mine that I cannot longer endure her society."

"In marrying her, you sacrificed yourself, but you did it with an honourable feeling; that should console you."

"I strive not to repent, but the effort is destruction—distraction! She cannot utter a word without exposing her ignorance and illiterateness, and, oh! dear uncle, you have spoiled me for these things."

"Where is Susannah now?"

"I know not. In her own room. Sleeping, romping—I cannot tell."

"At all events, it is not safe for us to speak here, and with you in this excited state. Come with me, and we will consult together."

And they had gone, unconscious of her presence; a table and a stand of flowers had concealed her from their sight. Yet how had those few words changed the colour of her destiny! By what unaccountable chemistry had they transformed the aspect of the whole world!

It was not till the evening that Mr. Ramsay and Gilbert returned. The latter was flushed and confused, the former sedately calm. He told Susannah that he was unexpectedly compelled to take his nephew with him to the Continent, on sudden business; that they must embark on the morrow. Evidently they expected a scene. Both looked earnestly at her. They thought she would have raved extravagantly, and declared her determination never to be sundered from her beloved Gilbert. And in the morning she would have done this: in the evening she sat in a sullen stupor. "She does not love me as I thought," said Gilbert to himself; "she is incapable of a pure passion: I shall leave her with the less regret;" and then Mr. Ramsay asked whether she would prefer returning to her early home, the Squire's hospitable dwelling, or remaining where she was, with a lady for her companion; and then she told them she would stay in that very house, but would admit no lady, and being violent in this, they submitted; and then Mr. Ramsay spoke of the liberal allowance left for her comfort, for which she returned no thanks, and then Gilbert tried to speak of parting sorrow, but got no answer, and by and by they were gone. Susannah

watched them from the window, which may be seen in our illustration, until they were out of sight, and then, dashing herself upon the floor, lay the long day in wild, tumultuous, passionate distraction.

They met no more for two long years, during which time Gilbert received but one communication from Susannah, and that one within the first month. Truly, for a gentleman who had learned to estimate the elegancies of life perhaps somewhat the more for their late appreciation, the style of Susannah's epistle might almost reconcile him to its being a solitary one. The paper had been ruled, and the orthography proved but little acquaintance with Dr. Johnson. Evidently written with laborious difficulty, there was the less wonder at its being laconic — and laconic it was, merely telling him, what he could very well see, that she was unused to making letters, having nothing to tell, and therefore should not trouble him with any more. Gilbert, for his own part, made a point of writing to her about once in six weeks or two months. He sent her foreign presents, and Mr. Ramsay was liberal of his money, for both felt conscious that, had Susannah possessed a deeper sensibility, she would have had much of which to complain; and, as it was, they were not quite sure whether she might not be a little, if only a little, *injured.*

But, as we have said, two years have passed, and Mr. Ramsay is compelled to visit his estates in England. For very shame, Gilbert must seek again his forsaken wife. Susannah once more expects him.

And now she sits with a throbbing heart at that very

window from which she watched his departure. Our readers may behold her, if they turn to our illustration. True, they may not know her, may not recognise her individuality, may ask, if this beautiful, elegant, and graceful being is the very identical vulgar village hoyden about whom we have been telling them this veritable history. Even so, dear readers. There is a mighty power in sympathy, and love is but an all-engrossing and entire sympathy. Susannah's love was vital, though her faculties were dormant. She had been roused by a sudden blow to a sense of her own misery, her own imperfections. Gilbert had left her in the sullen stupor of despair, unconscious how deeply she was stricken; but there is this one grand distinction between the really ignobly minded and those capable of higher things: that which crushes the one vivifies the other. As Susannah lay in her distraction on that very floor two years ago, she had passionately asked herself, "We were alike—united, counterparts, before we parted, and what has now divided us and made us strangers—strangers though wife and husband?" and then Gilbert's horrible words answered her, "Coarse, uneducated, vulgar-minded, ignorant, and illiterate!" If she were these, so too had he once been. If he were changed, why might not she too change? *That* was the first moment of regenerated mind. There was no future standing still for Susannah.

And oh! how she laboured! Pride and love both lent their inspiration. Mr. Ramsay's liberality enabled her to surround herself with books and masters, and no sluggish student, no lagging pupil, was Susannah. New worlds opened on her view, and she no longer wondered

that her Gilbert had been unable to endure the companionship of her ignorance. She forgave him, or rather she generously exculpated him. After a while she went into society, that she might acquire its polish; and she was happy because she had new enjoyments, and she lived for a motive. As it must ever be the case, her manners kept pace with her mind. Her beauty grew refined, her habits elegant, her motions graceful. Her very habitation received its polish from her. And now she is sitting, as our plate shows her, attired by the Graces, full of trembling hope; she has seen from the window his carriage stop, and now she turns to receive him.

Gilbert entered, downcast, dejected, discontented, like one who returns to his dungeon. He tried to frame his lips to the expression of artificial joy, but he was suddenly startled out of the kind hypocrisy. Could this elegant, this graceful, this ladylike creature be the hoyden he had left, the wife whom he had forsaken? The change flashed across him with an overpowering emotion.

"Are you indeed my Susannah?" burst from his lips.

"I am!" exclaimed Susannah, as she threw herself into his arms.

THE STROMCARL.

Far and wide
O'er the mountain's side
  Night spreads its heavy wings;
The ripples sleep
On the face of the deep,
  And the Water Spirit sings,

Now swelling high,
Now gliding by,
  In softly-thrilling tones;
The Stromcarl smiled,
As the echo wild
  Returned its plaintive moans.

And oftentimes,
As the watery chimes
  Of his dewy harp-strings sound,
The moonbeams glance
On the merry dance
  Of the bubbles circling round.

"Oh wherefore play
Thy roundelay,
  Salvation's not for thee?
At second birth
Of heaven and earth,
  There shall be no more sea."

The Stromcarl heard
The last rough word,
  And threw his harp aside;
I saw him sink
In the river's brink,
  And melt away in the tide.

Deep and unseen,
Through the dark ravine,
  The bubbling waters gush;

And, at every turn,
The feathery fern
Waves to the tufted rush.

Hushed and still,
The little rill
Looked up to the heavens above;
The moon on high,
With her large pale eye,
Looked down on it with love.

"Oh, mortal, why
So thoughtlessly
Didst thou the Stromcarl wrong?
Bid him rejoice,
For his silvery voice
Shall join the Seraphs' song.

"To him above,
Whose name is Love,
High sounding praise He giveth;
God, evermore,
Let him adore,
For his Redeemer liveth."

Now, every night,
By the clear moonlight,
Right joyfully he sings;
"There are streams of love
In the heavens above,
For all created things."

E. B.

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THE MAGYAR AND THE MOSLEM.

AN HUNGARIAN TRADITION.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Among the foremost of the Hungarian nobles who fought against the forces of Sultan Solyman, during his invasion of their country, was Ladislaus of Keretsényi, a leader eminently distinguished for his valour and intrepidity, and to whom common acclaim had awarded the title of Hero. Unfortunately, however, both for himself and for his cause, the true heroism of the soul, which engenders generosity and mercy, was utterly unknown to him. His courage was merely that brute impulse and physical instinct which revels in carnage, and scoffs at danger; and, still worse, it was the offspring of deep hate and virulent revenge. From his father he had inherited so bitter and implacable a loathing of the Turks, that he no longer allowed to them the rank of human beings, but for a time affected, and ultimately taught himself, to believe them to be mere living machines, destined only to suffer and succumb beneath the hand of the Christians. In the extremity of his infatuation, Keretsényi hugged this his darling sin, and esteemed it holy, because he mingled with his individual detestation the question of religious creeds, and thus he dared to thank God and the

Saints, after each successive and wanton cruelty towards his Moslem captives, that he had been made the favoured instrument of their sufferings.

Nor were the occasions scant for indulging this antipathy; for, in the frequent encounters which took place between his own followers and those of the different Turkish generals, he immolated without mercy all his prisoners, of whatever age or sex; and his odious reputation for cruelty soon became so familiar to his opponents, that his very name created a terror throughout their ranks; and there was not one among them who would not rather have perished beneath his sword than have become his captive. To such extremities, indeed, had he carried his blind and bigoted ruthlessness, that even among his own countrymen he was familiarly known as the "Tormentor of the Turks."

Ere long, this vicious propensity required such constant aliment, that he extended his ferocious inhumanity to his own vassals, who were, at that period, entirely at the disposal of their feudal lords, both in life and limb; and, his reckless daring and unvarying success having filled his treasury as well as fed his hate, he became, in 1560, the purchaser of the noble estate of Nikolsburg, in Moravia, greatly to the consternation of the serfs, who were transferred, together with the land, from the gentle although unthrifty sway of the improvident Christopher of Lichtenstein, to the iron rule of the cruel Keretsényi. To this, which became at once his favourite possession, the Count Ladislaus was in the habit of retiring, during the summer months, in those brief intervals of peace, which were, in the troublous times of which we write,

allowed to his riven and harassed country; and hither he constantly took with him his Turkish prisoners, who were lodged in the dungeons of the fortress, and who served as human targets for his son Christopher, a boy thirteen years of age, in whose young heart his father had already succeeded in sowing the same seeds of cruelty and vindictiveness towards the Infidels which had taken such deep root in his own.

Enthusiastically attached to all warlike pastimes, the youth had become an expert bowman; and his most earnest trials of skill were made when, with Keretsényi as a spectator, he discharged his arrows at the miserable prisoners, who were bound to a stake in the castle court, and whose torments, thus wantonly inflicted, were sometimes resented with curses, but more frequently sustained in sullen and disdainful silence. So contemptuous and reckless a hatred of the Moslems had the boy already imbibed, and so callous had he become, even at that early age, to the sight and sound of their sufferings, that, with a refinement of cruelty worthy of a fiend, he delighted to take aim at the limbs of his victims, and to avoid all vital parts, in order not to exhaust too speedily his means of enjoyment.

Many and earnest had been the expostulations of such of the Magyar nobles as were wont to frequent the society of Keretsényi against this hellish practice, which at once disgraced the Christian creed, and demoralized the mind and nature of his only son; but the haughty Count spurned at their arguments; and, asserting that he sought to make the boy a soldier rather than a saint, and preferred the steel corslet to the serge petticoat, he silenced

them by a look and manner which at once intimated that he would brook no dictation or interference even from his tried friends.

One prisoner alone had escaped this common and heart-rending fate; the more insupportable to the proud and brave, as they felt that they died the death of the slave and the coward, the manacled and powerless tools of a stripling's ruthless sport; and his exemption had proceeded from no motive of mercy on the part of the ferocious magnate, but rather from the suggestion of policy. The prisoner in question was the son of a powerful Pasha, who had, immediately on his capture, offered five thousand ducats for his ransom, but whom Keretsényi had nevertheless retained for years in his dungeon, refusing to liberate him upon any terms; sufficiently swayed by his cupidity, however, to abstain from risking his life in an idle game, when it would at any moment secure to himself a sum large in those days, or stand him in still greater stead in the event of his own capture, or that of one of his kinsmen, when an exchange of prisoners might supersede the transfer of the ransom-money. Thus, hoping at every dawn, and despairing anew at every set of sun, did the brave and unfortunate young Moslem drag through long years of captivity, doubly bitter to a fiery spirit, from the monotonous inaction which they compelled, looking upon the same dreary waste of masonry, fettered by the same chains, and wrung by the same corroding sorrow.

Ali had heard of young, and noble, and gallant prisoners like himself—for the storytellers of his nation have many such fair legends, to which the lighthearted and the imaginative love to listen — he had often heard

of such good warriors, whose prison-bars had been removed by the soft hand of beauty, guided by her yet softer heart; and sometimes, in the night-watches, he would raise himself upon his straw, and listen eagerly to what his overheated and distempered fancy whispered to him to be the faint footfalls of a woman. Better for him had he slumbered on; for, alas! it was but the heavy and measured tread of the sentinel, or the retreat of the relieving guard.

One only consolation was left him in his hopeless imprisonment, but that one was indeed great. His favourite follower Hassan had no sooner seen him borne away captive, and carried the tidings to his father, than, turning his bridle, and resolutely casting behind him all the direful apprehensions engendered by the name of Keretsényi, he followed the Magnate and his prize to the fortress of Nikolsburg, and there surrendered himself a willing captive to the Magyar, asking only to be permitted to tend and console his imprisoned master.

The grim Count accepted the proposal with a mocking laugh; and, as an earnest of the favour which he might thenceforward expect at his hands, commanded him forthwith to descend from his own saddle, and to mount a superb but untrained Arabian, which a man-at-arms was endeavouring to restrain at the further extremity of the court. Two maimed and writhing victims of Keretsényi's cruelty already lay weltering in their blood upon the earth, where they had been cast by the terrified and fiery animal; but the impatience of the boy, who stood beside him to see the magnificent steed subjected to his own government, left him no opportunity to regret this waste

of human life; and he eagerly seized the occasion offered by the arrival of Hassan to indulge yet further the pampered will of the stripling. Spurning one of the shattered and quivering bodies with his mailed foot, he ordered them to be hurled over the battlements, and space made for the Moslem to mount and master the horse of the Count Christopher. The mandate was instantly obeyed. With a quiet sneer, he then turned to the devoted Hassan, and bade him, as the price of his continuance under that roof, bring to obedience the wild animal, whose fleet race had hitherto been over the plains of the Ukraine, untouched either by rein or spur.

The Turk listened unmoved, and answered the taunting command with a respectful salutation; then, advancing towards the man-at-arms, who held the steed, he withdrew the bridle from his hand, and, flinging it off, seized the flowing mane, and sprang lightly on the horse's back. The astonished animal stood for a brief instant motionless; and then, bounding into the air, strove to hurl the bold rider from his seat. Vainly did the high-blooded Arabian fly round the battlemented space with a speed which seemed to take away the breath of the spectators. Hassan, calm and firm, still kept his seat, turning the maddened courser right and left, as he listed, by the touch of his sheathed yataghan; until, at length, as he tossed up his head and snuffed the air, sheets of foam flew far and wide from his quivering lips, and heat-drops covered his flanks.

Murmurs of admiration ran through the ranks of the Count's retainers at so noble a shew of horsemanship; and even Keretsényi himself vouchsafed to give signs of astonishment and approval; but Hassan no more heeded

his favour than he had done his scorn. He continued to urge and excite the now failing Arabian to new exertion; until, at length, the trembling and steaming animal, thoroughly subdued, halted at a word, and stood still while his rider sprang to the earth. Then, fixing his large dark eye upon that of the horse, the Turk motioned with his hand, and the obedient animal, with drooping head, followed slowly and willingly the steps of Hassan, who conducted him, thus free and unbridled, to the side of the young Magnate.

This daring and dexterous feat secured the impunity of the Moslem follower; for, from that hour, he became the oracle of the impetuous boy, whose will was law in the fortress; and he was not only permitted to be the companion of his sports, but, what to him was dearer far than any personal indulgence, he was allowed free access to the dungeon of his master, under the superintendence of the man-at-arms, who kept guard. His voluntary surrender to the power of Keretsényi, coupled with the favours of the young Count, secured him from all coercion; and, save that he was never suffered to pass beyond the walls of the fortress, he was free to come and to go as he listed, for the magnate too well knew the terror which he inspired in his own followers to dread the effect of any treachery which might be planned against him by a single Infidel, and that one in his power, manacled moreover, morally, by his devoted love for his imprisoned lord.

Thus, tediously for Hassan, and hopelessly for the despairing Ali, wore away eight long, weary years. The proffered ransom had been contemptuously and repeatedly refused, and he had at length lost all prospect of

deliverance, unless by death, when, in a skirmish between the followers of Keretsényi and those of the father of Ali, who was governor of one of the frontier provinces, the Magnate succeeded in capturing the favourite wife of the unfortunate old man, whom he had so long deprived of his only son. He immediately caused his prisoner to be informed that he was at liberty to despatch his attendant Hassan to the camp of his father, and to intimate that he was ready to deliver up his captive on the receipt of the ransom-money.

Too well was the Count aware that, in withholding the young and beautiful Zelma, he was robbing the unfortunate Pasha of every remnant of happiness. Already habituated to the absence of his son, whose heavy years of captivity had dragged on their weary length, until all hope of a reunion had become extinct in his paternal heart, he had formed another and more tender interest for his old age in the loving care of his fair and gentle Zelma. The daughter of an Aga of great wealth and reputation, she had become the wife of the gray-haired Pasha, with that tacit and unquestioning obedience which is the first duty of an Eastern woman; and, the mother of Ali having long been dead, she soon grew to be, not only reconciled, but even happy, and devoted in her attachment to the indulgent and fond old man, who poured out upon her all the long-blighted affections of his nature.

Such was the new captive of Keretsényi, who was conveyed in her litter to Nikolsburg with all despatch. Rumours of her excelling loveliness had previously reached even to the Christian stronghold. The Magnate

naturally concluded that no effort would be spared on the part of her husband to effect her rescue.

In the confusion of the *melée*, however, some time elapsed before her absence was discovered, and pursuit had then been idle; for no Infidel banner had ever waved from the towers of Nikolsburg, which were visible from the scene of the encounter, and thither the stricken and desolate old man soon learned that she had been carried. In that moment of anguish, he remembered that gold had failed to purchase the freedom of his son, and he instantly felt how worse than powerless it would be to effect the liberation of his wife, should her ruthless captor once set eyes upon her. Moreover, the jewelled robes and ornaments, in which she was attired when taken, were of more value than any ransom in his power to offer; and thus he saw himself deprived for ever of his wife, by the same cruel enemy who had already robbed him of his son.

He resolved, nevertheless, to make one powerful effort to regain what was to him far dearer than life; and forthwith he commenced levying contributions in his province, alike upon rich and poor, in order to amass a sum sufficient to shake the purpose of Keretsényi himself; and he was thus engaged, when Hassan, by command of the Magnate, hastened to the dungeon of his master, to impart to him the new resolve of his captor, and the prospect of his immediate liberation.

The brow of Ali flushed as he threw himself on the neck of his devoted follower; and the tears which he had scorned to shed in his despair now fell silently from his eyes, as he lifted up his heart in thankfulness to

Allah and his Prophet. After a time, he became more calm; and, looking round the dim and narrow cell, which had so long been his abiding-place, and then upon his own wasted limbs, he asked bitterly, how one who had been for years the tenant of so gloomy a dungeon, and whose youth had been withered by inaction, could again take his place among the brave followers of his father.

The ever-ready Hassan soothed and comforted him in that moment of bitterness by anticipations of freedom and revenge; and the young soldier listened greedily, until the light returned to his eye, and his heart throbbed wildly. Suddenly, however, a desire rose within him to learn the cause of this unhoped-for relenting on the part of Keretsényi; and then it was that Hassan reluctantly informed him of the capture of his father's wife.

Ali trembled with rage. The wife of his father in the polluting grasp of the Christian!—beneath the same roof which covered her husband's son, and he powerless to help her! The stroke was terrible; and the miserable captive cast himself down upon his straw, forgetful of his own approaching escape from the same thraldom, heartsick, and wretched.

In vain did Hassan urge him to think only of himself, and remind him that, once free, and united with his father, they might devise some means of rescue for the ill-fated Zelma; the soul of Ali was darkened, and "he refused to be comforted."

"Not so," he said bitterly; "if the woman whom my father loved abide here until my ransom arrives, and I ma once more beneath the blue vault of heaven, here,

in Allah's name, let her abide for ever. Why should we seek to bring shame to our own hearth? Had she not been fair, she had never been the wife of Feteh Pasha; and, being fair, she will soon be the sport and toy of the vile giaour. Alas! for my father's house! Under what evil constellation was it built up, that dirt should thus be flung upon the graves of our ancestors!"

In order to divert the mind of the unhappy young man from this harrowing contemplation, Hassan hastened to arrange with him the preliminaries of his liberation; and it was decided that, with the assent of Keretsényi, the anxious follower should, by the morrow's dawn, be on his way to the Pasha, in search of the ransom-money for his son. The Magnate made no difficulty in acceding to the proposal. Hassan accordingly departed, pledging himself to be again at Nikolsburg on the evening of the fifth day from his departure, and prepared to pay down the gold; upon the receipt of which the Magnate bound himself, on his side, to deliver up his captive.

The honest Turk lost no time in leave-taking, but, with the first streak of dawn, sped on his way, greatly to the regret of the stripling Count, who did not spare his anathemas on the poor prisoner, who was the cause of his absence. But a bitter disappointment awaited the devoted Hassan on his arrival at the residence of the Pasha, where he found the bereaved old man assiduously amassing the means of liberating his young and beautiful wife. In vain did he beg to be entrusted with the sum requisite to secure the emancipation of his son; bewildered by the extremity of his bereavement, the Pasha answered only by declaring that in a few days he should

have collected gold enough to effect the restoration of both wife and child, and that, until this was done, he should know no peace, and could make no effort for either.

Thus was Hassan compelled to remain a passive spectator of his strenuous but futile struggles against fate, until the five days granted by Keretsényi had been doubled, and still nothing had been done to liberate his young lord. Rendered desperate by his forebodings, and well knowing the tyrannical nature of the noble with whom they had to deal, he once more ventured, relying on the fidelity which he had shewn to his captive master, to brave the probable displeasure of the Pasha, and to renew his entreaties that he might, without further delay, set forth on his return to Nikolsburg with the appointed ransom.

The old man listened for a while unmoved; but, at length, when Hassan hinted at the probability of Keretsényi venting upon both his prisoners the disappointment which he could not fail to feel at his prolonged absence, and reminded him moreover of the gallant spirit of his son, whose prowess might enable him to recover the lady Zelma, should the proffered gold fail of producing its effect, the Pasha, as if awakened from a bitter dream, hesitated no longer, but, putting the five hundred purses stipulated into the hands of the trusty servitor, bade Allah speed him, and sent him forth.

The wretched father, however, had delayed too long. Keretsényi, enraged that the Infidel should dare to dupe him, as he affected to believe, and maddened by the scorn of his beautiful captive, of whom he had become enamoured, no sooner saw the sun set on the seventh

day after his departure, than he vowed the destruction of the one, and the disgrace of the other. Hitherto he had suffered the lady Zelma to retain her veil, and no eye had looked upon her beauty save his own, while he had, moreover, permitted her to occupy a chamber apart, where she could indulge her grief freely and without restraint. His first vengeance was, as he well knew, a bitter one to an Oriental woman, and doubly degrading to a female of high rank. Approaching her hastily, and without warning, he tore away her veil, and then, seizing her hand, dragged her through the portal of her chamber into the hall usually occupied by himself and his chief officers.

This was a vast apartment of ancient Moorish architecture, partially surrounded by an open gallery midway from the floor, which was inlaid with precious marbles. Columns of the same material, from whose capitals sprang small stalactited arches, supported the lofty roof of finely-carved oak, and upon the walls hung sundry tawdrily-painted effigies of saints, intermingled with the weapons and mantles of its occupants. At the upper end, a tall archway gave ingress to the chamber which had been the first retreat of the unfortunate Zelma, and the drapery which veiled it having been rudely flung aside by the Magnate, on his entrance with his victim, the couch upon which she had been seated, and the veil which he had so roughly snatched from her head, could be seen in the distance.

As he relaxed his grasp, the fainting woman sank upon a seat. Her eyes were tearless, nor did she, in the extremity of her despair, make one effort to conceal her

face; but, prostrated by the insult which she had just endured, she suffered her hands to fall listlessly upon her lap, unconscious or careless that there were many eyes upon her. Immediately before her stood Keretsényi, with his rifle on his shoulder; his fine figure shown to advantage by the gorgeous dress of his country, seamed with gold, and edged at the knee with ermine. Near him lounged the Count John of Sasvár, a noted soldier, who subsequently became a renegade Pasha under Solyman, looking, as was his wont, half Arab and half brigand, and a meet comrade in every work of villany; while, further apart, the young Count Christopher was in vehement discussion with a bowman on the merits of a miniature rifle of which he had just become the possessor; heedless of the unwonted addition which had been made to the party.

It were needless to detail the scene of intemperance and violence which ensued upon the entry of the Magnate and his helpless captive. The extreme loveliness of her face and figure, the gorgeous and picturesque costume in which she was habited, and the knowledge that she was utterly at his mercy, inflamed the evil passions of Keretsényi, which were heightened by the ribald jestings of his companion. For a time, the wretched woman sat motionless before them. Her lip quivered, and she was pale as marble; but she neither spoke nor stirred; until, wearied by her immobility, the Magnate laid his hand heavily on her shoulder, where the jewelled vest had fallen away, when, like a statue suddenly endued with life, she flung off his clasp, and started to her feet, with a burning cheek and an eye of fire.

For one brief moment even Keretsényi quailed before the dauntless look of his weak captive; but the low, mocking laughter of the Count Sasvár restored his self-possession on the instant; and, with a withering frown and a bitter imprecation, he once more extended his hand to seize his victim. No longer, however, was the lady Zelma the passive sufferer that she had been. Polluted by his touch—by the touch of a Christian and a stranger—she had become suddenly reckless. Clasping her forehead with her hands, she appeared for the first time to perceive that she was unveiled, and one long, ringing shriek proclaimed her anguish at the discovery.

Like a hunted lioness, she stood at bay; the indignant blood flushing over brow and bosom, and the silken drapery heaving and sinking with every throb of her bursting heart. Glorious in her beauty, brave in her weakness, she stood there before them; but beautiful and brave only to her own defeat; for, intoxicated by her radiant and defying loveliness, Keretsényi cast aside all manly scruples, and approached her so vehemently, and with such insult in his look and gesture, that the fair Infidel at once perceived that this was the hour of her fate; and, drawing from her girdle a gold-hilted yataghan, she no sooner felt the grasp of the Christian upon her arm, than she resolutely plunged the weapon into her heart, and fell to the floor a corpse at the feet of her destroyer. The brave beauty had paid her ransom with her life!

Wild with surprise, and exasperated by disappoint-

ment, Keretsényi, as he gazed upon the body of his victim, breathed a low vow of vengeance, which was but too surely in his power; even John of Sasvár was moved as he looked at the glittering heap before him, where the sparkle of jewels and the gleam of gold mocked the pale face and the flaccid limbs they were meant to brighten into still broader beauty; while the boy stood by aghast, little used to look on death in so fair a form, and marvelling at the bold heart that had animated so frail a tenement.

It was on the morrow of this fatal deed that Hassan, mounted on a swift horse, covered with dust and foam, galloped rapidly across the drawbridge of the fortress of Nikolsburg, and suddenly found himself in the centre of a dense crowd of the Count's retainers. An instant sufficed to show him their occupation. Bound to the same stake where he had already seen so many victims perish, he beheld his beloved master—him for whom he had suffered long years of imprisonment and hardship, and whom he came to call back to liberty and life. Before him, at the distance of a few paces, stood the stripling Count fitting an arrow to his bow, and already several others were quivering in the body of the unfortunate Ali; while, looking coldly on, as though at a mere ordinary trial of skill, he saw the ruthless Keretsényi and his friend and comrade Sasvár. Leaping from his saddle with a shriek of horror, Hassan sprang towards the Magnate, and cast at his feet the five hundred purses which were the price of his master's freedom; and then, without uttering a word, he flung himself

between the wretched captive and his tormentor, and with his dagger began to cut asunder the cords that bound him.

Keretsényi gave one glance at the gold, and then, spurning it aside with his foot, he shouted to the men-at-arms to drag Hassan from the stake, declaring that no vile slave of an Infidel should dare to disturb the pastime of his son; and, no sooner was this mandate obeyed, than he turned towards the boy, and bade him take good aim before his arm wearied. Vain were the prayers, the tears, and the anguish of Hassan. Even the stripling, in his anxiety to show his skill, and to indulge his hatred of the Moslem, was deaf to the phrensied entreaties of his old favourite; and, drawing his arrow to the head, sent it straight to the heart of Ali. One convulsive spasm shook the attenuated frame of the victim; his eyes opened, and closed again in death; his head drooped, and the deed of blood was done.

"Now take your purchase!" said the Magnate, as he turned with a mocking laugh to the soul-struck Hassan. "Now take the value of your gold. I pledged my knightly word, that, once the ransom paid, I would deliver up my captive. I hold him such no longer. Away with him! There was no question of life or death in our compact, and thus I have seen fit to restore him—*dead*. Nor is this all, for I have another prisoner who may bear him company; nor do I believe that they will quarrel by the way: and when you meet the master whose slave you are, tell him that his son perished by the hand of mine, and so died a death too honourable for a vile unbeliever; but that his wife—since it has

pleased him to call her such—was her own executioner. We have exchanged her jewelled tunic for a winding-sheet; but should he wish to reclaim it, he knows the road that leads to Nikolsburg." And with this bitter taunt he turned away, and left Hassan with his dead.

Five years subsequently to these events, (1565,) at the instigation of John Sigismund, son of John Zapolya, the Emperor Maximilian II. was forced into a war with the great Solyman, who at that period had overrun the principal portion of Hungary, garrisoned her towns and castles with his own troops, taken possession of her capital, and, flushed with the triumph of a hundred fights, and eager to plant the standard of the crescent still further in the heart of Europe, was threatening in its turn the capital of the Cæsars.

When intelligence of the projected war reached the Count Keretsényi, he immediately withdrew from Nikolsburg, and established himself at Gyula, a town which belonged to him, and which was protected by a strong castle called Huzarwar, built on the northern side of the walls. The position of Gyula, and the strength of its outworks, induced Maximilian to decide on its being converted into a fortified place; and he accordingly reinforced the garrison with two battalions of German soldiers, and some Hungarian troops, in addition to the retainers of the Count; and put them under the command of four able officers, two of each nation; leaving, however, the supreme authority in the hands of Keretsényi himself. He also supplied the place with provisions and ammunition, in the event of a siege; after

which he left it fearlessly to its fate, well knowing that the natural bravery of the Magnate, seconded by his hatred of the Infidel enemy, would secure its adhesion to his cause so long as human means could hold it.

On the 2d of July, in the same year, scant time having been permitted them to complete their defensive preparations, a Turkish force, five thousand strong, under the command of Persaff Pasha, one of the bravest generals of Solyman, sat down before Gyula, where he was shortly joined by the Pasha of Temesvár, and the operations of the siege were forthwith commenced. For five days Keretsényi maintained the town, taking rest neither night nor day, and snatching his food at intervals, as he hurried from point to point, directing the operations. For a while he affected to despise the horde of enemies who clustered about the town like a swarm of bees, numbering ten to one of his own garrison, and moreover free to come and to go, and flushed with a score of successes. His heart burnt within him as the clashing of their cymbals and the ringing beat of their metal drums swelled on the air, while around their camp-fires he heard the sound of laughter, and saw a display of feasting which seemed to deride the probable exigences of the small Christian garrison; but still he dreamt of hushing that laughter in defeat, and of turning that feasting into despair.

On the evening of the fifth day, however, he began to regard his position as desperate, without external aid, and of that he at once felt there was no hope. Under cover of the darkness, he, therefore, threw himself and his garrison into the castle, having previously set fire

to the town, which presently became one mass of flame. When the morning dawned, a heap of smouldering ruins separated the fortress of Huzarwar from the main camp of the Infidels; and the brave band of beleaguered Christians found themselves pent up in this their last stronghold, the dungeon-keep of which towered loftily amid the surrounding plain, with the banner of the cross raised high upon its loftiest pinnacle.

For three long weeks they maintained their perilous position, but their numbers were rapidly thinning by famine and fatigue; and ere long the main body of the building was so thoroughly undermined by the Turks, that Keretsényi reluctantly admitted that it was no longer tenable, and, as a last resource, he took possession of the keep, into which he had previously removed the small residue of his ammunition and provisions. This keep-tower was separated from the body of the fortress by a natural chasm in the rock, of sufficient width to form an unassailable defence, and of great depth; while, on its three other sides, the perpendicular character of the rock rendered it impregnable. Their retreat was effected without loss; but their attempt to destroy the drawbridge, which gave access to the tower, was frustrated by the besiegers, who threw up a rampart before it, and thence maintained a constant and heavy fire, which effectually prevented that desirable operation.

Strong, nevertheless, in their knowledge of the solidity of their fortress, which was a beautiful erection of the Romans, and of immensely massive masonry, and inspired, moreover, by the courage of desperation, the Christians fought like lions: nor was it until the Turks

succeeded in cutting off the only well which supplied the tower, and the little garrison began to suffer severely from want of water, that they utterly despaired; but, even then, so resolute were they not to abandon their position, while human power could hold it, that they took a solemn oath to keep the castle, in spite of thirst and hunger, while one man remained alive to hurl defiance at the besiegers.

In vain did Persaff Pasha summon the Christian leader to surrender; Keretsényi answered only by taunting and insult; and, wearied at length by the pertinacity of his opponent, who, like the savage hunted to his den, only roared the louder because hopeless of escape, the Moslem leader erected a wooden tower in front of the keep, and strove to take it by assault. The effort was unfortunate; for he was fiercely and effectually repulsed by the Imperial soldiery, many of his troops killed, and the Pasha of Temesvár severely wounded.

New hope seemed to inspire the Christians. The confusion in the enemy's camp convinced them that some leader of note had been disabled; and for a time they flattered themselves that Persaff Pasha was wounded, if not slain; but they were soon awakened from their delusion, for ere long the Pasha appeared under the walls, mounted upon his superb black charger, glittering with gold and jewels, and followed by a train of officers similarly accoutred. Keretsényi cursed him in his spirit as he passed; and, with more bitter energy than before, urged on his men to repair the breaches which had been made in their ramparts during their last

attack. The pomp of the Pasha's procession through the camp had galled him to the quick. He felt all the contrast with his own crippled condition, which it was intended to convey; and when he had assured himself of the rapid completion of his orders, he withdrew to his narrow and naked chamber at the summit of the tower, and, casting himself upon a seat, he leant his head upon a table before him, and abandoned himself to a train of deep and painful thought.

It was not that he was sitting there, amid the ruins of what was once the proudest of his possessions, with a town which had lately called him lord, and whose inhabitants were the tools of his will and the slaves of his pleasures, that he repined. It was not that the strong fortress, which he had deemed impregnable, had threatened to fall upon his head and crush him; and that the men-at-arms, who had been as a wall of brass about him, had been stricken down like deer, that he felt his heart burn with concentrated passion. It was that all these evils were the work of the Infidel—of the loathed, and despised, and insulted Moslem! And then, as he gnashed his teeth, and clinched his mailed hands in impotent fury, the question arose in his spirit of what was to ensue. Keretsényi was no coward. He had proved his manhood in many an hour of peril; nor would he now have shrunk from a brave death on a fair field; but to be pent up thus! to end his career like a rat starved in a trap! to die of hunger and thirst between four walls, like a caged brigand! He felt that he had not courage for this. To save the tower was impossible; for it contained not food enough to victual

the garrison, even diminished as it was, for three days longer; although they had, ever since their retreat from the castle, dieted like anchorites. Could he once more be free at any price, he might yet be revenged; and, as the hope flashed upon him, he started from his recumbent posture, and grasped his weapon, as though it were already realized.

At that precise moment, the door opened, and Vizi Janos, the captain of the Hungarian guard, stood before him with a countenance which betokened evil. His tidings were soon told. They were once more undermined, and Persaff Pasha was prepared to blow up the tower on the succeeding day. Keretsényi vouchsafed no reply to this intelligence; but, waving his hand impatiently to the horror-stricken messenger, again found himself alone. His resolution was soon taken. For a brief moment, the memory of the oath which he, in common with his comrades in misfortune, had voluntarily taken, came darkly across his spirit; but the love of life had again grown powerfully within him, and he silenced the reproaches of his conscience at the impulse of his iron will. That night he wrote a letter to the Pasha, in which he offered to surrender the town, on condition that himself, his surviving officers, and the remnant of his ill-fated garrison, should be permitted to march out in all honour and safety, with their arms in their hands. This done, he attached the missive to an arrow, and shot it through the narrow casement of his chamber into the camp of the enemy.

Great was the astonishment of the besieged, when the Hungarian captain related to them the manner in which

their leader had received the important tidings he had communicated; but some of the veteran soldiers, who had served with Keretsényi from boyhood, at once decided that he had resolved to perish rather than yield; and this was a conclusion so accordant with all their preconceived ideas of his character, that they esteemed it the most fitting climax to his career, and prepared themselves doggedly to share his fate. Still greater, therefore, was their surprise, when, on the morrow, a herald appeared beneath the tower, and demanded parley with the Christian leader. In haste and wonder, several of the garrison hurried in search of Keretsényi, who, having approached the walls, and being recognized by the herald, was greeted with a compliment from the Pasha his master, and an intimation that, in the course of the day, he should receive an answer to his despatch.

His errand done, the Turkish envoy returned to the camp; and Keretsényi, without offering a word of explanation to the astonished crowd about him, reascended to his chamber. He was not, however, long suffered to indulge his solitude; for he had scarcely flung down his mailed gloves, and lifted his morion from his head, when the tramp of heavy footsteps upon the stone stair was succeeded by the appearance of a group of his officers, headed by Vizi Janos, who hastily and imperatively demanded the meaning of the scene which they had just witnessed, alleging that the troops murmured loudly, and suspected treason.

"And they have cause to do so," said the impetuous Hungarian; "we are comrades here alike in life and

death; we have fought together, hungered together, and struggled together. Destruction is before us; but we will meet it like brave men. It is too late for mystery: ours is a common cause; and the deeds of one must involve the fate of all. We desire, therefore, to know what act of yours brought the Turkish herald to our walls, and why we find you in secret correspondence with the enemy; and (for upon this question is based the answer to all the rest), whether you have forgotten your oath."

Keretsényi looked round upon the excited group with a calm brow and a steady eye:—"You are both premature and overbold," he said in a cold and indignant tone; "but to men, shrinking from a threatened death, much must be forgiven, and I will even so far indulge you in your vehemence as to reply to a question rudely and idly put. My kinsman Rebek, the brother of my wife, is in the besieging army; and, knowing him so near, and desiring to learn some tidings which it behoves me to ascertain, I took this opportunity of asking them. May I now crave your absence? Should I need attendance, I will summon you."

Overawed by his composure, and accustomed to defer to his will, the baffled and bewildered captains obeyed in silence; nor was it until they communicated to the excited soldiery below the explanation of their leader, and learned from some of his own retainers the domestic position of Keretsényi, that they were able to comprehend the bearing of his words. From these they ascertained that, many years previously, the noble lady whom he had espoused, and who was the mother of his son, for reasons which had never been divulged, fled from

her home, retaining so bitter a remembrance of her lord that she had since lost no opportunity of injuring his interests; while her brother Rebek, who, thwarted in his ambition in his own country, had become a renegade, participated in the hatred of his sister from the fact that Keretsényi had possessed himself of all his estates.

A few hours subsequently to his interview with his captains, he openly despatched another letter to the Turkish camp, bearing the name of his brother-in-law upon its superscription, which was, however, a mere feint, the despatch being, in reality, addressed to the Pasha; and, in about two hours from its delivery, a couple of beys of his household came and craved a private interview with Keretsényi. They were succeeded by Rebek, who bore the rank of Aga, in the besieging army; and who was closeted with his kinsman for a considerable time.

Murmurs once more arose among the soldiery: they suspected treachery, and deprecated the mystery in which their general involved his movements; but, long accustomed to submission, they controlled themselves, and awaited, with what patience they could command, the result of the pending negociations. One fact rendered them suspicious of the Magnate's purpose—the Turkish cannon were silent, and a deep stillness had succeeded to the continuous din of conflict. When, in addition to this circumstance, they saw Keretsényi despatch by a young and noble kinsman of his own a suit of silver armour and a golden-hilted sword, as a present to Persaff Pasha, dark forebodings took possession of their

minds; and visions of disgrace and dishonour flitted before them like spectres.

There was no delay on the part of the Turkish general in returning the courtesy: presents of equal value arrived for Keretsényi, and these were succeeded by three Moslems of high rank, who came into the tower as hostages, and for whom two of the Christian officers were exchanged. This ceremony over, the Magnate assembled his troops, and came forth, splendidly apparelled, at the head of his principal captains, to the platform in front of the building; but a dead silence was his only greeting. The enthusiasm with which, in his days of daring and enterprise, he had been received by his troops, whom he never checked in their career of violence and plunder, and with whom he was necessarily popular, found no voice as he now appeared before them: all were sullen, suspicious, and dissatisfied.

Keretsényi, however, heeded not these demonstrations of discontent; but, sweeping the line with a haughty and commanding eye, he proceeded to lay before them the utter impossibility of longer defending their stronghold against the mighty army to which they were opposed. He then expatiated on their own crippled and half-famished condition; represented that on the morrow their store of provisions would be exhausted; bade them remember the wretched condition of their sick and wounded; pointed with a steady finger to the numerous group of women and children, who were huddled together in a corner of the court, and who had taken refuge in the tower on the firing of the town, and reminded them that they had no longer food to give them;

and, finally, taking from his breast a huge parchment, signed and sealed by the Pasha, and containing his pledge that not only the men-at-arms, but all their sick, their wounded, and their women, should be permitted to depart in all honour and safety, he concluded by insisting that these terms should be complied with upon the instant.

A deep and indignant silence was the only reply of the troops; then a slight movement was perceptible in the ranks; and brave men looked into the faces of their fellows, as if to ask if they had heard aright, and if they were, in fact, to trail their holy banner in the dust before the crescent of the Infidel!

The first to speak was the high-hearted Vizi Janos. "Put up the parchment!" he said, impatiently; "we are not women, to be fooled by soft words and written promises. We know how the Turks redeemed their pledge before Buda—with blood, and ruin, and pillage, and outrage, and poison. And, even were it otherwise, we spurn their clemency. As for myself, I would rather die the death of a brave and a true man, here where I stand, and within the hour, than accept the expedient which you have mocked us by calling honourable. How say you, my comrades?" he continued, impetuously, as he turned to the troops; "are we not all of one mind? Let those who feel with me draw their weapons from the sheath, as the best and most fitting answer."

More than half the soldiery obeyed the appeal, but the remainder failed. Like their general, they had found the love of life grow strongly on them, as their fate drew to its climax; and they stood motionless, while the

flash of their comrades' sabres beat back the sunlight. The impetuous Hungarian set his teeth hard, and ground his mailed heel into the stone upon which he stood; while Keretsényi, glancing blandly about him, said, with earnestness—"I see, my brave followers, that opinions are divided, and that there are many among you who know how to distinguish real courage from wrongheadedness and reckless folly. You are right, and have decided wisely. Why should you wantonly fling away lives like yours? You have many laurels yet to gather on this side of the grave, many disappointments to repair, and many wrongs to avenge. You belong, not to yourselves, but to the Emperor. We have here not only the solemn pledge of the Pasha, but moreover three hostages of importance, wholly in our power; how then can we reasonably apprehend mischief? We have already sufficiently exonerated ourselves from the imputation of cowardice — we can defy the reproach; and now our first duty is to preserve our lives for our own sake and for our country's."

He paused, and once more displayed the firman of the Pasha, and then put forth all his eloquence to induce the troops to accede to the terms of capitulation, in which he was ultimately successful; and the treaty was signed by some of the principal leaders, and forwarded to the Turkish camp, where it was ratified by Persaff Pasha, with the additional clause that his Janissaries were to receive a monthly salary from the Christians. To this humiliating condition also Keretsényi consented, and forthwith despatched four thousand piastres, as his first payment; in recompense of which prompt concession the

capitulation, duly signed, was returned by his messenger.

On the following morning, all was bustle and preparation within the tower. The armoury was stripped, the sick and wounded were put into litters, the women and children prepared, as their means permitted, for the march; and, at mid-day, the gates were thrown open, and the besieged began to issue forth. First rode four of the Pasha's body-guard, to act as guides through the camp; then followed the sick litters, attended by the women and such of the inhabitants of Gyula as had escaped into the tower, but had never borne arms; and, lastly, towards evening, the soldiers marched out in their turn, after having, in the most chivalrous manner, defended the tower, which they were now leaving with bent brows and stricken hearts, during the space of two months. The Germans were in the van, attended by their officers; and then came the Hungarians, followed closely by Keretsényi and the hostages, who closed the rear. The departure of the troops had been delayed by an incident which did not fail to produce a great impression on the Magyar soldiery.

When all the force was mustered on the walls, in order to evacuate the place, Vizi Janos was missing, and a messenger despatched in search of him, to desire that he would hasten to his station, on peril of being left to the mercy of the enemy, after the time of truce had expired. For a while he was sought in vain; he was not to be found in any of his accustomed haunts; but, at length, one of his own followers, who better knew his high and noble nature, bade them look for him at the

bastion which he had so gallantly defended during the hottest of the siege. The messenger followed the suggestion, and returned pale and heartstricken to announce that the march need no longer be deferred, for that the brave young man lay there dead—he would not survive the disgrace which had come upon him; and he had fallen upon his sword.

When Keretsényi and the hostages rode into the camp, his companions persuaded him to proceed to the tent of Persaff Pasha, and make his personal acknowledgments for the courtesy with which his proposals of peace had been met and answered; nor did the Magnate feel himself in a position to refuse compliance. The gaudy tent, with its green and crimson awnings, surmounted by a crescent which glittered in the evening light, was pitched near the centre of the camp; and Keretsényi checked his horse a few paces from its entrance, and, dismounting slowly and gravely, advanced on foot to the tapestry hangings which formed the outer door, and which were held back upon the spear-heads of two well-armed soldiers. He had scarcely passed them, however, when half-a-dozen Janissaries fell upon, disarmed, and dragged him through a second opening into the presence of the Pasha.

Solyman's favourite was at that period at the very acme of his pride and power; nor dreamt he how soon he should be called upon to mourn the loss of his magnificent and munificent master. The interior of his tent was one blaze of gilding and embroidery; golden goblets, filled with sherbet, stood on a table of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and studded with jewels; and the

divan, which lined three sides of the splendid canvass saloon, was of silver tissue worked with coloured silks and deeply fringed. Upon this divan, on the forced entrance of the Magnate, sat the Pasha, engaged in smoking a voluminous narghilé, with its crystal vase filled with rose-water; and beside him, a few inches nearer to the edge of the sofa, was another individual, similarly engaged, of sombre dress, melancholy look, and stern demeanour.

As his eye fell upon Keretsényi, standing sullenly before him, in the grasp of the Janissaries, the Pasha took the pipe from his mouth, and with a contemptuous smile, said disdainfully; "Thou art then here at last, thou pillar of Christendom! thou terror of the Moslem! We have not awaited thee in vain. Knowest thou this noble beside me, whose slave thou art henceforth? I will even deign to be thy instructor in this, as I have been in policy and in faithfulness to my Emperor. This is Feteh Pasha, the father of your brave prisoner, Ali—the husband of the lady Zelma. — Ha! you start, Christian tiger! and your lip quivers, and your cheek grows white. Murderer! you quail in your turn. You, who made a shambles of your father's house, and a butcher of your only son; you, then, can fear for yourself!—It is well—for the blood of Ali must be atoned."

"Away with him to Belgrade!" exclaimed the elder Pasha passionately. "You have wasted upon him too many words already. The grave of his father is defiled; and dogs eat dirt upon the body of his mother. What would you have? Away with him!"

The Magnate would have expostulated, but Persaff

Pasha waved his hand impatiently; and the Janissaries, striking him upon the mouth with the hilt of their daggers to compel his silence, hurried him from the presence of his conqueror, and at once conveyed him to Belgrade, where he was flung into a dungeon below the bed of the river, to await the arrival of his new master, Feteh Pasha.

The fate of the ill-starred garrison whom he had so wantonly betrayed was as wretched as his own. All were massacred, save a few of the mounted Hungarian troops, who were saved by the swiftness of their horses, and by whom their tragic tale was borne to the camp of Maximilian. The Moslem army planted their banner on the keep-tower with the rising sun. They destroyed the wounded, the sick, and the women, as ruthlessly as they had sacrificed the troops; for Persaff Pasha was exasperated at the pertinacity with which such a mere handful of men had withstood his forces for so long a period, and the delay which they had occasioned in his onward march; while his colleague was eager to immolate as many victims as came within his reach, in revenge for the wrongs which he had suffered at the hands of their leader. They had, like Keretsényi on a former occasion, redeemed their pledge according to the strict letter of the bond; they had permitted the Christians to march out of their stronghold in safety, but they had made a spoil and a sacrifice of them beyond the shadow of its walls.

Feteh Pasha waited only to see the extirpation of the little Christian band, before he turned his steps to Belgrade; and, when there, having duly visited the mosque, and made his namaz, he lost no time in summoning his

miserable captive to his presence. When they were once more face to face, the old man sat for several moments in silence, earnestly gazing at the fettered wretch who had wrought the misery of his age; and then, having sated himself with the contemplation, which was uninterrupted by one sentence from the haughty Magnate, who was too proud to plead where he felt at once that all expostulation must be vain, he rose coldly from his divan, and, motioning to the mutes who held his prisoner to follow with their charge, he led the way to a stately mausoleum of white marble, situated about an arrow's flight from the walls of the city. Leaving his slippers on the threshold, he entered, and Keretsényi was forced forward behind him; but his horror may be imagined, when, stretched upon two slabs of black marble, in the very garments in which they had been despatched from Nikolsburg, he beheld the embalmed bodies of Ali, the son of his captor, and the lady Zelma. Between them stood Hassan, with a heavy iron hammer in his hand, and his eyes fixed eagerly upon those of the bewildered prisoner.

"Dost thou recognise the dead?" asked Feteh Pasha gloomily; for the first time breaking silence—"dost thou recognise thy victims? Know, man of blood, that when they were restored to me, cold and stark as even now they lie here, I took an oath upon the beard of the Prophet that they should not be interred according to our religious custom until their deaths were revenged! It was to enable me to redeem my vow that Gyula suffered siege.—It was the renegade Rebek, the uncle of thy bloodthirsty son, who betrayed thee. It is I who

am to terminate thy hated career, and to rid the world of a demon of cruelty and falsehood. And now, away with thee! We shall never meet again."

As he ceased speaking, the aged man turned coldly and loftily away, and Keretsényi was once more plunged into his foul and loathsome dungeon. He was not long, however, fated to be its inmate; for, on the following day, he was rudely awakened from the fitful and uneasy sleep into which he had fallen, by a strong grasp on his shoulder. He looked up hastily, and, by the light of a pine-torch, held by one of the guard, he beheld the death-proclaiming countenance of Hassan. A brief struggle, in which, laden with heavy fetters, he was soon overpowered, was the last effort of his despair. Lifted from his straw by a violent exertion of strength, and then flung back again stunned and bleeding by the vengeance-breathing Moslem, he attempted no further resistance; but, closing his eyes, and setting his teeth firmly together, he abandoned himself to whatever fate had been decreed to him.

Frightful and bitter did it prove for a noble and a soldier. Upon the rampart which overhangs the Danube stood a large cask, thickly studded with long, sharp iron nails; into this fearful receptacle, two strong men, at the command of Hassan, thrust the wretched Keretsényi, upon whom the top was immediately closed; and the cask, with its wretched freight, was rolled down into the river!

Christopher, the son of the Count Ladislaus, the subject of this tradition, died in 1572, without heir, and the race of Keretsényi became extinct.

THE FALSE ONE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

And it could please a vacant hour
To woo him, win him, to thy side;
Play with his heart as with a flower,
Then change, and all his hopes deride:—
And it was triumph to impart
Such woe as language ne'er exprest;
Oh shame upon the cruel art
Which thus could wound one human breast!

Though thou wert beauteous as the ray
That beam'd on Eden's bower of yore;
Though thou wert . . . . oh, away! away!—
May heart of man ne'er love thee more!
Would that the angel-hand of Truth
Might straight unveil thy syren brow;
Disrobe thee of thy bloom of youth,
And show thee false, as thou art now!

We had been brothers in those years
Ere life as yet had known a shade;
And I could weep unmanly tears
To see the wreck thy arts have made.
But go!—assume thy gayest dress—
Sport lightly with the pleasures nigh;
Why shouldst thou wear one smile the less
Because a breaking heart—must die!

OLD CALGARTH.

A LEGEND.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

Those who have visited Windermere will remember the ancient building on its banks, known by the name of Old Calgarth; and some may, perchance, have heard the wild legend connected with that ivy-covered tower, the legend of the sorceress Averilla.

Calgarth is now but a half-ruinous farmhouse. Little remains of its former beauty of erection; the tower has lost much of its height; the stained glass has been destroyed; the terraced gardens have become tangled copsewood. The old Hall, however, still retains its fine proportions; the Gothic windows still possess a few panes of crimson and of purple, through which the sunlight falls with picturesque effect upon the chequered pavement of the marble floor; still above the carved mantelpiece may be traced the motto of the ancient proprietors — "Fide non fraude." In this great Hall, on a deep window-seat, are placed two skulls, which nothing can remove from their situation, wonderfully perfect: they seem to be as fresh and firm as when first stripped of their fleshy covering. It is evident they have never lain in the earth, and

they are believed originally to have been the heads of persons slain for some fiendish purpose; for these belonged to the sorceress Averilla.

Calgarth is about three miles above Bowness, and was long the seat of the elder branch of the Philipsons, that well-known family, so powerful and so respected upon the banks of Windermere, and one of whose members, the celebrated Robin Philipson, was the perpetrator of that daring feat which forms the chief incident of the poem of Rokeby. Calgarth was built by Rowland Philipson of Hollinghall, in the reign of King Henry VI., and with him is connected the tragic account of the skulls of Calgarth.

Rowland, when very young, came into possession of his estate, and soon afterwards went abroad, where he remained some years. When he returned, he hastily commenced the building of Calgarth. All the workmen in the country whom he could command were employed in its erection. It was built with a tall tower, whence issued a chimney, which rose from the huge fireplace of the great Hall that has just been described.

Rowland saw that all was strongly and commodiously erected, and furnished as became his wealth and station; and, leaving orders that all should be in readiness to receive him on his return, accompanied by a guest, he departed, to seek the habitant for whom this fair mansion was destined.

After a lapse of time sufficient to have enabled him to reach the lands of Spain or Italy and to return thence, he came, and with him a lovely creature, whom he called by the name of Averilla. He placed her in

this her residence; he left with her store of money, provisions, and wine, also two old servitors, a man and woman, to attend upon her. This done, he returned to his house of Hollinghall.

He had been affianced from his childhood to Catharine Carns of Esthwaite; but it was thought that he loved her not—and certainly he had seized upon any excuse to delay the marriage; but he could no longer find a pretext for doing so, and the following spring was fixed upon for their union. Averilla spoke English perfectly, but with a strong foreign accent; and it was pleasant, it was said, to listen to her and Rowland, as they conversed in a strange tongue, and sang together to instruments of outlandish form in the same sweet language. Averilla passed her whole time, when alone, in reading strange-looking pieces of parchment, in tracing uncouth characters upon similar sheets, in murmuring in low tones to herself; but chiefly in boiling a caldron upon the great fire, the smoke from which ascended constantly from the mouth of the tall chimney, and occasioned much surmising throughout the country around.

Averilla was apparently about twenty-one years of age, tall, and a magnificent beauty, with dark flashing eyes, dark masses of hair, and a figure perfect in its development. Her costume was peculiar, being invariably white. A broad gold band encircled her waist, and a strange ornament, in shape a serpent, twined and twisted amid her luxuriant tresses. Such was Averilla, whom all that saw admired, yet all, save one, shunned and dreaded.

Rowland Philipson came frequently over to visit her,

riding across the country with a speed as if for life or death; and so eager was he in his love, that the presence of the old retainers could not prevent him from taking her in his arms the moment they met, and kissing with a reverent passion her broad, white forehead.

She, apparently always aware of his coming, would pace backward and forward in the front of her house, occasionally pausing to look towards the road by which he would arrive. And these were the times when she was often seen by parties crossing the Lake or passing the mansion; and by most was she regarded as an evil spirit, or, at least, as a witch and a sorceress. Truly she had bewitched the heart of Rowland Philipson; and well might she do so, for a lovelier creature never trod this earth.

The old servitors, prompted by curiosity, would sometimes endeavour to gain some knowledge of the proceedings of the sorceress by peering through keyholes and listening at doors. In several instances they were repaid by witnessing sights so strange and fearful, that the relation of them could scarcely obtain credit even in that credulous age. They declared that they saw the figures of men and women passing through the great Hall in slow succession; that, as they passed, Averilla by a word would bid them stay, and question them in unknown tongues, and that the figures would reply in tones so hollow and sepulchral that it was plain they could be nought but supernatural beings — at any rate, not flesh and blood.

Then they would say that, on another occasion, they perceived the great caldron boiling over with a dark

liquor, which, as it flowed upon the ground, was licked up by two huge black dogs that waited beside the hearth; while Averilla, waving a wand above her head, would repeat, quickly and incessantly, the most tremendous incantations. Whether the old people dreamt all these things, or whether she really had doings with the powers of darkness, is not for us to know.

Often, it was said, Averilla would sit and, looking forward into the darkness, appear to see and hear something invisible and soundless to mere mortal ears; and, becoming agonized in the expression of her unknown feelings, she would implore, with word and gesture, some phantom that she dreaded to leave her. "Keep off," she would say; "have pity! — spare me! spare me!" and often, in the night-time, they would hear repeated that melancholy cry— "Spare me! spare me!"

Rowland's love for her seemed something approaching to an idolatry — so devoted was he, so passionate, yet so respectful in his demeanour. Time seemed only to increase the fervour of feelings which appeared to combine the romance, the delicacy, of dawning love with the assured delight of acknowledged and returned passion. And she, so fascinating, so enchanting, was well worthy of such an attachment, and apparently fully capable of returning it.

Some secret tie bound her to him; and, had it not been that his nature forbade any such sacrifice on her part, she would have bowed herself before him as a slave, performed the most menial offices for him, and waited upon him as her lord.

But murmurs began to arise among the ignorant

country-people that a witch was harboured in the new Hall of Calgarth; and these rumours were doubtless fomented in secret by Richard Carns, the father of the affianced bride of Rowland, but only in secret, for he ever spoke smoothly to Rowland, being unwilling to do or say aught likely to break off a match on which he had set his heart. Rowland heard none of these rumours, for he rarely left his home of Hollinghall, save to visit Calgarth, and there were none who dared to tell him of what was gathering against his peace.

The thought of his approaching marriage with Kate Carns made him sad; yet, when with Averilla, it seemed that he was full of a joy almost unearthly; so profound seemed the feeling that bound them together, so pure, so single, so holy. Enchantress and sorceress she might be, yet her wickedness was hid under the appearance and the manners of an angel—so good was she, so gentle, sometimes sorrowful, yet never gloomy, capricious, or unkind. Even her old servants, while they feared and hated her mode of life and pursuits, yet loved and pitied the fair creature, given up to the fiends of darkness, as the shrine of such diabolical inclinations and actions.

Now it happened unfortunately for Averilla, that a sickness seized the cattle in the neighbourhood, just about the time when popular prejudice was most violent against her, and all, with one accord, attributed their losses to the Witch of Calgarth. On the night before the catastrophe I am about to relate, Averilla was observed by her servants to be unusually dejected and depressed. Long after night had fallen, she sat beneath

the Gothic porch above the doorway, gazing forth into gathering darkness, and murmuring those sad tones, and pleading in those piteous accents, which were at once so sweet and so full of mournfulness.

The old man and his companion listened with horror and dismay, as she said, repeating the same words over and over again, in melancholy and monotonous whispers, "Spare me! spare me! spare me!" Then she would change the sentence, and all she said was, "But once before I go! but once before I go! *but once before I go!*"

On the morrow's morn, Averilla appeared as usual, only somewhat pale; evidently she expected her lover, for she commenced pacing to and fro before the door of the house; then, as though weary of awaiting him, she sat herself down in the porch, and sang to her strange instrument one of her wild, mournful songs.

While thus engaged, a tumult was heard in the distance. The noise seemed to come nearer and more near. A disorderly crowd, pouring through the stately avenues of the grounds of Calgarth, soon surrounded the building: they came, rude, coarse men, noisy, scolding women, all with but one object, and that one the destruction of the sorceress Averilla.

She sat beneath the Gothic porch, and, as though she saw them not, she continued singing. Perhaps, for a moment, her persecutors felt some touch of pity, for all paused to listen to those syren strains. Forming a circle around her, they watched and listened, until they seemed to have forgotten the purpose for which they came.

She changed her song—still they stood, and she

might have gained time—she might yet have been saved—but one, more brutal than the rest, rushing forward, as he exclaimed, "Down with it! down with it! 'tis an invention of the Devil!" struck the instrument which she held a heavy blow, and dashed it from her hands. It fell, shattered into a thousand pieces, and with it departed her glory and her power.

Poor Averilla! they bound her slender wrists and delicate ancles; they dragged her with cruel blows and imprecations to the edge of the Lake; they tore from her hair the shining serpent, from her waist the golden band, and flung them into the waves.

They denounced her as in league with the evil one, and doomed her to the trial by water.

Averilla spoke not one word, knowing it would be in vain, until, as they were preparing to cast her into the Lake, she saw afar off her lover, riding swiftly towards Calgarth.

"Spare me, but till he comes!" she said, "I ask no more." But all in vain. "Spare me, but till he comes! spare me, for I am innocent of ill!" But all in vain.

The shelving of the beach into the water prevented them from trying the ordeal from the land, so, pushing off a boat, they rowed a few yards into the Lake, and, raising her in their arms, flung her into the bosom of the waters. Saying nothing, but with her eyes turned in the direction in which her lover was approaching, she floated for a few seconds on the surface, then slowly sank, just as Rowland, attracted by the sight of the crowd on the beach, dashed headlong into the midst of them. He was in time to meet the gaze of those dark

eyes, and to see the long tresses floating on the waves, then sink beneath them for ever.

To fling himself from his horse, to plunge into the Lake, to dive to the very spot where apparently she had sunk, was the work of a moment. But all was fruitless. Clear as was the water, he could not perceive any traces of Averilla, not even the glimmer of her white dress, which, had she remained where she sank, must have been visible.

The day passed, but Rowland did not cease to search for her. He called wildly upon her name; he entreated her to return. He wandered the whole night through the deserted apartments, round and round the house, and on the margin of the Lake, but never saw he trace of her again. The very pieces of the instrument, broken by the hand of her persecutor, had totally disappeared. Within the Hall, no vestige of dress or ornament belonging to her remained. The fire was extinct, the huge caldron empty, the wand and silver lamp had vanished, and, what was more singular than all, the two old people who had, by their tales and their terror, been the original cause of her disasters, were never more seen, but, on the window-seat, beneath the great window, were laid two fresh skulls.

These skulls were after a time committed to the earth, but the next morning they re-appeared in their old position, without any one having noticed their return. They were not again disturbed until the time of Christopher Philipson, who, while improving and decorating the interior of the Hall, again removed the skulls, his little son Robert making a bonfire with them

on the margin of the Lake. But again, when the family descended to breakfast next morning, the skulls were in their ancient situation. And again, Christopher and his children attempted their destruction, grinding them to powder between the stones of a mill, and once more, when the sun rose, it rose upon the ghastly skulls, in their old position on their favourite window-seat.

The last effort made to rid the Hall of these fearful mementoes of suffering and of wrong was made by Miles Philipson, lord of Thwatterden, who succeeded to the Calgarth estate on the death of his uncle Christopher. He hit upon the plan of burying them in consecrated ground; and accordingly, they were interred in the centre aisle of Bowness Church, prayers being said for the repose of the souls of these restless bones, and the burial service being duly performed over them. But, though encased in leaden coffins and weighed down by masses of ponderous stone, they contrived to break even this close bondage; and, on the return of the party from attending the funeral rites, those officiating found that the skulls had been beforehand with them, and were already in possession of what they evidently considered as their own appointed place of rest. Nay, so determined were they not to quit it again, that they embedded themselves in the window-seat, where they have remained ever since, all subsequent attempts to break them off or destroy them having failed in like manner. There they are—monuments of some dreadful tragedy. Tradition has associated them with the legend which I have here related.

Rowland Philipson, after months of anguish and

bodily sickness, accompanied by fits of mental derangement frightful to behold, gradually recovered calmness; but never happiness. His peace of mind was utterly gone. He married Kate Carns, and made her a kind husband; she was to him a loving wife. Time gave birth to a true affection between them, which, through a long life, was a source of comfort and consolation to him—more he did not look for.

He never resided at Calgarth; but it was his pleasure often to ride across the country towards it, taking the same route that he had ever taken when going to visit Averilla; and, dashing suddenly to the edge of the water, he would there pause suddenly, gaze for a few moments at the spot where he had last seen her, and then, turning his horse's head, ride furiously back, as though striving to flee from the bitterness of that remembrance.

The mystery of Averilla was never unravelled. Who or what she was remained—and must ever remain—unknown. Whether a wicked sorceress, or only one more gifted and more learned than was the wont in those days—whether an evil spirit, or a good angel—or whether a mere mortal woman, whom love had taught those deceits and glamouries which proved her destruction, we know not; but that she was most beautiful, most beloved, and most unhappy, this tale hath shown.

And so endeth the Legend of Calgarth

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Tender Lily of the Vale,
Lovely, modest, sweet, and pale,
While a tear the night hath shed,
Weeping o'er thy beauteous head,
Forms the trembling diadem,
Weighing down thy slender stem;
How, in meekness, art thou seen,
Like the lowly Nazarene!

Stooping o'er the dust beneath,
From the leaf that rose to sheath
Thine unsullied, snowy bells,
Art thou pouring from their cells,
As from pensile vials there,
Odours rising like the prayer,
When in solemn midnight scene
Kneeled the lonely Nazarene.

When the blast, or lightning-stroke,
Wrings the willow, rends the oak,
Fearless of the tempest's power,
As a spirit clothed a flower,
Calm, amid the raging storm,
Stands thy frail and silken form,
With no earthly prop or screen,
Like the houseless Nazarene.

THE COUSINS.

Teaching on Judea's height,
He, whose words were life and light,
Looked from that far mountain-side
Down o'er field and valley wide,
For a glory there displayed,
Such as monarch ne'er array'd;
Then, the LILY on the green
Named our LORD, the Nazarene!

Newburyport, Mass., U. S.

THE COUSINS,

BLANCHE AND BERTHA.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Bertha. But he is old—my father is so old!
And since my mother's death so lonely too—
I should consider *him*, and not myself:
And then our cottage-lawn, how beautiful!
How passing sweet in after-years to be
At once the leaf and flower—the stem and strength—
Of his declining age!—Yet to be loved,
And for one's self alone—there's something, Blanche,
Sweet to the soul and beautiful in that!—
And *if* he loved me—truly loved me—Blanche,
I could forego.....Hark, didst thou hear?—

Blanche. Nothing!—"Yet all that is I heard."

Bertha. It was a music very dear to me,
That seem'd to woo the air—but it is lost—
Lost, like the sweetness of a rose unblown.

Ah, me!—'tis very sad, this world of ours,
So little know me of security
Where most we wish to find it—hist! again?

Edward sings (without).

Love *thee?*—if thou wert but a song
I had learnt in earlier day,
Thou ne'er shouldst leave my lips for long,
Nor be from my thought away!
No: thou shouldst be my theme at morn,
My bird of love at noon;
And I—the happiest lover born—
Would let none list that tune!

In every stream I'd hear thee, love,
In every fountain-fall;
The birds around, the stars above—
Oh, *thou* shouldst live in all!
The last sweet rose that dew might sip,
In summer's fading breath,
Should hear that song upon my lip,
Companion sweet in death!

If thou wert nothing but *a voice*
In Memory's pensive ear,
Still wouldst thou be my only choice;
A *sound* for ever dear.
But loving—blooming—all mine own—
And all Life's bliss to prove,
How couldst thou, in so sad a tone,
E'er question *if* I love?

Enter Edward.

Blanche. 'Tis all very fine, Master Edward—very fine talking, and finer singing; but my cousin Bertha has changed her mind—she'll not have you.

Edward. Not have me?

Blanche. No, she is resolved to stay at home, sir, with her father—dear old gentleman! So you may sing to the winds—and your flute breathe forth no accent save despair—*despair!* There, I really believe I've some talent for the Tragic Muse!—I spoke that "despair" beautifully—did not I, Edward?

Edward. What is the meaning of this?

Bertha. You shall hear; and, Blanche, remember 'tis a "*Bride's Request.*"

SONG.

Come, and see my father often—
  See him often, Cousin dear;
Try his parting grief to soften,
  Come, his lonely home to cheer!
When we lost our angel-mother,
  Soon his alter'd eye look'd dim;
Now I'm given to another,
  Sad will be the change to him!
Promise, then, to see him often,
  See him often, Cousin dear;
Seek his parting grief to soften,
  Try the old man's home to cheer!

Some can think of pleasure only,
  Only *self* can interest wake;

Few have feeling for the lonely—
Words of peace for hearts that ache.
Oft my step he'll seem to listen,
Often dream my voice is nigh,
Then return, with tears that glisten
In his worn and weary eye.
Promise, then, to see him often—
See him often, Cousin dear;
Try his lonely grief to soften!
Come!—*the old man's home to cheer!*

[*Exeunt Edward and Bertha.*

Well! (said Blanche to herself one spring-morning, some few weeks after the above "Request") I always said it would be a marriage — and so sly as she was! — and her father! — Maidens are always alike — *fathers*, indeed!

THE SEA AT NOON.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WOODLEY.

A gentle air the realm of waters sweeps;
The sea no more in sluggish torpor sleeps;
Its pretty sparkling waves, in emerald ranks,
With pleasing murmurs, kiss the sandy banks.
Stronger the breeze! Higher and mightier swell
The far-extending waves, that now impel
Their foremost lines in curling pomp to rise,
And with their foaming crests to threat the skies.

THE VICTIM OF IMAGINATION.

"Come with me to-day," said my friend, Nelson Graham, "and I will show you a personification of all your dreams of beauty, let them be as bright as they will."

Against such an invitation there was no appeal. I accompanied him to Glencairn, nor had I reason to accuse my friend of the partial blindness, usually imputed to the votaries of love. To say she was beautiful would convey no idea of Catherine St. Clair: her beauty dwelt not in regularity of feature or brilliancy of complexion; in the mind-illumined glance, in the bright expressive smile, lay the spell of her loveliness, nor was it the less potent, that a wild, imaginative character attached to it.

When we entered the drawing-room of Glencairn, she was seated, absorbed in deep contemplation of a flower, which lay before her and was fast fading under the warm sunbeams that shone directly on it. One fair hand supported her fairer cheek, and, but for the glossy curls which fell around her face, she seemed in her white robe more like a well executed statue, than a living, breathing creature; or, to a fanciful mind she

might well have represented the spirit of the flower on which she gazed, and on whose life her own existence hung. The moment, however, that her ear caught the well known sounds of her lover's voice, the statue lived and breathed again—colour came to her cheek, light to her eye, and it would have been a doubtful task to identify her with herself a minute before.

She was to me a melancholy sight. The nature of my profession taught me the danger of such strange fancies and wild imaginings, and something of this I hinted to my friend; but he ascribed no importance to the warning, believing all she did and all she was "wisest, virtuousest, best."

Catherine St. Clair had been deprived in early youth of a mother's care by vice not death, and her father, disgusted with the world, had retired with his child into solitude and gloom amongst the romantic Highlands. There, abandoned wholly to the care of a Scottish nurse, Catherine had grown up in that visionary land, and a naturally contemplative mind had become so deeply imbued with its solemn lore, that she lived in a world of fancy, and peopled its awful solitudes with a creation of her own wild dreams. To her each tree and flower had a life, an essence, beyond what was visible to the eye; the roar of the waterfall had a language to her ear; the dark ravines, each bearing its legendary fable, were to her the presence chamber of an invisible world; the lochs, the glens, the mighty cairns were all inhabited by those viewless beings whose voices she heard in the passing breeze and the waving of their wings in the motion of the leaves.

Wholly neglected by her father, to whom she was a painful remembrance of his unhappy wife, Catherine would pass the livelong day sitting by the roaring cataract, or musing amongst the lonely hills, until the gloom, the silence, above all, the fearful tales attached by superstition to that wild country, acting on an excited imagination, persuaded the lovely visionary that she held communion with the unseen world and converse with the empty air. Nor were her evening pursuits likely to amend the evil. Elspeth, her Highland nurse, would pour into her greedy ear tales, fearful tales, of the power and might of the nameless race; how blood had been avenged by the arm of that power, and how, in the hour of highest pride, the haughty and bad had been warned that their souls were required of them. Of heroes and chieftains too, men whose names posterity coupled with fame and laurels won by blood, her speech would tell; and the romantic false ideas of life with which her exaggerated tales impressed her pupil completed the derangement of her mind, and Catherine became wild and unreal as a vision of the night, yet, like the dreams of Ossian, more beautiful from the clouds which enveloped her.

It was in about the seventeenth year of Catherine's life, that Graham knew and loved her. He had obtained leave of absence, and wished to employ it in visiting the Highlands. Often have I heard him describe the incident which caused their meeting. It was on Allhallows' eve; the day had been stormy, and the sun had set in crimson beneath the restless waters. He

had proceeded thus far towards Glenallen, with the intention of visiting the tremendous fall of Glenallen Muir, but had been almost deterred from his object by the darkness adding so greatly to the danger of the way. Stout of heart, however, he had almost gained the rock from which the roaring torrent falls above two hundred feet; when, to his horror, he beheld a female form perched on the summit and bending over the unfathomable abyss, as though her gaze would look into the boiling caldron below. Her foot seemed resting on the barest edge; her hair and dress, inflated by the wind, added to her danger. The mist had gathered round her as a shroud, and the roar of the torrent seemed to bellow forth her knell. Suddenly, her head became giddy, her excited fancy urged her to spring, and the pealings of the blast seemed a call from the Spirit of the Storm. She closed her eyes—and Graham caught her by her flowing hair as she fell senseless into his arms.

In every thing was Nelson Graham fitted to win the love of Catherine St. Clair. Young as he was, honour had bound his brows with a soldier's laurel; high-born and by inheritance rich, he had made himself poor for his mother's and sister's sake; and, beloved and prized as was his life, he dared the chief danger, where honour was to be won at the expense of blood.

At the time I first saw her, Catherine was released by her father's death from the solitudes of Glenallen. To her the change was grievous; and, although her ardent attachment to Graham had somewhat withdrawn her imagination from its dreaming fancies, still the real

world, to which her situation as heiress of Glencairn obliged her to be introduced, seemed most stale, flat, and unprofitable. She, however, retained her darling Elspeth, who it was that, by directing her to go to Glenallen Muir on Allhallows' day, and learn her future destiny from the powers of the air, had so nearly thrown away her life; and who, no doubt, would then have believed as implicitly that Catherine's time was come, as now she declared that the invoked spirit had answered, by sending Graham to her rescue. A tradition of the Highlands denounced woe to such as disturbed the newly-interred spirit by bridal revelry, and Catherine doomed her lover to a twelvemonth's delay, lest her father's angry wraith should make one at the nuptial board. Poor Graham!—to him this was a bitter sorrow, the more as he must leave her, to obey his country's call: and nothing could persuade Catherine to leave Glencairn and seek his mother's protection.

She was, she said, a mourner, and amidst her father's lands would she fulfil her days of sorrow; therefore, only imploring my continual guard over her precious health, and appointing a kind respectable matron to protect his beloved and affianced wife, Nelson left Scotland and Catherine, trusting soon that they should meet to part no more.

It was not long before my services were called for at Glencairn; but it was not Catherine that required them—it was the Highland woman, Elspeth. When I entered the room, she looked steadily in my face, saying in a full, clear tone: "I am dying." In vain I reasoned with her, in vain I assured her that her health

and pulse were then as strong as my own; she had sickened of a disease more mortal than the plague—

> "She had seen her fetch, at set of sun,
> And she knew her earthly course was run."

"Waste not words on me, sir," she said, raising herself on the bed to which the Highlanders always take on such an occasion,—"until the breath of man can avail to stay the parting spirit, words are vain, but give heed to what I say, for no earthly voice revealed it unto me."

Urged by compassion for her pitiable blindness, I began again to reason on her folly, but the old woman waved her hand impatiently, and, looking solemnly up, continued:—

"When the hour of death cometh, let none ask whence or why. My appointed time is come, and I am ready to go. But one cord holds my struggling spirit. Oh, Catherine! my child! my child!"

The old woman groaned deeply, and I urged her to lie down and try to sleep; but she shook her head. "The shadows are lengthening fast — two suns have risen and gone down since my call came to the world of spirits—the third will set upon my death-bed—I must be quick — listen to me, sir — Catherine and Nelson Graham will never be united."

I began an angry answer, for I was impatient at her folly, when it concerned the welfare of Catherine, but Elspeth's wailings interrupted me.

"Fair flower of the mountain," she said, "the storm has gathered darkly over thee. The angel of death has

passed over thy young bloom, and dropped blood on thy virgin leaves—the blood that is dearer than Heaven to thine heart. Well-a-day! Well-a-day! who shall comfort thee, my child!"

"For God's sake, have you heard aught concerning Nelson Graham?—Speak, Elspeth!"

"The voice I have heard is not of earth, and *it* said that it should not be — the hand I have seen was not made of clay, and *it* broke their wedding ring. Man, man — a deep grave lay between the lovers — how then shall they meet in life?"

Greatly relieved by finding that it was no more than fancy, I impatiently desired Elspeth to keep her folly to herself, and not infect Catherine with her absurdity. The old woman looked up with a face which had become fearfully ghastly—and answered me.

"Can the tears of a woman blunt the edge of the sword? Alas! they can only embalm the warrior's remains. Oh, Catherine! who shall comfort thee?"

The bed-curtains were suddenly withdrawn at the foot of the bed, and I beheld Catherine standing, gazing steadily on Elspeth, while the hue of death was on her cheek and lip, and her voice sounded hollow and low. She answered: "The hand which deals the blow shall also comfort me. Be of good cheer, Elspeth; I know that Graham and I shall meet no more!"

The last rays of a glorious sunset played round her head as she spoke, and, awestruck at her unearthly appearance, I stood motionless for a few minutes, when Elspeth cried out shrilly. I looked upon her face, and saw that the old woman was dying. The next instant

she fell forward dead, and Catherine sunk by her side as senseless, though not as lifeless, as she.

After this, my poor, young friend became more than ever the victim of gloom; and it was evident that, though she never complained, a settled sorrow preyed upon her heart. She avoided speaking of Graham; or, if ever she murmured his name, it was as of one that *had been*. No efforts of Mrs. Leslie or myself availed to draw her into cheerful pursuits; yet, though we had her watched in all her solitary ramblings, she never seemed to meditate injury to herself; in fact, she thought not of herself, her soul brooded over her approaching loss, and waited and watched in awful silence for some intimation of its completion.

I had written to my friend, but he could not leave while the army was hourly expecting to be engaged; nor did he believe her fears to be anything more than fond woman's anxious forebodings: so he wrote to her of hope, and love, and joy; and she pressed the letters to her faded bosom in sorrow that had no words. One day, she directed my eye to the crimson clouds which accompanied the stormy sunset, and I thought her cheek looked more pale than ever, when she said: "The sun has set in blood."—It was the 18th day of June, 1815.

The tidings came, and with a trembling eye I looked over the list of the killed. The name of Graham was not among them; he was reported as severely wounded, and Catherine folded her fair hands over her breast, only saying, "Alas, my love!"

But weeks passed on, and every letter brought news of Nelson's recovery; yet they brought no tinge of colour

to her cheek; and, when he was pronounced out of all danger, she said: "The battle-field would have been a nobler grave." To argue with her was vain; she was so gentle, so uncomplaining, yet so fast declining, that to be angry with her was impossible, and the only hope was in Nelson's speedy return; but at this she shuddered in inconceivable agony. From her infancy, she had a great horror of death by drowning; and to all my remonstrances she made the same anguished answer: "Not in the deep waters — oh! not in the deep waters, let his grave be!" The least agitation would, it was evident, snap at once the feeble thread of life; and we were obliged to assure her solemnly that Graham should not attempt to join her before the least tranquillity could be hoped for. Of her own alarming state she seemed not to think or care; when we expressed our anxiety, she would reply: "Fear not for me; I know that I must live till this dreary weird be dreed; and then, oh! pray for me, my friends, that my Nelson's grave may soon be opened for me."

I suggested to Catherine the idea of her joining Graham, not that I believed her equal to the journey, but in the hope of occupying her mind; while he, unknown to her, should sail for England, trusting that, wasted and sunken as she was, the certainty of his presence would falsify Elspeth's prophecy, and, by at once relieving her mind, in time restore her body.

She consented to this with eagerness, not believing that she should see him, but as her mutterings to herself told: "Yes, I will drag these weary limbs to his grave, then lay me down on it to rest for ever."

It was about the latter end of August that I returned

from a few days' unavoidable absence, and, though late in the evening, resolved to go up at once to Glencairn. A man had, I was told, asked to see me two days ago with a letter to deliver, but, being informed of my absence, refused to leave it, and, as I was daily expecting some professional visiter, I thought nothing of the circumstance, and, lighted through the wooded parks by the beautiful moon, I soon reached Glencairn. There was no visible change in Catherine. She searched my face with an eager, inquiring gaze, but, meeting only smiles, relapsed into thought. They were sitting, at her request, in the moonlight only. The day had been hot, and the glass window-sashes which opened on the lawn were unclosed. I gazed with sorrow on the marble features of the poor girl, rendered even whiter by the silvery light, and marked, with almost hopeless concern, her wild, sunken eye, and wasted brow; but I strove to cheer and soothe her: I spoke of an approaching voyage, of how we should nurse our friend into robust health again, of wintering in France, now all again was quiet there. She sighed. Oh, that convulsive sigh!—it struck upon my heart. The silence became oppressive. I looked up to Catherine again, but a shadow fell between the moonlight and her form. She started forward, uttering one shrill, piercing cry of mortal agony, and fell a corpse into the arms of her lover, Nelson Graham.

His letter, announcing his return, and begging me to break it to her, had been entrusted to a fellow, who, resolved not to violate his orders, would give it to none but myself. It missed me, therefore; and the unhappy girl,

suddenly beholding her lover, had at once believed her misery fulfilled and his death made certain by his spirit appearing to her. The shock had killed her; and Catherine, the lovely and beloved, died thus awfully the Victim of Imagination.

THE PHANTASM.

BY JOHN MICHELL, ESQ.

About ten years ago, during my bachelor days, I was sitting up very late, and busily engaged in poring over the musty title-deeds of an estate which I had just then contracted to purchase on behalf of a client. It was a wild and gusty night, in the depth of winter, and heavy showers of rain from the westward, ever and anon, came sweeping up against my solitary window with a loud and melancholy pattering.

The apartment, or rather office, in which I was pursuing my avocations, was partially detached from the main dwelling, communicating with it only by a long, narrow, and ill-lighted passage; and all the furniture which it contained consisted of a large oaken library table, an old-fashioned mahogany bookcase with glazed doors, an easy-chair, also of very antique structure, and three office stools. Over the mantelpiece, which was high and grotesquely carved, hung the grim portrait of Ernest Hervst, a Flemish burgher, who settled in North Devon about the year 1696, where he erected the steep-roofed and substantial domicile of which I was then the

temporary occupier. This stern-visaged personage married an Englishwoman, to whom, upon his decease, he devised the property, and by her descendants the freehold of it was then held. Report gave out that Hervst was a Rosicrucian—a mysterious brotherhood, not then, and probably not even now, quite extinct in northern Germany; but, from the documents which came into the hands of his executors, nothing could be clearly traced respecting his family, trade, or profession, or the objects which induced him to emigrate to North Devon.

Below my window, which was not far from a low promontory that jutted out into the Bristol Channel, extended an enclosed spot of ground, cultivated as a garden, but which, from its exposed and bleak situation, bore nothing but a few stunted shrubs. Beyond lay the sea, bounded to the northward by the Welch hills, faintly discernible, and far away to the westward, in clear weather, might be caught glimpses of the desolate island of Lundy. But to return to my story.

It was near midnight: the rest of the family had retired to rest, and I was left to pursue my legal researches alone and unmolested. Although without all was wild and tempestuous, the interior of my solitary study was far from being comfortless. Within the ample and old-fashioned grate the coal fire burned brightly; upon the broad hob stood a capacious iron tea-kettle; while upon the further end of the oaken table was spread my tea-equipage, it being my constant habit to indulge in tea and toast previously to my retiring to rest.

Somehow or other, this evening I felt unusually wearied, so that I determined to lock up my papers for the

night. This done, I opened a shutter, and glanced out upon the weather. It was, in truth, a rough night; yet, although the sky was partially obscured by the flitting rain-clouds, the moon glimmered coldly upon the turbulent billows. I scanned the horizon narrowly: not a sail was visible in any quarter, and no sound greeted my ear, except the howling of the breakers, which were bursting in masses of white foam along the iron-bound coast of the Channel. Closing the shutter, I returned to my easy-chair, and commenced my temperate repast, amusing myself, while sipping the fragrant beverage, with reciting aloud certain passages from that most poetic of all romances, Southey's "Thalaba."

While thus occupied, a gust from the Atlantic swept against my window with terrific violence, and, during its continuance, there was a creaking and rattling of doors and crazy hinges, which strongly reminded me of a gale at sea. Presently there was so entire a lull, that I laid down my book with a kind of nervous presentiment. At that instant, silently and very gradually, the door of my apartment opened, and a female figure, gliding in, placed itself directly in front of me, and not more than five or six feet in advance of the chair on which I was seated. Astonished and overwhelmed by a kind of preternatural awe, I remained as if glued to my seat, struggling to regain my self-possession, and gazing involuntarily upon the strange apparition. Its eyes were riveted upon me, and I soon recognised the features of a young lady with whom I had been slightly acquainted many years before, and in the arrangement of whose affairs I had at one time been professionally engaged.

But what chiefly excited my terror was, that the countenance, notwithstanding its remarkable beauty, wore an expression that was hellish and demoniacal. It seemed as if a fiend just emerged from the lower regions stood before me. Its large, dark eyes glared on me with a light at once revolting and terrifying, and there was a sneering and devilish expression about the mouth, which was all the more striking from being contrasted with the singular beauty of that feature. The figure was motionless. I endeavoured to address it, but all my efforts to do so proved ineffectual. At length, summoning resolution, I rose from my chair, and, grasping at the candle, hastily retreated, with averted glance and extreme nervous trepidation, towards the only doorway of the apartment. When I reached it, actuated by some involuntary and undefinable species of curiosity, I halted, and, turning round, beheld the beautiful fiend face to face, and closer to me than before. More terrified than ever, I resumed my retreat, dashed rapidly through the narrow passage, ascended the main staircase, nor thought myself secure until I had entered my bedroom, and double-locked my door.

Having placed the candle upon my dressing-table, I seated myself at the foot of the bed, and meditated upon what I had seen; but the more I considered it, the more I became perplexed. My slumbers that night were disturbed and feverish; and although, when I related the story to my friends the ensuing morning, I apparently convinced them, and strove to convince myself, that the vision I had witnessed had been but an optical delusion, yet I failed in satisfying my own mind that such was in

reality the case, so vivid and lifelike had been my impressions. Indeed, many months elapsed before I could feel perfectly at ease in my lonely office after midnight; and often, when a gust of wind shook the crazy door, I used to glance towards it as if I expected the re-entrance of my apparition.

Such is my story; and, whether to regard it as a real supernatural appearance, or as a mental or optical delusion, I am yet in doubt, and these doubts have been considerably increased by the following discovery.

Many years subsequently, I happened to dine with a military officer in the service of the East India Company, who had been well acquainted with the lady in question; and from him I ascertained that she had died in India, whither she had accompanied her husband, upon the very day, indeed the very night, on which I had witnessed the apparition. He also acquainted me with certain strange facts connected with her personal history (damning to her fame and reputation), but which I cannot here divulge. With my strange narration he was evidently greatly struck, and we both most fully concurred in thinking with the immortal Dramatist that, even in the every-day world, things and events do occasionally occur which are incapable of being satisfactorily explained by the most far-sighted and acute philosophy.*

* The writer of this story will, I am sure, forgive me, if, without intending in the slightest degree to impeach its veracity, I cannot permit it to go forth to the world in a work under my superintendence, without subjoining a few remarks on his narrative.

A most determined sceptic myself on the subject of supernatural appearances, I cannot help considering whatever tends to beget or to strengthen a belief in their possibility as liable to produce a most mis-

THE CHILD'S WAY TO HEAVEN.

"O! I am weary of earth," said the child,
As it gazed with tearful eye
On the snow-white dove that it held in its hand,
"For whatever I love will die."

So the child came out of its little bower,
It came and looked abroad,
And it said, "I am going this very hour—
I am going to heaven and God."

chievous effect upon weak minds. In this instance, the writer acknowledges that he "felt unusually wearied;" and, seated in his easy-chair, beside a comfortable fire, what more natural than that, after taking his nightly refreshment, and the storm without singing his lullaby, he should be overpowered by sleep? The whole affair, then, resolves itself into a vivid dream.

Another question, which, I must confess, baffles my power of explanation is this: By what process did the writer and the "military officer in the service of the East India Company," meeting "many years subsequently," on comparing notes, inscribed, it would appear, on the tablets of memory only, ascertain that the night on which the lady, in whom, by the by, our correspondent seems not to have been particularly interested, died in India, was the very night on which he was visited by her apparition on the north coast of Devonshire? Were this question solved to our satisfaction, we should, no doubt, feel authorised to conclude that the Fiend which so unceremoniously roused the writer from his slumber was neither more nor less than what he himself styles it — "a Phantasm."— EDITOR.

There was shining light where the sun had set,
And red and purple too;
And it seemed as if earth and heaven met
All round in the distant blue.

And the child looked out on the far, far west,
And it saw a golden door,
Where the evening sun had gone to its rest
But a little while before.

There was one bright streak on the cloud's dark face,
As if it had been riven:
Said the child, "I will go to that very place,
For it must be the gate of heaven."

So away it went to follow the sun,
But the heavens would not stay,
For always the faster it tried to run
They seemed to go further away.

Then the evening shades fell heavily,
With night-dews cold and damp,
And each little star on the dark blue sky
Lit up its silvery lamp.

A light wind wafted the fleecy clouds,
And it seemed to the child that they
Were hurrying on to the west, while the stars
Were going the other way.

And the child called out, when it saw them stray,
By the evening breezes driven,
"Little stars, you are wandering out of the way,
That is not the way to Heaven."

Then on it went through the rough waste lands
Where the tangled briers meet,
Till the prickles scratched its dimpled hands,
And wounded its little feet.

It could not see before it well,
And its limbs grew stiff and cold,
And at last it cried, for it could not tell
Its way on the open wold.

So the child knelt down on the damp green sod,
While it said its evening prayer,
And it fell asleep as it thought of God,
Who was listening to it there.

A long, long sleep—for they found it there,
When the sun went down next day;
And it looked like an angel, pale and fair,
But its cheek was as cold as clay.

The sunbeams glanced on the drops of dew,
That lay on its ringlets bright,
Sparkling in every brilliant hue,
Like a coronet of light.

E. B.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

I. THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES TO LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.*

16th July, Camelford House.

My dear Lady Charlotte,

Though the letter I have had the pleasure of receiving from you is but one kindly returning me thanks for a very trifling mark of *remembrance*, yet I cannot resist troubling you with a few lines at the same time that I return you the musick you lent me. You will perceive that it has met with an accident, but of which I was innocent. I assure you I am vexed at sending it back in such a state, but as no essential harm is done, I trust to your pardoning it. I wished to have written by Miss Mercer, but, being an invalid on my couch, it tires me, and is considerably inconvenient writing much. I trust she *said for me* many many kind things, or else she will but have half fulfilled her commission.

I am delighted you like my rings, I thought you

* From the autograph presented by Lady Charlotte Bury to Mr. William Shoberl.

would when I seized upon them for their *antiquity*—let them always serve as memento's.

I hope you and all your children are well. Do not come to town without telling me. I am always particularly glad to see you. The Prince desires I will say *something* from him to you: what is that something to be? I leave it to you to define so vague an expression as *you like best*——If you take the *first part* of the Motto to *yourself*, pray do not *forget* that the second says "qui va sano fa lontano"—far be it from me to attribute any of it as applicable to you, for I see too much to admire to wish a thing altered or otherwise than it is.

With this *fair* confession, addio.

My dear Lady Charlotte,
Ever yours truly,
and sincerely,
CHARLOTTE P.

II. MRS. SIDDONS TO HER NIECE, MISS F. C. KEMBLE.*

Dear Fanny,

Among other letters, I give Miss P——e one to you. I hope you will be kind enough to pay some attention to it. She is extremely good-natured, and has a character that would do any young woman credit. I am sure, being a stranger, you will have it in your power to smooth many unpleasant hours, which every *stranger* is liable to. I therefore beg you will not neg-

* Communicated by Delta.

lect this request, and you shall never make any to me that I will reject. Your new cousin sends her best love, and two rings, one for your own little finger, and the other for the manus bright of your mama. And now, Fanny, wishing you success in all your singings, trills, shakes, andantes, obligatos, conspiratos, bassos, and notes flat, sharp, pointed, semi-tones, middle tones, upper tones, and under tones, actings, stampings, tearings, kicking fits, and falling fits, merry tricks, and sad tricks,

I am, (jesting apart)
Yours very truly,
S. SIDDONS.

Miss F. C. Kemble,
Newcastle.
Per favour of Miss Maria P——e.

III. SIR WALTER SCOTT TO THE LATE MR. W. GOODHUGH.

Sir Walter Scott ought before now to have returned to Mr. Goodhugh his best thanks for the Library Manual from which Sir Walter is sure he will receive much information. For the improvement of another edition, Sir Walter would recommend the expunging the note p. 151, respecting the novel of Waverley having been offered to several booksellers for £25 or £30. No such offer was ever made, but Mr. Constable, who was in the secret of the author, offered £500 for the work while in progress, which the author declined, thinking if it was worth that sum it was worth more.

Sir Walter has also the honour to acknowledge Mr. Goodhugh's grammatical work.

No. 24, Sussex Place,
Regent's Park,
13 May.

Indorsed, From the late Sir Walter Scott, when in London on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart.

This note, without the date of the year, is now in the possession of Mr. Goodhugh's eldest son. Though I can discover in it nothing to favour the surmise that it was written before Sir Walter publicly avowed the authorship of the Waverley Novels, but strong evidence contradicting that notion, it is still interesting as furnishing a fact connected with the first of that series of works not generally known, I believe; and the reason so ingenuously assigned for the rejection of Mr. Constable's offer appears likewise too characteristic not to be well worth preserving. EDITOR.

FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.